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CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLV., NO. 47. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1917. 5 CENTS A COPY.

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Thanksgiving—1917

By the President of the United States—A Proclamation—

IT LONG has been the honored customs of our people to turn in the fruitful autumn of the year in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for His many blessings and mercies to us as a nation. That custom we can follow now even in the midst of the tragedy of a world shaken by war and immeasurable disaster, in midst of sorrow and great peril, because even amid the darkness that has gathered about us we can see the great blessings God has bestowed upon us, blessings that are better than mere peace of mind and prosperity of enterprise.

We have been given the opportunity to serve mankind as we once served ourselves in the great day of our Declaration of Independence, by taking up arms against a tyranny that threatened to master and debase men everywhere, and joining with other free peoples in demanding for all the nations of the world what we then demanded and obtained for ourselves.

In this day of the revelation of our duty not only to defend our own right as a nation, but to defend also the rights of free men thruout the world, there has been vouchsafed us in full and inspiring measure the resolution and spirit of united action. We have been brought to one mind and purpose.

A new vigor of common counsel and common action has been revealed in us. We especially should thank God that in such circumstances, in the midst of the greatest enterprise the spirits of men have ever entered upon, we have, if we but observe a reasonable and practicable economy, abundance with which to supply the needs of those associated with us as well as our own.

A new light shines about us. The great duties of a new day awaken a new and greater national spirit in us. We never again shall be divided or wonder what stuff we are made of.

And while we render thanks for these things let us pray Almighty God that in all humbleness of spirit we may look always to Him for guidance; that we may be kept constant in the spirit and purpose of service; that by His grace our minds may be directed and our hands strengthened; and that in His good time liberty and security and peace and the comradeship of a common justice may be vouchsafed all the nations of the earth.

Wherefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do hereby designate Thursday, the 29th of November, next, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and invite the people thruout the land to cease upon that day from their ordinary occupations and in their several homes and places of worship to render thanks to God, the great ruler of nations.

In witness whereof, I hereunto have set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done in the District of Columbia, this 7th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventeen and of the Independence of the United States of America, the one hundred and forty-second.

Woodrow Wilson

By the President:
Robert Lansing, Secretary of State.

Made to Measure.

A man who was much bandy-legged entered a local tailor's the other day and asked to be measured for a new suit. The assistant informed him the boss wasn't in.

"Never mind; tho'll do as waell," answered the man, and the assistant began to measure him. When he had taken the measurements for the coat and vest he stood up, scratched his head and looked down at the man's legs.

"Wod arta looking at?" asked the man. "Why, Aw'm lookin' at tha legs. Aw'ye never measured ony body like thee afoar."

"Oh, never mind my legs," said the man. "Thee measure um straight, owd lad. Aw'll bend um misel'."

Rescue the Pershing!

This story comes direct from France and therefore lies under no possible suspicion of being of pacifist manufacture or German inspiration. An enormous crowd was gathered in the Place de la Concorde waiting for General Pershing and his staff, whose approach along the neighboring streets was harbingered by cheers like those which accompanied Marshal Joffre's progress up Broadway and Fifth avenue.

In the very first rank of the expectant multitude was a very joyous individual, indeed. At the first glimpse of the Americans he tossed his cap into the air and yelled, "Hurrah! Here's the Salvation Army!" In spite of the solemnity of the occasion everybody within hearing laughed as well as cheered.

Your Money's Worth

ONE of The Saturday Blade's big family of readers writes: "We were getting used to paying more for everything and so when the Blade had to raise its price to 5 cents we were not surprised—but we did not believe you would be able to make the paper so much bigger and better. We want to tell you how much we like the war illustrations and photographs, which are the best we see anywhere, the special articles on the war and also on subjects at home which interest us all, such as the Indian articles, and the news from everywhere which the Blade gives every week in accurate, readable form. Just keep it up; you can be sure the Blade, the best paper going, is worth 5 cents and more."

Many others have written in much the same way as the reader quoted above and thousands agree with them, as shown by the sales made each week by our agents thruout the United States and Canada. You are sure of getting your money's worth—THE KIND OF A PAPER YOU WANT, WITH THE SORT OF THINGS IN IT YOU DESIRE TO READ—in

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500-514 NORTH DEARBORN STREET.

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VOL. XLV. CHICAGO, ILL., NOVEMBER 24, 1917. No. 47.

AN IRONY OF FATE

By Emma Howard Wight

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Around the disappearance of a man who had cast aside the love of his wife, the man she threw over for him and a clever detective hinges this tale of mystery.

CHAPTER I.

EDWARD BLACKBURN sat in his office on an afternoon in May, looking pale and disturbed. A number of letters lay unopened on his desk, for he had just returned from a business trip and his mail had accumulated, but he made no attempt to go thru them.

"It seems incredible," he muttered, "that any man can be such an unmitigated scoundrel." He glanced at the letters, shook his head and arose. "I cannot attend to any business this afternoon."

He had come direct from the station to his office, and his dust coat and satchel were on a chair near his desk. He threw the coat over his arm, took the satchel and his hat and passed into the outer office, where a gray-haired man of about 60 sat at a desk, writing. He looked up as Edward Blackburn entered.

"I am going home, Simmons," the latter said. "My mail will have to wait until tomorrow."

"You look as tho you needed a rest, sir," the old clerk declared, with a glance at Edward Blackburn's pale, weary face.

"I am very tired," and something like a sigh left his lips. "I'll be down early in the morning, Simmons. Good evening."

"Good evening, Mr. Edward."

Edward Blackburn went out and the old clerk sat thoughtfully for a moment. "It's something more than fatigue that makes him look so pale and troubled" he was thinking. "He had that same look on his face when Madeline Burrows jilted him and married John Hamilton. That was ten years ago, but Mr. Edward has never been the same man since."

Edward Blackburn stepped out of his office, paused, stood irresolute for the moment, then crossed the street and entered the hall of a building opposite. He opened a door on the right and entered a handsomely furnished office.

"Has Mr. Hamilton returned?" he asked of the young man seated at a desk.

"No, Mr. Blackburn, not yet; but he'll be back this evening," was the reply.

Edward Blackburn thanked him, turned and went out. He walked rapidly down the street, returning abstractedly the greetings of a number of persons who spoke to him. Soon he had left the business part of the town behind him and was walking along a wide, shaded road with the river on one side and handsome residences on the other. The road ascended gradually until it was about fifty feet above the river, which was turbulent and very swift.

Two of the handsomest residences on the River Road were those of Edward Blackburn and John Hamilton. Both men were wealthy and prominent lawyers. They had at one time been intimate friends. The friendship had come to an abrupt end ten years before, when Madeline Burrows, the handsome daughter of Judge Burrows, had gone away and married John Hamilton just a week from the day appointed for her marriage to Edward Blackburn. The Hamiltons remained away a year and then returned to Riverview. The two lawyers were frequently brought together in a business way, but their friendship was a thing of the past. Edward Blackburn lived alone, with the exception of his servants, in his handsome house on the River Road, a grave, lonely man, whose life had been spoiled by a woman's inconstancy.

CHAPTER II.

MADELINE HAMILTON stood hesitating for a moment, then moved forward and tapped upon the door of her husband's dressing-room. John Hamilton was standing before his looking glass in his shirt sleeves, arranging his tie when his wife entered. He turned, his hands at his throat, went forward to meet her, bending his head to kiss her cheek.

"How do you do, Madeline?" he said.

She was an exceedingly handsome woman, a superb brunette, with rich coloring and a perfect figure. She was exquisitely and becomingly gowned. Her beautiful dark eyes were very tender. John Hamilton, however, looked at her carelessly, indifferently.

"I did not know until a few moments ago that you had returned," she said.

"No?" He turned back to the mirror. "I got back about half an hour ago."

She lingered, watching him wistfully, yearningly. He was a handsome man, a little above medium height, slender and lithe in figure, blond, clean-shaven. He had brilliant blue eyes, a sensuous mouth and a charm of manner that few could resist.

"MR. BLACKBURN HATED MY HUSBAND."

Hamilton finished the arranging of his tie, turned and looked at his wife. She had moved to the window and stood looking out, a somber expression in her dark eyes. His eyes lingered upon her approvingly, if with no warmer expression.

"You look very charming this evening," he declared.

She turned and looked at him with a smile that had a touch both of sadness and of bitterness.

"You like my—dress?" she said, with a slight lifting of her brows.

He bowed smilingly.

"Very much," he replied, turning toward the chair on which his coat and waistcoat lay. "It is beautiful and very becoming."

She stood looking at him for a moment, then she crossed the room and laid her hand on his arm.

"John," she said, "you must have loved me when I became your wife, or——" she paused.

He turned and looked at her with a smile that was half grave, half whimsical.

"Or I would not have proved a traitor to my best friend in order to win you," he supplemented.

She drew a little way from him with a slight protesting gesture. "You put it crudely," she said.

"Crudely, perhaps, but, truly. But it happened ten years ago. Why should we discuss it at this late day? Surely it is needless for me to assure you that I could have had but one motive in wishing to make you my wife—I loved you."

"Yes," she said, in a low, tense voice, "you loved me—then. But," she looked at him, "I think you have ceased to love me."

He started slightly, and his eyes questioned hers swiftly, intently, for a moment. They were sad, appealing, questioning, but what he feared to find in them was not there.

"My dear Madeline," he said, with a slight shrug of the shoulder, "you surely do not expect me to indulge in the rhapsodies of a bridegroom after ten years of married life?"

A slight quiver passed over her face. She drew away from him, saying in a changed voice:

"It would be very foolish in me, no doubt, to expect that." She moved toward the door. "I must not keep you from dressing, or we shall be late for dinner," and she went out.

He stood for a time quite motionless, his brows contracted, a curious expression, not pleasant to see, in his eyes.

"If there were only some way," he murmured.

Outside Madeline stood with her hands pressed to her breast and her face convulsed with agony.

"It is true, true, he has ceased to love me," she whispered. "I have tried to blind myself to the cruel truth, but I can do so no longer. I love him dearly, and yet I have failed to keep his love. Why has he ceased to care for me? In what have I failed," she asked herself, drearily, as she went away from the door toward the stairway.

As John Hamilton joined his wife in the drawing-room, dinner was announced. As they arose from the table he told his wife that he was going in town to the club, but would return soon.

She sighed as she went back alone to the drawing-room. For two years she had noticed the change in her husband, but she would not until now face the truth, that he no longer loved her.

"Why had he ceased to love her? What had changed him?" Again she asked herself these questions and could find no answer.

Hamilton came into the room, dressed to go out.

"Lorton called me up over the 'phone. He wishes to see me this evening in regard to that insurance suit," he explained. "The case comes up in court tomorrow." He paused, and then added, half to himself, "I had forgotten all about it."

She looked at him in surprise. The case was a very important one, involving a large sum of money.

"You had forgotten?" she said.

He started a little and looked at her. It was evident that he was hardly aware that he had spoken the last words aloud.

"It was—stupid of me," he said, smiling, and turning to go out.

"Mr. Lorton called me up on the 'phone a few days ago and asked me for your address," said Madeline. Halfway to the door, Hamilton stopped and waited, listening with suddenly arrested attention. "I was forced to admit that I did not know where a letter would reach you."

John Hamilton moved on toward the door.

"Ah, an oversight on my part," he remarked quietly, as he went out.

"An oversight!" she murmured, miserably.

She dropped into a chair and sat there for some time, her head resting on her hand, dejected, unhappy. She arose, at length, and going to the window, put aside the lace draperies and passed out upon the veranda. A man was coming up the marble steps to the front door. The moon was shining brightly and, with a slight start, she recognized him. At the sight of her he turned and came along the veranda to meet her. Her eyes rested upon him questioningly. Since she had been the wife of John Hamilton, Edward Blackburn had never entered the house.

"You are surprised to see me?" he said, removing his hat and standing bareheaded before her. He was a handsome man, not unlike John Hamilton in build, of the same blond type, but he lacked the charm of manner, the personal magnetism that rendered the other man so irresistible.

She inclined her head gravely.

"Yes," she replied, "I am somewhat surprised."

"I came to see your—husband," he explained.

"He is not at home."

"His clerk told me that he was expected home this evening."

"He has returned," she exclaimed, "I meant that he was not in the house; he has gone to town."

He did not speak; he was looking at her with the passionate tenderness in his eyes with which she had once been so familiar. She looked at him steadily, coldly.

"Do you wish to see my husband on business?" she asked.

His face changed, a dark, stern look swept the softness, the tenderness from his eyes.

"I wish to see him upon a matter of much importance to himself and—others," he replied.

She bowed.

"You will find him at the club," she said.

"I cannot speak to him there," declared Blackburn. He turned to her passionately. "Madeline, why did you marry that man? I loved you as few women are loved in this world. He is not worthy of you." She looked at him with a faint, contemptuous smile about her lips. "He does not love you," Blackburn added, with conviction.

She shrank and quivered as tho his words had been a blow. Was her husband's indifference patent to all the world.

"Madeline," Blackburn continued passionately, "I would give my life to save you from a moment's pain. My God! You do not know, you never could have guessed how dearly I love you."

Her heart stirred with pity. A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind. She had learned the bitterness of loving where she was no longer loved.

"I know I did you a wrong, Edward," she said, gently. "Won't you try to forgive me?"

"Forgive you, yes," he replied. "I have forgiven you. I love you too dearly to cherish any bitterness against you. His was the deeper, crueler wrong. He was my friend and he stole from me the woman I love."

She was silent; there was nothing she

could say; she knew he spoke the truth. John Hamilton had won her love before she was herself aware of it. Then he had left no means untried to induce her to marry him. She had struggled for a time to remain true to Edward Blackburn, but in the end she had yielded. Was it retribution—her failure to keep her husband's love?

"I would have been faithful to you to the end of my life," declared Edward Blackburn, "while he—— He stopped abruptly.

She lifted her eyes and looked at him.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "What reason have you for supposing that my husband no longer loves me?"

"What reason?" He looked at her strangely.

"Yes." She waited for him to speak, but he remained silent. "You hate my husband?" she went on.

"Yes," he replied, with sudden passion. "I both hate and despise him, all the more deeply and intensely, perhaps, from the fact that I once loved him, trusted him and believed in him. Now, I feel as tho I could kill him."

"I never knew, I never suspected that you have felt like that all those years," she said, a little wonderingly.

"All those years!" he repeated, slowly, and then paused. "You do not understand," he added.

"It does not appear to me very difficult of comprehension," she said. "I simply made a mistake. I never fancied you vindictive. I never thought that you cherished such animosity against my husband."

He smiled with unspeakable sadness. "You love him very much?"

"Yes, I love him very much," she replied very simply.

"God knows I wish he were worthy of your love," he exclaimed, with great earnestness.

"I think we will not say any more about my husband," she said quietly. "If you wish to see him, he will be at his office in the morning."

She made a movement to enter the house; he stood aside. She bowed slightly and went by him. He stood watching her until she had disappeared. Then he turned, went slowly down the steps, across the lawn and out upon the River Road. He had gone but a short distance when he saw a man coming toward him from the direction of the town. It was John Hamilton.

With a face grown pale and stern, Edward Blackburn went forward to meet him.

CHAPTER III.

THE inspector looked up from his desk as Detective Watson came into this office.

"I have an assignment for you, Watson," he said. "Mrs. Hamilton, the widow of John Hamilton of Riverview, who was killed a week ago by Edward Blackburn, wishes to employ a detective for the purpose of trying Blackburn and arresting him. It appears that the two men quarreled, and Hamilton was thrown over an embankment into the river, fifty feet below, by Blackburn. Blackburn disappeared the same night. The body of Hamilton has not been recovered and never will be, it is said, as that river never gives up its dead. You had better start at once for Riverview."

A day later, Samuel Watson sat in the library of the Hamilton residence awaiting the coming of Madeline Hamilton. It was not very long before she entered, deadly white in her black draperies, sorrow-stricken, but with a set purpose in her bearing. There was no sign of tears on the pallor of her face. It was evident to the practiced eye of the detective that she had not shed a tear since her husband's death.

"My name is Watson, Mrs. Hamilton," he explained, as he arose. "I am a detective and have been sent in response to your letter to Inspector Brown."

She looked at him with quick interest.

"I am glad that you are here, Mr. Watson," she said, with unquestionable sincerity. "I cannot tell you how intensely I hope that you will be successful in bringing to justice the man who killed my husband."

She sat down and motioned for the detective to take a seat near her. "The body of Mr. Hamilton has never been recovered?" queried the detective, as he seated himself.

She shuddered. "No," she replied, in a low voice. "That river never gives up its dead."

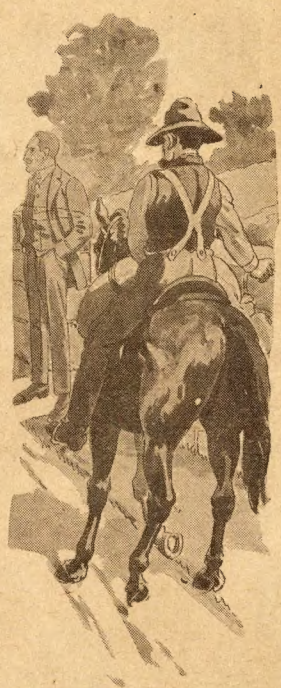
"Your husband and Mr. Blackburn met on the River Road, they quarreled and Mr. Hamilton was thrown over the embankment by Mr. Blackburn. Do you know, Mrs. Hamilton, what was the nature of the quarrel between your husband and Mr. Blackburn?"

She hesitated a moment before replying.

"No, I do not know," she at length replied. "I do know, however, that Mr. Blackburn hated my husband. He, himself, told me so the night my husband was killed."

"You saw Mr. Blackburn on the night of the 24th of May?"

"Yes, he came to the house to see my husband. I told him that Mr. Hamilton had gone to the club. He said that what he had to say to Mr. Hamilton could not be said there. I inquired if he wished to see my husband on business. He replied that he wished to see him upon a matter of much importance to him



HE SAW JOHN HAMILTON.

(John) and others. My husband and Edward Blackburn were frequently brought together in a business way, and I concluded it was something of that nature."

"Your husband and Mr. Blackburn were not on good terms?"

"No. I had been engaged to Mr. Blackburn, but I broke the engagement in order to marry Mr. Hamilton. They had been close friends up to that time."

"You say that Mr. Blackburn told you that night he hated your husband?"

"Yes. He declared that he hated and despised him; he further declared that he felt like killing him. I expressed some surprise at his vindictive manner of speaking, for I had not suspected that he cherished such an animosity against my husband. He said that I did not understand."

"Have you any idea as to just what he meant by that?"

She reflected a moment.

"I suppose he meant that I could not understand how a man would feel under such conditions."

"But you did understand that a man could, under such conditions, feel vindictive and cherish animosity?" queried the detective.

"Yes, I understood that perfectly, but up to that time I had not fancied Edward Blackburn to be of that nature."

"Mr. Blackburn did not wait here at the house for Mr. Hamilton?"

"No, the fact is, he was not in the house at all. Our interview took place on the veranda where we encountered each other as he was about seeking admittance to the house."

"Do you know what time it was when Edward Blackburn went away, left you?"

"It was about twenty minutes to 8. I looked at the clock on the mantel in the drawing-room upon my return there after my interview with Edward Blackburn."

"It was almost immediately after leaving you that Edward Blackburn met your husband on the River Road, was it not?"

"Yes; it would have taken Edward Blackburn a few minutes, walking leisurely, to reach the spot where he met my husband. My husband was known to leave the clubrooms at about twenty-five minutes after eight."

"About how long would it have taken Mr. Hamilton to reach the spot where he encountered Edward Blackburn?"

"From a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes. The grass was trodden down, the stones and sand were dislodged and the bushes were broken and bent at the place where the struggle took place. A little way down the embankment my husband's hat was found."

"Did any one see the two men at the place where the struggle took place?"

"Yes, my coachman passed them on his way to town. They had met and were standing facing each other. He heard them quarreling after he had gone a little distance."

"Did he tell you of this?"

"No, but he spoke of it to one of the maids on his return. She told me of it the next morning, when I began to be very anxious over Mr. Hamilton's absence."

"What did you do then?"

"I called up the club and learned that Mr. Hamilton had left there the previous night at about twenty-five minutes after 8. I next called up the office of Edward Blackburn and was informed by his clerk that Mr. Blackburn had not yet come down to the office. I called up his residence. His housekeeper answered the telephone. From her I learned that Edward Blackburn had come in between 9 and 10 o'clock, but had gone out again and had not returned. She said she thought he had left town. By this time, I had become so seriously alarmed that I called up my father, Judge Burrows, and asked him to come out to the house at once. He took Rawlings, my coachman, and went to the place where Rawlings had seen my husband and Edward Blackburn the night before. There the terrible truth was revealed; my husband had been thrown over the embankment by Edward Blackburn."

"Has anything been heard—is anything known as to the whereabouts of Edward Blackburn?"

She shook her head.

"No, nothing."

"I suppose the local authorities have made some efforts to trace him?"

"Yes, but nothing has come of it. The chief of police here has had detectives at work, but they have not succeeded in tracing Edward Blackburn. I have lost faith in them. That is why I have employed a detective on my own responsibility. I want the man who killed my husband to be punished. Find Edward Blackburn, Mr. Watson, and no price will be too high for me to pay you. I am a rich woman, and I am willing to spend half my fortune, and more if necessary, to avenge my husband's cruel death. I shall not rest night nor day until Edward Blackburn is brought to justice."

"I shall do my best," said Watson. "If your coachman is in the house I would like to have a talk with him."

Madeline arose, pressed the electric button in the wall, telling the maid who came in response to send Rawlings. In a few minutes the coachman entered the room.

"Rawlings, this gentleman is a detective," Madeline explained. "He wishes to ask you some questions."

Rawlings bowed and stood waiting rather passively. He had evidently related his experience so often that it had grown monotonous. Watson did not appear to interest him particularly, probably from the fact that he had lost faith in detectives.

"Where was it you saw Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Blackburn on the night of the 24th?" asked the detective.

"I saw them on the River Road about midway between this house and the house of Mr. Blackburn," replied Rawlings. "They were standing not so far from the embankment, facing each other. It was full moon and everything was as light as day."

"Were they talking, as you went by?"

"They had been talking, I think, but when they saw me, they stopped and waited until I got by."

"How far had you got when you heard them talking?"

"I couldn't say exactly, but it wasn't no great distance."

"Did you hear what was said?"

"Yes, sir, I heard Mr. Blackburn say, 'John Hamilton, you are a scoundrel.' Then I heard Mr. Hamilton say in a loud, furious voice, 'Curse you!'"

"Is that all you overheard?" queried Watson.

"Yes, sir, for I'd got out of earshot by that time," the man answered very simply.

"Didn't you feel any temptation to stop and listen," asked Watson, with a keen glance.

"No, sir; I can't say that I did," Rawlings replied, meeting the detective's eyes with a frank smile. "It didn't interest me and it wasn't my business."

"What time did you return to the house?"

"I think it was about half-past 10."

"Did you tell any one that night what you had overheard?"

"Yes, sir, I mentioned it to Mary Wilson, a maid in the house."

"What did she say?"

The man hesitated a moment and looked embarrassed.

"Well, sir, she said that it was rather late in the day for Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Blackburn to be a-quarreling." He glanced apologetically at Mrs. Hamilton as he spoke, evidently fearing that she might resent what the maid had said.

She did not, however. She seemed to take the maid's remark as only natural under the circumstances. It was evident to the detective that she had never wavered in her belief as to what the quarrel between her husband and Edward Blackburn was about.

"When you learned that Mr. Hamilton was missing did it at once occur to you that he had met with foul play at the hands of Mr. Blackburn?" Watson asked Rawlings.

"No, sir, it didn't," was the unexpected reply. "It didn't strike me at the time that Mr. Blackburn was mad enough to do Mr. Hamilton any harm. Now, Mr. Hamilton——" he stopped.

"Well?" questioned the detective.

"Well, sir, it seemed to me that Mr. Hamilton was the madder of the two."

The detective smiled a little grimly.

"I suppose no man particularly relishes being called a scoundrel," he said, as he arose to depart.

He took his departure, accompanied by Rawlings, for the purpose of pointing out the place where he had seen John Hamilton and Edward Blackburn on the night of May 24th. It was evident to the detective that the struggle between the two men had taken place at first near and then at the edge of the embankment.

"It must have been Edward Blackburn's intention from the first to force John Hamilton over the embankment," mused Watson. "He was evidently the stronger man of the two." He looked down into the swiftly flowing river. "They say this river is never known to give up its dead," he said to Rawlings.

"I have never heard that the body of any one drowned in that river was recovered," replied Rawlings.

"I wish you would point out to me the residence of Edward Blackburn." Detective Watson remarked, after a moment or so, as he turned away.

CHAPTER IV.

WATSON parted from Rawlings at the gate of Edward Blackburn's house, opened it, went in and up to the front door. He had ascertained from Rawlings that the housekeeper of Edward Blackburn was a widow named Warner, and he inquired for her of the maid who opened the door.

He was shown into a room on the left of the hall, where he was shortly joined by a middle-aged woman, wearing a black gown and neat white apron.

"You are Mrs. Warner?" queried the detective. "The housekeeper of Edward Blackburn?"

She bowed coldly. "I am," she replied. "And you, I suppose, are a detective?"

"What makes you think that," asked Watson, a little curiously.

She made a gesture half of weariness, half of resentment.

"Oh, they are always coming here," she replied. "I've been pestered to death by them ever since Mr. Blackburn went away."

"I don't doubt it in the least," declared Watson, speaking in all sincerity from his knowledge of the methods of the local police. "I am a detective," he added.

She seated herself with an air of determination.

"You can question me till doomsday, but you'll never get a word out of me that could harm Mr. Blackburn," she declared. "I know nothing but what's good of him."

"That being the case, whatever information you afford me may help instead of harming Mr. Blackburn," the detective suggested diplomatically.

She looked at him quickly, eagerly.

"If that is so," she said, with a little catch in her voice, "I am willing to talk to you or any other detective from early in the morning until late at night."

"You do not believe that Mr. Blackburn killed John Hamilton?" asked the detective.

"From what I know of Mr. Blackburn, I should say he was the last man in the world to commit the crime of which he is accused," she answered, with promptness.

"How long have you lived with Edward Blackburn?"

"For ten years. I came to keep house for him when his marriage was broken off."

"You appear to have a great regard for him?"

"I have and with reason. I have found him to be a gentleman in every sense of the word—courteous, kind, thoughtful and considerate."

"But he may have had great provocation," suggested the detective. "I understand that he had been wronged by John Hamilton."

"That is true, but I don't believe he was the kind of man to bear malice, to carry resentment in his heart all these years."

Detective Watson, calling to mind the manner in which Edward Blackburn had expressed himself to Mr. Hamilton the night of the murder, came to the conclusion that the housekeeper was making a mistake in her estimate of Edward Blackburn.

"Will you tell me all you know of the movements of Mr. Blackburn on the night of May 24th?" he said.

The conclusion of this interesting story will be found in the next issue of the Ledger. Do not fail to read it to the end. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. Watch for them.

Neighborly.

"Golly, but I'se tired," exclaimed a tall and thin colored man, meeting a short and stout friend on Washington street.

"What you been doin' to get tired?" demanded the other.

"Well," explained the thin one, drawing a deep breath, "over to Brother Smith's dey are measurin' de house for some new carpets. Dey haven't got no yawdstick and I's just exactly six feet tall. So to oblige Brother Smith I's been a-layin' down and a-gettin' up all over deir house."

The Market Hunter

By Robert W. Chambers

Thanksgiving brought a settlement of a quarrel of years' standing because the little blind god mixed in and brought the man and the girl together.

RAISED HER HEAD AND LOOKED AT HIM WITH GRAVE, BROWN EYES.

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A WARM October was followed by a muggy, wet November. The elm leaves turned yellow but did not fall; the ash-trees lighted up the woods like gigantic lanterns set in amber; single branches among the maples slowly loosened. As yet the dropping of acorns rarely broke the forest silence in Sagamore County, altho the blue-jays screamed in the alders and crows were already gathering for their annual caucus.

Because there had been as yet no frost the partridges still lurked deep in the swamps, and the woodcock skulked, shunning the white birches until the ice-storms in the north should set their comrades moving southward.

There was little doing in the feathered world. Of course the swallows had long since departed, and with the advent of the blue-jays and golden-winged woodpeckers a few heavy-pinioned hawks had appeared, wheeling all day over the pine-woods, calling querulously.

Then one still night the frost silvered the land, and the raccoons whistled from the beechwoods on the ridges, and old man Jocelyn's daughter crept from her chilly bed to the window which framed a staring, frosty moon.

Thru the silence she heard a whisper like the discreet rustle of silken hangings. It was the sound of leaves falling thru the darkness. She peered into the night, where, unseen, the delicate fingers of the frost were touching a million leaves, and as each little leaf was summoned she heard it go, whispering obedience.

Now the moonlight seemed to saturate her torn, thin nightgown and lie like frost on her body; and she crept to the door of her room, shivering, and called, "Father!"

He answered heavily, and the bed in the next room creaked.

"There is a frost," she said; "shall I load the cartridges?"

She could hear him stumble out of bed and grope for the window.

Presently he yawned loudly and she heard him tumble back into bed.

"There won't be no flight tonight," he said; "the birds won't move for twenty-four hours. Go to bed, Jess."

"But there are sure to be a few droppers in tonight," she protested.

"Go to bed," he said, shortly.

After a moment she began again: "I don't mind loading a dozen shells, dad."

"What for?" he said. "It's my fault I ain't ready. I didn't want you foolin' with candles around powder and shot."

"But I want you to have a good time tomorrow," she urged, with teeth chattering. "You know," and she laughed a mirthless laugh, "it's Thanksgiving day, and two woodcock are as good as a turkey."

What he said was, "Turkey be darned!" but, nevertheless, she knew he was pleased, so she said no more.

There was a candle on her bureau; she lighted it with stiff fingers, then trotted about over the carpetless floor, gathering up the loading-tools and flimsy paper shells, the latter carefully hoarded after having already served.

Sitting there at the bedside, bare feet wrapped in a ragged quilt, and a shawl around her shoulders, she picked out the first shell and placed it in the block. With one tap she forced out the old primer, inserted a new one, and drove it in. Next she plunged the rusty measuring-cup into the black powder and poured the glistening grains into the shell, three drams and a half. On this she drove in two wads. Now the shell was ready for an ounce and an eighth of number nine shot, and she measured it and poured it in with practiced hand. Then came the last wad, a quick twirl of the crimper, and the first shell lay loaded on the pillow.

Before she finished her hands were numb and her little feet like frozen marble. But at last two dozen cartridges were ready, and she gathered them up in the skirt of her nightgown and carried them to her father's door.

"Here they are," she said, rolling them in a heap on the floor; and, happy at his sleepy protest, she crept back to bed again, chilled to the knees.

At dawn the cold was intense, but old man Jocelyn, descending the dark stairway gun in hand, found his daughter lifting the coffee pot from the stove.

"You're a good girl, Jess," he said. Then he began to unwind the flannel cover from his gun. In the frosty twilight outside a raccoon whistled from the alders.

When he had unrolled and wiped his gun he drew a shaky chair to the pine table and sat down. His daughter watched him, and when he bent his gray head she covered her eyes with one delicate hand.

"Lord," he said, "it being Thanksgiving, I do hereby give Thee a few extry thanks." And "Amen" they said together.

Jess stood warming herself with her back to the stove, watching her father busy with his bread and coffee. Her childish face was not a sad one, yet in her rare smile there was a certain beauty which sorrow alone brings to young lips and eyes.

Old man Jocelyn stirred his sugarless coffee and broke off a lump of bread.

"One of young Gordon's keepers was here yesterday," he said, abruptly.

His daughter slowly raised her head and twisted her disheveled hair into a great, soft knot. "What did Mr. Gordon's keeper want?" she asked, indifferently.

"Why, some one," said old man Jocelyn, with an indescribable sneer—"some real mean man has been and shot out them swales along Brier Brook."

"Did you do it?" asked the girl.

"Why, come to think, I guess I did," said her father, grinning.

"It is your right," said the daughter, quietly; "the Brier Brook swales were yours."

"Before young Gordon's pa swindled me out o' them," observed Jocelyn, tearing off more bread. "And," he added, "even old Gordon never dared post his land in them days. If he had he'd been tarred 'n' feathered."

His daughter looked grave, then a smile touched her eyes, and she said: "I hear, daddy, that young Gordon gives you cattle and seeds and plows."

Jocelyn wheeled around like a flash. "Who told you that?" he demanded, sharply.

The incredulous smile in her eyes died out. She stared at him blankly.

"Why, of course it wasn't true," she said.

"Who told you?" he cried, angrily.

"Murphy told me," she stammered. "Of course it is a lie! of course he lied, father! I told him he lied——"

With horror in her eyes she stared at her father, but Jocelyn sat sullenly brooding over his coffee-cup and tearing bit after bit from the crust in his fist.

"Has young Gordon ever said that to you?" he demanded, at length.

"I have never spoken to him in all my life," answered the girl, with a dry sob. "If I had known that he gave things to —to—us—I should have died——"

Jocelyn's eyes were averted. "How dare he!" she went on, trembling. "We are not beggars! If we have nothing, it is his father's shame—and his shame! Oh, father, father! I never thought—I never for one instant thought——"

"Don't, Jess!" said Jocelyn, hoarsely.

Then he rose and laid a heavy hand on the table. "I took his cows and his plows and his seed. What of it? He owes me more! I took them for your sake—to try to find a living in this bit of flint and sand—for you. Birds are scarce. They've passed a law against market-shooting. Every barrel of birds I send out may mean prison. I've lived my life as a market-hunter; I ain't fitted for farming. But you were growing, and you need schooling, and between the game warden and young Gordon I couldn't keep you decent—so I took his dammed cattle and I dug in the ground. What of it!" he ended, violently. And, as she did not speak, he gave voice to the sullen rage within him—"I took his cattle and his plows as I take his birds. They ain't his to give; they're mine to take—the birds are. I guess when God set the first hen partridge on her nest in Sagamore woods he wasn't thinking particularly about breeding them for young Gordon!"

He picked up his gun and started heavily for the door. His eyes met the eyes of his daughter as she drew the frosty latch for him. There was a pause, then he pulled his cap over his eyes with a long grunt.

"Dear dad," she said, under her breath.

"I guess," he observed unsteadily, "you're ashamed of me, Jess."

She put both arms around his neck and laid her head against his.

"I think as you do," she said; "God did not create the partridges for Mr. Gordon—but, darling dad, you will never, never again take even one grain of buckwheat from him, will you?"

"His father robbed mine," said Jocelyn, with a surly shrug. But she was content with his answer and his rough kiss, and when he had gone out into the gray morning, calling his mongrel setter from its kennel, she went back up the stairs and threw herself on her icy bed. But her little face was hot with tearless shame, and misery numbed her limbs, and she cried out in her heart for God to punish old Gordon's sin from generation to generation—meaning that young Gordon should suffer for the sins of his father. Yet thru her torture and the burning anger of her prayer ran a silent undercurrent, a voiceless call for mercy upon her and upon all she loved, her father and—young Gordon.

After a while she fell asleep dreaming

of young Gordon. She had never seen him except Sundays in church, but now she dreamed he came into her pew and offered her a hymnbook of ivory and silver; and she dreamed they sang from it together until the church thrilled with their united voices. But the song they sang seemed to pain her, and her voice hurt her throat. His voice, too, grew harsh and piercing, and—she awoke with the sun in her eyes and the strident cries of the blue-jays in her ears.

Under her window she heard somebody moving. It was her father, already returned, and he stood by the door, drawing and plucking half a dozen woodcock.

When she had bathed and dressed, she found the birds on the kitchen table ready for the oven, and she set about her household duties with a glance thru the window where Jocelyn, crouching on the bank of the dark stream, was examining his set-lines one by one.

The sun hung above the forest, sending fierce streams of light over the flaming, frost-ripened foliage. A belt of cloud choked the mountain gorge in the north; the alders were smoking with chilly haze.

As she passed across the yard toward the spring, bucket in hand, her father called out: "I guess we'll keep Thanksgiving, Jess, after all. I've got a five-pounder here!"

He held up a slim, gold-and-green pickerel, then flung the fish on the ground with the laugh of a boy. It was always so; the forest and the pursuit of wild creatures renewed his life. He was born for it; he had lived a hunter and a roamer of the woods; he bade fair to die a poacher—which, perhaps, is no sin in the eyes of Him who designed the pattern of the partridge's wings and gave two coats to the northern hare.

His daughter watched him with a strained smile. In her bitterness against Gordon, now again in the ascendant, she found no peace of mind.

"Dad," she said, "I set six deadfalls yesterday. I guess I'll go and look at them."

"If you line them too plainly, Gordon's keepers will save you your trouble," said Jocelyn.

"Well, then, I think I'll go now," said the girl. Her eyes began to sparkle and the wings of her delicate nostrils quivered as she looked at the forest on the hill.

Jocelyn watched her. He noted the finely molded head, the dainty nose, the clear, fearless eyes. It was the sensitive head of a free woman—a maid of windy hillsides and of silent forests. He saw the faint quiver of the nostrils, and he thought of the tremor that twitches the dainty muzzles of thorobred dogs afield. It was in her, the mystery and passion of the forest, and he saw it and dropped his eyes to the fish swinging from his hand.

"Your mother was different," he said, slowly.

Instinctively they both turned toward the shanty. Beside the doorstep rose a granite headstone.

After a while Jocelyn drew out his jackknife and laid the fish on the dead grass, and the girl carried the bucket of water back to the house. She reappeared a moment later, wearing her father's shooting-jacket and cap, and with a quiet "good-by" to Jocelyn she started across the hillside towards the woods above.

Jocelyn watched her out of sight, then turning the pickerel over, he slit the firm, white belly from vent to gill.

About that time, just over the scrubby hill to the north, young Gordon was walking, knee deep in the bronzed sweet fern, gun cocked, eyes alert. His two beautiful dogs were working close, quartering the birch-dotted hillside in perfect form. But they made no points; no dropping woodcock whistled up from the shelter of birch or alder; no partridge blundered away from bramble covert or willow fringe. Only the blue-jays screamed at him as he passed; only the heavy hawks, sailing, watched him with bright eyes.

He was a dark-eyed, spare young man, with well-shaped head and a good mouth. He wore his canvas shooting-clothes like a soldier, and handled his gun and his dogs with a careless ease that might have appeared slovenly had the results been less precise. But even an amateur could see how thoroly the ground was covered by those silent dogs. Gordon never spoke to them; a motion of his hand was enough.

Once a scared rabbit scuttled out of the sweet fern and bounded away, displaying the piteous flag of truce, and Gordon smiled to himself when his perfectly trained dogs crossed the alluring trail without a tremor, swerving not an inch for bunny and his antics.

But what could good dogs do, even if well handled, when there had been no flight from the north? So Gordon signaled the dogs and walked on.

That part of his property which he had avoided for years he now came in sight of from the hill, and he halted, gun under his arm. There was the fringe of alders, mirrored in Rat's Run; there was Jocelyn's shanty, the one plague-spot in his estate; there, too, was old man Jocelyn, on his knees beside the stream, fussing with something that glistened, probably a fish.

The young man on the hilltop tossed his gun over his shoulder and called his two silvery-coated dogs to heel, then he started to descend the slope, the November sunlight dancing on the polished gun-barrels. Down thru the scrubby thickets he strode; burr and thorn scraped his canvas jacket, blackberry-vines caught at elbow and knee. With an unfeigned scowl he kept his eyes on Jocelyn, who was still pottering on the stream's bank, but when Jocelyn heard him come crackling thru the stubble and looked up the scowl faded, leaving Gordon's face unpleasantly placid.

"Good-morning, Jocelyn," said the young man, stepping briskly to the bank of the stream; "I want a word or two with you."

"Words are cheap," said Jocelyn, sitting up on his haunches; "how many will you have, Mr. Gordon?"

"I want you," said Gordon, slowly emphasizing each word, "to stop your depredations on my property, once and for all."

Squatting there on the dead grass, Jocelyn eyed him sullenly without replying.

"Do you understand?" said Gordon, sharply.

"Well, what's the trouble now——" began Jocelyn, but Gordon cut him short.

"Trouble! You've shot out every swale along Bitter Brook. There isn't a partridge left between here and the lake! And it's a shabby business, Jocelyn—a shabby business."

He flung his fowling-piece into the hollow of his left arm and began to walk up and down the bank.

"This is my land," he said, "and I want no tenants. There were a dozen farms on the property when it came to me; I gave every tenant a year's lease, rent free, and when they moved out I gave them their houses to take down and rebuild outside of my boundary-lines. Do you know any other man who would do as much?"

Jocelyn was silent.

"As for you," continued Gordon, "you were left in that house because your wife's grave is there at your very threshold. You have your house free, you pay no rent for the land, you cut your wood without payment. My gardener has supplied you with seed, but you never cultivate the land; my manager has sent you cows, but you sell them."

"One died," muttered Jocelyn.

"Yes—with a cut throat," replied Gordon. "See here, Jocelyn, I don't expect gratitude or civility from you, but I do expect you to stop robbing me!"

"Robbing!" repeated Jocelyn, angrily, rising to his feet.

"Yes, robbing! My land is posted, warning people not to shoot or fish or cut trees. The land, the game, and the forests are mine, and you have no more right to kill a bird or cut a tree on my property than I have to enter your house and steal your shoes!"

Gordon's face was flushed now, and he came and stood squarely in front of Jocelyn. "You rob me," he said, "and you break not only my own private rules, but also the State laws. You shoot for the market, and it's a dirty, contemptible thing to do!"

Jocelyn glared at him, but Gordon looked him straight in the eye and went on, calmly: "You are a lawbreaker, and you know it! You snare my trout, you cover the streams with set-lines and gang-hooks, you get more partridges with winter grapes and deadfalls than you do with powder and shot. As long as your cursed poaching served to fill your own stomach I stood it, but now that you've started wholesale game slaughter for the market I am going to stop the whole thing."

The two men faced each other in silence for a moment; then Jocelyn said: "Are you going to tear down my house?"

Gordon did not answer. It was what he wanted to do, but he looked at the gaunt, granite headstone in the dooryard, then dropped the butt of his gun to the dead sod again. "Can't you be decent, Jocelyn?" he asked, harshly.

Jocelyn was silent.

"I don't want to turn you out," said Gordon. "Can't you let my game alone? Come, let's start again; shall we? I'll send Banks down tomorrow with a couple of cows and a crate or two of chickens, and Murphy shall bring you what seeds you want for late planting——"

"To hell with your seeds!" roared Jocelyn, in a burst of fury. "To hell with your cows and your Murphys and your money and yourself, you loafing millionaire! Do you think I want to dig turnips any more than you do? I was born free in a free land before you were born at all. I hunted these swales and fished these streams while you were squalling for your pap!"

With blazing eyes the ragged fellow shook his fist at Gordon, cursing him fiercely, then with a violent gesture he pointed at the ground under his feet: "Let those whose calling is to dig, dig!" he snarled. "I've turned my last sod!"

Except that Gordon's handsome face had grown a little white under the heavy coat of tan, he betrayed no emotion as he said: "You are welcome to live as you please—under the law. But if you fire one more shot on this land I shall be obliged to ask you to go elsewhere."

"Keep your ears open, then!" shouted Jocelyn, "for I'll knock a pillowful of feathers out of the first partridge I run over!"

"Better not," said Gordon, gravely.

Jocelyn hitched up his weather-stained trousers and drew his leather belt tighter. "I told you just now," he said, "that I'd never turn another sod. I'll take that back!"

"I am glad to hear it," said Gordon, pleasantly.

"Yes," continued Jocelyn, with a grim gesture, "I'll take it back. You see, I buried my wife yonder, and I guess I'm free to dig up what I planted. And I'll do it."

After a pause he added: "Tear the house down. I'm done with it. I guess I can find room somewhere underground for her, and a few inches on top of the ground for me to sit down on."

"Don't talk like that," said Gordon, reddening to the roots of his hair. "You are welcome to the house and the land, and you know it. I only ask you to let my game alone."

"Your game?" retorted Jocelyn. "They're wild creatures, put there by Him who fashioned them."

"Nonsense!" said Gordon, dryly. "My land is my own. Would you shoot the poultry in my barn-yard?"

"If I did," cried Jocelyn, with eyes ablaze, "I'd not be in your debt, young man. You are walking on my father's land. Ask your father why! Yes, go back to the city and hunt him up at his millionaire's club and ask him why you are driving Tom Jocelyn off of his old land!"

"My father died three years ago," said Gordon, between his set teeth. "What do you mean?"

Jocelyn looked at him blankly.

"What do you mean?" repeated Gordon, with narrowing eyes.

Jocelyn stood quite still. Presently he looked down at the fish on the ground and moved it with his foot. Then Gordon asked him for the third time what he meant, and Jocelyn, raising his eyes, answered him: "With the dead all quarrels die."

"That is not enough!" said Gordon, harshly. "Do you believe my father wronged you?"

"He's dead," said Jocelyn, as tho speaking to himself.

Presently he picked up the fish and walked towards his house, gray head bent between his shoulders.

For a moment Gordon hesitated, then he threw his gun smartly over his shoulder and motioned his dogs to heel. But his step had lost something of its elasticity, and he climbed the hill slowly, following with troubled eyes his own shadow, which led him on over the dead grass.

The edge of the woods was warm in the sunshine. Faint perfumes of the vanished summer lingered in fern and bramble.

He did not enter the woods. There was a fallen log, rotten and fragrant, half buried in the briers, and on it he found a seat, calling his dogs to his feet.

In the silence of morning he could hear the pine-borers at work in the log he was sitting on, scra-ape! scra-ape! scr-r-rape! deep in the soft, dry pulp under the bark. There were no insects abroad except the white-faced pine hornets, crawling stiffly across the moss. He noticed no birds, either, at first, until, glancing up, he saw a great drab butcher-bird staring at him from a dead pine.

At first that inert oppression which always came when the memory of his father returned to him touched his fine lips with a gravity too deep for his years. No man had ever said that his father had dealt unfairly with men, yet for years now his son had accumulated impressions, vague and indefinable at first but clearer as he grew older, and the impressions had already left the faintest tracery of a line between his eyebrows. He had known his father as a hard man; he knew that the world had found him hard and shrewd. And now, as he grew older and understood what the tribute of honest men was worth, even to the dead, he waited to hear one word. But he never heard it. He had heard other things, however, but always veiled, like the menacing outbreak of old man Jocelyn—nothing tangible, nothing that he could answer or refute. At times he became morbid, believing he could read reproach in men's eyes, detect sarcasm in friendly voices. Then for months he would shun men, as he was doing now, living alone month after month in the great, silent house where his father and his grandfather's father had been born. Yet even here among the Sagamore Hills he had found it—that haunting hint that honor had been molded to fit occasions when old Gordon dealt with his fellowmen.

He glanced up again at the butcher-bird, and rose to his feet. The bird's cruel eyes regarded him steadily.

"You wholesale murderer," thought Gordon, "I'll just give you a charge of shot."

But before he could raise his gun, the shrike, to his amazement, burst into an exquisite song, sweet and pure as a thrush's melody, and, spreading its slaty wings, it sailed off thru the sunshine.

"That's a new trick to me," said Gordon, aloud, wondering to hear such music from the fierce feathered criminal. But he let it go for the sake of its song, and, lowering his gun again, he pushed into the underbrush.

The yellow beech leaves illuminated the woods above and under foot; he smelled the scent of ripened foliage, he saw the purple gentians wistfully raising their buds which neither sun nor frost could ever unseal.

In a glade where brambles covered a tiny stream, creeping thru layers of jewel-weed and mint, the white setter in the lead swung suddenly west, quartered, wheeled, crept forward and stiffened to a point. Behind him his mate froze into a silvery statue. But Gordon walked on, gun under his arm, and the covey rose with a roar of heavy wings, driving blindly thru the tangle deep into the dim wood's depths.

Gordon was not in a killing mood that morning.

When the puzzled dogs had come to heel and had been quietly motioned to heel, Gordon stood still and looked around at the mottled tree-trunks glimmering above the undergrowth. The first beechnuts had dropped; a few dainty sweet acorns lay under the white oaks. Somewhere above a squirrel scolded incessantly.

As he was on the point of moving forward, stooping to avoid an osier, something on the edge of the thicket caught his eye. It was a twig, freshly broken, hanging downward by a film of bark.

After he had examined it he looked around cautiously, peering into the thicket until, a few yards to the right, he discovered another twig, freshly broken, hanging by its film of bark.

An ugly flush stained his forehead; he set his lips together and moved on noiselessly. Other twigs hung dangling every few yards, yet it took an expert's eye to detect them among the tangles and clustering branches. But he knew what he was to find at the end of the blind trail, and in a few minutes he found it. It was a deadfall, set, and baited with winter grapes.

Noiselessly he destroyed it, setting the heavy stone on the moss without a sound; then he searched the thicket for the next deadfall, and in a few moments he discovered another broken twig leading to the left.

He had been on the trail for some time, losing it again and again before the suspicion flashed over him that there was somebody ahead who had either seen or heard him and who was deliberately leading him astray with false "lines" that would end in nothing. He listened; there was no sound either of steps or of cracking twigs, but both dogs had begun growling and staring into the demi-light ahead. He motioned them on and followed. A moment later both dogs barked sharply.

As he stepped out of the thicket on one side, a young girl, standing in the more open and heavier timber, raised her head and looked at him with grave, brown eyes. Her hands were on the silky heads of his dogs; from her belt hung a great fluffy cock-partridge, outspread wings still limber.

He knew her in an instant; he had seen her often in church. Perplexed and astonished, he took off his cap in silence, finding absolutely nothing to say, altho the dead partridge at her belt furnished a text on which he had often displayed biting eloquence.

After a moment he smiled, partly at the situation, partly to put her at her ease.

"If I had known it was you," he said, "I should not have followed those very

JOCELYN WAS STILL SPUTTERING ON THE STREAM BANK.

inviting twigs I saw dangling from the oziers and moose-vines."

"Lined deadfalls are thorofares to woodsmen," she answered, defiantly, "You are as free as I am in these woods —but not more free."

The defiance, instead of irritating him, touched him. In it he felt a strange pathos—the proud protest of a heart that beat as free as the thudding wings of the wild birds he sometimes silenced with a shot.

"It is quite true," he said, gently; "you are perfectly free in these woods."

"But not by your leave!" she said, and the quick color stung her cheeks.

"It is not necessary to ask it," he replied.

"I mean," she said, desperately, "that neither I nor my father recognize your right to these woods."

"Your father?" he repeated, puzzled.

"Don't you know who I am?" she said, in surprise.

"I know you sing very beautifully in church," he said, smiling.

"My name," she said, quietly, "is the name of your father's old neighbor. I am Jessie Jocelyn."

His face was troubled, even in his surprise. The line between his eyes deepened. "I did not know you were Mr. Jocelyn's daughter," he said, at last.

Neither spoke for a moment. Presently Gordon raised his head and found her brown eyes on him.

"I wish," he said, wistfully, "that you would let me walk with you a little way. I want to ask your advice. Will you?"

"I am going home," she said, coldly.

She turned away, moving two or three paces, then the next step was less hasty, and the next was slower still. As he joined her she looked up a trifle startled, then bent her head.

"Miss Jocelyn," he said, abruptly, "have you ever heard your father say that my father treated him harshly?"

She stopped short beside him. "Have you?" he repeated, firmly.

"I think," she said, scornfully, "your father can answer that question."

"If he could," said Gordon, "I would ask him. He is dead."

She was listening to him with face half averted, but now she turned around and met his eyes again.

"Will you answer my question?" he said, as he looked steadily at her.

"No," she replied, slowly; "not if he is dead."

Young Gordon's face was painfully white. "I beg you, Miss Jocelyn, to answer me," he said. "I beg you will answer for your father's sake and—in justice to my father's son."

"What do you care——" she began, but stopped short. To her surprise her own bitterness seemed forced. She saw he did care. Suddenly she pitied him.

"There was a promise broken," she said, gravely.

"What else?"

"A man's spirit."

They walked on, he clasping his gun with nerveless hands, she breaking the sapless twigs as she passed, with delicate, idle fingers.

Presently he said, as tho speaking to himself: "He had no quarrel with the dead, nor has the dead with him—now. What my father would now wish I can do—I can do even yet——"

Under her deep lashes her brown eyes rested on him pitifully. But at his slightest motion she turned away, walking in silence.

As they reached the edge of the woods in a burst of sunshine he looked up at her and she stopped. Below them the smoke curled from her weather-racked house. "Will you have me for a guest?" he said, suddenly.

"A guest!" she faltered.

A new mood was on him; he was smiling now.

"Yes, a guest. It is Thanksgiving day, Miss Jocelyn. Will you and your father forget old quarrels—and perhaps forgive?"

Again she rested her slender hands on his dogs' heads, looking out over the valley.

"Will you forgive?" he asked, in a low voice.

"I? Yes," she said, startled.

"Then," he went on smiling, "you must invite me to be your guest. When I look at that partridge, Miss Jocelyn, hunger makes me shameless. I want a second-joint—indeed I do!"

Her sensitive lips trembled into a smile, but she could not meet his eyes yet.

"Our Thanksgiving dinner would horrify you," she said—"a pickerel taken on a gang-hook, woodcock shot in Brier Brook swales, and this partridge——" She hesitated.

"And that partridge a victim to his own rash passion for winter grapes," added Gordon, laughing.

The laugh did them both good.

"I could make a chestnut stuffing," she said, timidly.

"Splendid! Splendid!" murmured Gordon.

"Are you really coming?" she asked. Something in her eyes held his, then he answered with heightened color, "I am very serious, Miss Jocelyn. May I come?"

She said "Yes" under her breath. There was color enough in her lips and cheeks now.

So young Gordon went away across the hills, whistling his dogs cheerily on, the sunlight glimmering on the slanting barrels of his gun. They looked back twice. The third time she looked he was gone beyond the brown hill's crest.

She came to her own door all of a tremble. Old man Jocelyn sat sunning his gray head on the south porch, lean hands folded over his stomach, pipe between his teeth.

"Daddy," she said, "look!" and she held up the partridge. Jocelyn smiled.

All the afternoon she was busy in the kitchen, and when the early evening shadows lengthened across the purple hills she stood at the door, brown eyes searching the northern slope.

The early dusk fell over the alder swales; the brawling brook was sheeted with vapor.

Upstairs she heard her father dressing in his ancient suit of rusty black and pulling on his obsolete boots. She stole into the dining-room and looked at the table. Three covers were laid.

She had dressed in her graduating gown—a fluffy bit of white and ribbon. Her dark, soft hair was gathered simply; a bunch of blue gentian glimmered at her belt.

Suddenly, as she lingered over the table, she heard Gordon's step on the porch, and the next instant her father came down the dark stairway into the dining-room just as Gordon entered.

The old man halted, eyes ablaze. But Gordon came forward gravely, saying, "I asked Miss Jocelyn if I might come as your guest tonight. It would have been a lonely Thanksgiving at home."

Jocelyn turned to his daughter in silence. Then the three places laid at table and the three chairs caught his eye.

"I hope," said Gordon, "that old quarrels will be forgotten and old scores wiped out. I am sorry I spoke as I did this morning. You are quite right, Mr. Jocelyn; the land is yours and has always been yours. It is from you I must ask permission to shoot."

Jocelyn eyed him grimly.

"Don't make it hard for me," said Gordon. "The land is yours, and that also which you lost with it will be returned. It is what my father wishes—now."

He held out his hand. Jocelyn took it as tho stunned.

Gordon, still holding his hard hand, drew him outside to the porch.

"How much did you have in the Sagamore & Wyandotte Railroad before our system bought it?" asked Gordon.

"All I had—seven thousand dollars——" Suddenly the old man's hand began to tremble. He raised his gray head and looked at the stars.

"That is yours still," said Gordon, gently, "with interest. My father wishes it."

Old man Jocelyn looked up at the stars. They seemed to swim in silver streaks thru the darkness.

"Come," said Gordon, gayly, "we are brother sportsmen now—and that sky means a black frost and a flight. Will you invite me to shoot over Brier Brook swales tomorrow?"

As he spoke, high in the starlight a dark shadow passed, coming in from the north, beating the still air with rapid wings. It was a woodcock, the first flight bird from the north.

"Come to dinner, young man," said Jocelyn, excited; "the flight is on and we must be on Brier Brook by daybreak."

In the blaze of the kerosene-lamp they sat down at table. Gordon looked across at Jocelyn's daughter; her eyes met his, and they smiled.

Then old man Jocelyn bent his head on his hard clasped hands.

"Lord," he said, tremulously, "it being Thanksgiving, I gave Thee extry thanks this a. m. It being now p. m., I do hereby double them extry thanks"—his mind wandered a little—"with interest to date. Amen."

Misraki of Damascus

By Frank Hampton Fox

A cruel pasha, a beautiful woman, her husband and a man who had a great debt to pay are the central figures in an absorbing tale of the Far East.

THERE was a flurry of excitement among the traders along the street which is called Straight, when the carriage of Reshid Pasha, the Governor, stopped before the bazaar of Misraki. There were stretching of necks and nodding of many colored turbans and red fezes, as that august personage stepped from the closed carriage and entered the bazaar.

The Syrian sun threw a golden glow over mosque and minaret, over palace and mart. The myriads of blossoms in the world-famed gardens of Damascus impregnated the spring air with the perfume of Paradise.

Misraki, an Arab of fine physique, met the Governor at the door with a salaam in which his white silk turbair almost touched the floor at his feet.

"Excellency," he said, "this is a very great honor which you bestow on me by visiting my humble place of business."

He escorted his distinguished guest to a silk divan, while an attendant brought black Turkish coffee in little white cups on a polished brass tray. After drinking coffee together, an indispensable preliminary to every Oriental transaction, either commercial or social, cigarettes were lighted. During this time Misraki stood as a servant in the presence of a superior. When the Governor had sufficiently recovered from his exertion he said:

"Hasan, my scribe, tells me that you have some valuable rugs of rare design which you are willing to dispose of at a reasonable gain."

"Hasan, the scribe, speaks the truth. The wealthy Americans are not coming this year. I am too poor a man to hold these fine rugs until another year. Here, Zibeon, you and Jalam spread out before his excellency that antique Tabriz, the old Shiraz and that antique Ghiordes."

Misraki stood with folded arms and with observant eyes watched the Governor as he examined with the air of a connoisseur the precious fabrics spread out before him.

"Hasan informs me that Miriam, the wife of Misraki, is the most beautiful woman in Damascus," remarked the Governor without looking up from the old Shiraz before him. "I'd rather look on the face of a fair woman than to feast my eyes on the jewels in the treasury of the Sultan," he added with a lecherous look and a low, diabolical chuckle.

The color suddenly mounted to the Arab's cheeks and the fire flashed from his black eyes as he answered:

"If Hasan were wise he would confine his conversation to safer subjects than that of an Arab's wife." The Governor looked up with a start and quailed before the indignation stamped on the face of the merchant before him.

After some time spent in careful scrutiny of the Oriental fabrics before him he straightened himself and exclaimed:

"These are splendid. Only the golden sandals of Allah should tread upon such precious rugs. They are far too fine for the Governor's palace. You must take these to Stamboul and display them before the eyes of the Sultan."

Misraki salaamed again.

"Excellency, you are very gracious to speak so highly of my goods," said he, "but I am only a humble merchant. It would be impossible for me to gain an audience with Abdul-Hamid, the Sultan."

"I will send my servant with you," said the Governor. "He will obtain immediate admittance for you to the palace and an audience with the Sultan. He is very religious and buys the finest rugs in the world and gives them to the great mosques."

"In the company of your Excellency's servant I shall gladly undertake the journey to Stamboul. In accepting your courtesy, I assure you that I hope some time to be able to recompense you for your unusual kindness."

"Hasan says Misraki is the most prosperous merchant in Damascus," insinuated Reshid Pasha, casting a swift glance at the piles of Oriental rugs and at the big bolts of silk and bales of tapestries that filled the bazaar.

"Taxes are very, very high and trade no longer is what it used to be," answered Misraki.

The Governor winced. The mention of high taxes reminded him of the big stone hotel which was nearing completion and which represented only a fraction of his unjust exactions from the citizens of the Syrian capital.

"Tomorrow morning," he said as he arose to depart, "my servant will meet you at the train for Beyrout. The Ishmalia sails for Stamboul at sunset. May Allah bless and prosper your undertaking."

Misraki salaamed his thanks and as he accompanied the Governor to his carriage was profuse in expressions of gratitude for the visit. To all of this the Turkish Pasha responded with the peculiar grunt characteristic of his countrymen.

Thru the remainder of the day Misraki was too busy preparing for the journey to tell Miriam of his plans. When he did mention them to her that evening she burst into tears and, flinging her arms around his neck, implored him to abandon the proposed journey.

"Why, Miriam," he exclaimed, "what has come to pass that you oppose this manifestly propitious enterprise upon which I am about to venture? I thought you were in favor of all my business undertakings that promised large returns."

"So I am, my husband, but this journey to Stamboul I fear will end in disaster. Oh, my dear husband, I implore you by your love for me, forego this venture and abide at home, for I know that evil, and only evil, can come of it."

"But why say you this? What has come over your spirit so suddenly?"

"You will laugh at me when I tell you, but I was in the garden of nuts working on my tapestry until the call to prayer. I was so lost in my work that I had not noted the passing of time. Suddenly a horned owl gave two doleful hoots right above my head. For a moment I was so terrified that I could not move. He was on a limb of the almond tree that extended out over my seat. Oh, I never shall dare to sit there again." Her dark eyes swam in tears and Misraki caught her in his arms and kissed her again and again in a vain attempt to drive away her fears.

"The horned owl," continued Miriam between her sobs, "is a bird of ill omen."

"According to the superstitions of our ancestors, it is; but Miriam, we are Christians and have renounced our belief in the things that used to haunt our forefathers."

"I know, I know," she pleaded, "but that is not all. As soon as I recovered courage I jumped to my feet and gathered up my tapestry to fly from the garden when, turning, I saw the crescent moon thru the thick branches of the pomegranate tree; at that instant the muezzin's call to prayer rang out from the minaret of the Amayyade Mosque and a dog gave two mournful howls. My blood chilled as if it had been covered with the snow of Hermon. There were three omens of evil in as many minutes. The owl hooted twice—the dog howled twice —twice I saw the crescent moon thru the thick branches of the pomegranate tree From this I understand that some terrible misfortune is to befall both of us within three days, the number of the omens."

Her slender form shook with sobs. In vain did her husband try to dispel these gloomy forebodings, for he, too, was a son of the desert and the latent superstitions of his Arab ancestors lingered in his subconscious self. In spite of his Christian education he found himself powerless to free his mind from the gloomy fetters of fear with which his sires bound their offspring.

They sat for some time under the starlit Syrian sky in the open court of their house talking over their brief separation. By way of reassurance he held her soft, shapely hand in his strong grasp.

"Zibeon will look after the bazaar; your brother David will be such a companion that you need fear no evil."

"My fears are for you, my husband, more than for myself." In spite of all her efforts at self-control her hot tears fell on the hand that held hers.

"The days of our separation will be few; it is now new moon. I shall com-

"THESE ARE SPLENDID."

plete my business and return by the first quarter."

"I'll be brave," Miriam declared, wiping her eyes and trying to smile thru her tears.

The next morning Misraki was up before the sun shot his first gleaming arrows across the sands of the desert. Miriam still slept. As he stood beside her couch for a moment and looked down on her sleeping form she seemed more like a goddess than a woman. Her bare arms were folded over the uncovered bosom which rose and fell with her regular breathing. The silk coverlet revealed her shapely body and disclosed the symmetry of her limbs. Her lovely face seemed more beautiful as it reposed beneath the brooding light of her wavy black hair, the pristine glory of Arab womanhood. He bent down and kissed her. She awoke with a start, threw her arms around his neck and drew his face down against hers.

"I shall think of you every minute and pray for you without ceasing until you return to me in safety," she said as she kissed him good-by.

Hajji, the Governor's servant, was at the station when Misraki arrived. The morning ride thru the gardens of Damascus, along the sparkling Abana, which leaps, a full grown river, from the side of the An-Lebanon Mountains, so absorbed Misraki that for a few moments he forgot the sad-faced woman. It was springtime in the valley, but the snow lay deep in the cedar groves on the summit of Lebanon.

The shadows of evening were already falling over the old Phoenician harbor and city of Beyrout, when Misraki and Hajji were rowed out to the Ishmalia, whose siren had already sounded.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the third day, soon after the Ishmalia dropped anchor in the Golden Horn, the kavass of the Sultan came on board. He greeted Hajji with as much cordiality as was possible from a little, old, dried-up Turk from whose body the hot winds of the desert had absorbed most of the vitality. The two or three isolated teeth which remained in his otherwise toothless jaws gave him a somewhat ferocious appearance. His speech was so much like the snarl of a dog that the hearer had to guess the information he intended to convey.

They entered the Sultan's carriage and were driven at once to Yildiz Kiosk, the "Palace of the Stars," which stands on a high hill overlooking the Bosporus. The place had long been a pleasure resort of the Sultans of Turkey. Soon after his accession, Abdul-Hamid II. had adopted it as his permanent residence. Within the park walls are a number of buildings of a military character. Inside a second wall stands the Kiosk itself—the home of the Sultan and his four favorite wives.

Misraki, with his free born spirit of the desert, felt as tho he was entering a prison rather than the palace of the head of the Mosiem world, the guardian of the green banner of the prophet. A sentinel closed and barred the gate behind them. The kavass made a sign to the soldier who guarded the inner gate and after some delay they were permitted to pass into the secluded inclosure and two hours later were admitted into the presence of the Sultan. They prostrated themselves before him, remaining on their faces until an imperious gesture from Abdul-Hamid gave them the signal to arise.

Misraki made a low salaam and expressed in a few well-chosen words his gratitude to the Great Sultan for the permission to look upon his face and for the courtesy to display before his majesty some rare rugs, which Reshid Pasha had commended to his consideration.

"Because I am a very religious man, the governors impose on me," muttered the sullen monarch. "Show them to me," he ordered in an injured tone.

Misraki salaamed and stood with folded arms while two of the Sultan's servants spread out the rugs one by one before Abdul-Hamid for his inspection.

"How much do you expect for that?" he demanded as his snake-like eyes followed the threaded figures of the antique Ghiordes.

"They are each five thousand pounds, your majesty," answered the merchant, at the same time studying the bent figure before him. The high cheek bones of the Sultan gave unmistakable evidence of his Mongolian ancestry. His obesity advertised the sedentary habits of the Turks. His hawk-beak nose might have come from the ancestors of his Circassian slave mother. Probably his childhood, spent amid the intrigues of the royal harem, magnified the latent meanness of his nature. The years he toiled as a market gardener raising and peddling vegetables in Stamboul gave him a cringing attitude. His successes as a stock gambler had added a look of ferocious covetousness. His diabolical cruelties gave a fiendish finish to his repulsive countenance. The whole impression of the man was that of some evil beast.

"Send that to the Alabaster Mosque in Cairo, with my compliments to the priest," said the Sultan, pointing with his left hand. "That to Omar, in Jerusalem, and that to the Kaaba, in Mecca," he concluded. Always he used the left hand, for it was his custom always to keep his right hand on the ivory handle of an automatic revolver concealed in the folds of his purple robe, whenever he was in the presence of strangers.

"When wish you to return to Damascus?"

"Business, your majesty, stirs my lethargy and urges my immediate departure. The Baron Beck sails at noon tomorrow; I desire to return to Beyrout on her."

"Where do you stop for the night?" demanded the Sultan.

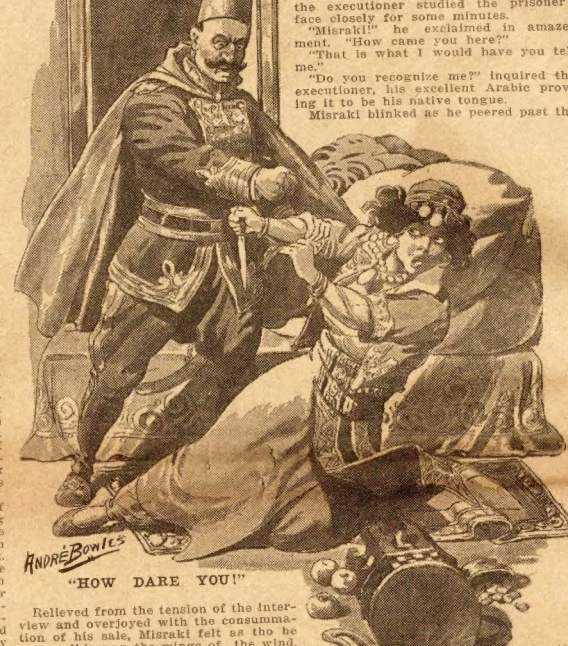
"With an old friend, who lives by the Galata-Pera bridge, Hishmeh by name."

"I will send my servant with the gold in the morning," said the Sultan. A wave of his left hand indicated the interview was ended.

Outside the palace, Hajji informed Misraki that he would spend the night with the kavass.

"Wish you to walk, or prefer you that I call a carriage?" the kavass inquired.

"I shall walk," was the prompt reply.



"HOW DARE YOU!"

Relieved from the tension of the interview and overjoyed with the consummation of his sale, Misraki felt as tho he was walking on the wings of the wind. He pictured to himself the pleasure he should have in recounting to Miriam the success of his venture. His heart was warm and he hummed snatches of an old Arab love song as he hurried along.

Suddenly the song ceased, his mouth became dry; he trembled with fear such as he never had experienced before. For the conviction was strong upon him that he was being followed. It was now dark and, strive as he would, his keen eyes could not pierce the gathering gloom or discover any cause for his apprehension. Provoked with himself for permitting an unfounded fear to take such possession of his mind, he hurried forward with sweeping strides. "I wonder if Miriam is thinking of me? Why, of course she is. Every minute her thought is of me. Her anxiety has actually made me afraid."

With a warm glow at his heart again he shook off the hand of fear and again sang snatches of song. He remembered long after that he had passed into the dark shadow of the Galata Tower when the nameless terror again seized him. He was positive he heard stealthy footsteps behind him. He turned sharply, expecting to face an antagonist. A stunning blow on the back of the head deprived him of consciousness.

Thirty-six hours later when his benumbed faculties began to awaken Misraki became conscious of the fact that he was on the water. The steady throb, throb of machinery, the roll and toss of the floor beneath him, gave unmistakable evidence, even to his drowsy faculties, that he was on a ship. At first he thought he must have started home according to plan and that something had caused him to sleep longer than usual.

Then a severe pain in his head made him put his hand up to his heavy hair. It was matted with blood. He began to feel about him in an attempt to discover his whereabouts. The floor on which he lay was filthy and the odor of the place unspeakably foul. With a painful effort he crept along the wall until he found the door. It was securely bolted on the outside. With all his might he pounded on the door, but there was no response.

Overwhelmed with the discovery that he was a prisoner and that his prison was moving over the sea, he again lost consciousness.

Hours later he was aroused by the click of the bolt in the lock. The steel door opened and a man with a candle in one hand and a heavy club in the other entered the dungeon. The man was above the average height and of athletic frame. His face, once good to look upon, now bore the stamp of horror which comes to the executioner who hates his business of murder. He swung the club high above his head. In a moment he would have brained his prisoner with a single blow.

"Hanoth!" shrieked Misraki in terror.

The club fell from the hand of the astonished executioner. Beside the prisoner he knelt, staring into his blood-stained face. The magic word was a cry of distress used for generations by an Arab tribe living in a small oasis in Northern Arabia. Its meaning was unknown to any one outside of that tribe and only those who understood knew that cry came from a kinsman in dire distress.

With the flickering candle held close the executioner studied the prisoner's face closely for some minutes.

"Misraki!" he exclaimed in amazement. "How came you here?"

"That is what I would have you tell me."

"Do you recognize me?" inquired the executioner, his excellent Arabic proving it to be his native tongue.

Misraki blinked as he peered past the light at the face of the man bending over him. Finally he was forced to admit that he did not recognize him.

"I am Ishmael. You found me dying by the camel trail in the desert five years ago."

"Now I remember you; had I met you in Damascus I should have recognized you without difficulty."

"Reshid, now Pasha and Governor of Damascus, drugged and abandoned me in the desert. He stole my half of a rich caravan and went to my native village and told the family of the beautiful Ayeshah that I was dead and with costly presents he induced them to give him my bride-to-be. You gave me water and food and brought me to a village and paid them to care for me until I recovered my strength. When you took up your journey I gave you the Arab's oath, that if I should ever meet you in distress I would give the life you saved to repay your kindness to me. Tonight I must pay the forfeit."

"How so?"

"You are doomed to death, and if you had not given our tribal cry of distress, I would have killed you without ever recognizing my deliverer."

"Where am I and what have I done that I am a prisoner doomed to die?"

"You are on the Sultana, a murder ship, commonly called a man of war. She fights no battles, but is used exclusively to carry out to sea men who are considered a menace to the Sultan and his government. Know, oh, Misraki, that during the past six moons no less than 108 prominent men, Pashas and wealthy merchants, have been thrown into the sea with heavy stones around their necks. At first we used to throw them into the Bosporus, but ships began to drag the corpses to the surface with their anchors. So now we take the condemned out to sea and drop them overboard so far from shore that there is no possible danger of their ever being discovered."

"What is my offense and why am I doomed to die without trial?"

"You are guilty of having money. Abdul-Hamid employs 50,000 paid spies and assassins. They are everywhere watching the successful men or those who utter dangerous words expressing opinions about government reforms. On this trip we have dropped into the sea seven men. One of them was a fine young fellow of wealthy family in Stamboul. He had studied in a French university and returned to his home, fired with a patriotic zeal for reforms in the government of his country. One of the spies overheard a few words of his conversation with a friend. Then came an invitation from the Sultan to dine at Yildiz Kiosk the night you were there. The Sultan told him he was so glad that he took an interest in reform and commissioned him Governor of the province of Yemen. They knocked him in the head as they did you, only his hair was not as thick as yours, so he never came to. We dropped him into the sea off the Island of Rhodes. His mother will wait a long time for a letter from her Governor son."

"How can you engage in such systematic murder?" exclaimed Misraki with a shudder.

"I'll tell you why; after Reshid robbed me of my fortune in the caravan and then took my Ayeshah to his harem, I vowed vengeance on the man who had blasted my life. I entered the army and worked my way up rapidly until I was one of the guards at Yildiz Kiosk. Then I was appointed to the secret service. I accepted, for I felt certain that sooner or later Reshid Pasha would fall under condemnation. When that time came I wanted to be executioner. When I get him, no more of this for me."

"Who informed on me?"

"Do you know Hasan?"

"Why, he is my friend. It is impossible that he should do me harm."

"Hasan is the slickest, meanest Turk that Allah ever allowed to wear a fez."

"Ishmael, you said that I saved your life. I implore you to spare mine. I want to return to Damascus, Miriam, my wife, was broken-hearted because I would go to Stamboul in spite of her warnings."

"I will spare your life," answered Ishmael, "even tho it cost me mine. Abdul-Hamid takes no chances, not even with his most trusted spies. There is some one on this ship who watches and checks the bodies I throw overboard. If I omit one they will know at once that there is a conspiracy and I'll pay the forfeit. I ask of you is a pledge to aid in Reshid Pasha or secure his death in some way, how I care not."

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord," answered Misraki solemnly.

"That does not satisfy me; I want his blood. He is guilty of robbery, adultery and murder, and by the laws of the Arabs and of Allah, he should die."

"Spare my life and I will do all in my power to bring this monster to justice," promised Misraki. "Where are we?"

"Between Cyprus and Beyrout. You are weak and must have food; I will bring you both food and drink. After you have refreshed yourself we will arrange our actions."

Ishmael soon returned with an ample meal and after Misraki had eaten he felt stronger and the two men conversed in low tones. Toward three o'clock in the morning the throb of the machinery ceased. Ishmael was on his feet in an instant.

"We are in the harbor of Beyrout. Can you swim ashore?"

"When a lad I swam the Tigris; I think I can make my way to the shore. Why do you ask?"

"The first officer has gone ashore to receive reports and orders from Stamboul. Our presence is not to be known here. We'll put to sea again as soon as he returns. You must make your escape while he is away from the ship. I'll get you a life belt and you can make the shore before day."

"What will you do?" asked Misraki in concern for the fate of the man who was putting up his life as a forfeit for his friend.

"Oh, I'll jump overboard when the time comes to throw your body into the sea."

They were on deck now and Misraki's hand was on the rope of the ship's ladder ready to descend into the water, when their attention was arrested by a boat approaching them rapidly.

"Is that the officer returning so soon?" Misraki inquired with apprehension.

"No, it is not, but why a boat should be approaching the Sultana is a mystery. No one but the commandant is supposed to know that we are here."

The boat came alongside and one boatman seized the ship's ladder, holding the small craft steady while the other assisted a heavy man to climb up to the ship's deck.

Ishmael drew Misraki back into the shadow of the Sultana's bridge. His whole body quivered with suppressed excitement. His breath came quick like that of a dog held in leash when the quarry comes almost with reach.

"Who is it?" Misraki whispered.

"I don't know," Ishmael answered.

(Continued on Page 29.)

The German Plotters

By William MacLeod Raine

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Begun in No. 46, November 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

A spirited account of a most mysterious situation involving an imperiled girl and a foreigner and the dark doings of Circle 13, together with the fate of certain interesting persons and a rare invention.

CHAPTER V.
UNREHEARSED MOVING PICTURE.

FROM The Elms Getz walked downtown to the office of the Star. Behind him, on the opposite side of the street, crept a shadow that turned when he turned and stopped when he stopped.

He climbed the worn stairs that led to the editorial rooms and pushed thru a door into the local room. Reporters sat at desks in their shirt sleeves pounding out stories on typewriters. The city editor was giving instructions to a man in a Panama hat and a Palm Beach suit. Six or seven men sat around a long table reading copy. Everybody was busy. Nobody paid the least attention to Getz.

The cattleman caught hold of a boy running in with some extras of a rival paper.

"Where can I find Jimmie Hunt?" he demanded.

"Sports. First door right," grunted the boy, wrenching himself free.

Hunt was in, whanging out on his machine some stuff about the prize fight to be pulled off next day. He looked up, nodded to Getz, waved him to a chair, and wrote three sentences with which to clinch his story. The reporter was a quick-moving little fellow, his motions birdlike in their swiftness.

"What can I do for you, New Mexico?" he wanted to know breezily, diving into his hip pocket for the inevitable tobacco tin and cigarette paper.

"You were telling me the other day about a—a morgue, I think you called it—a place where you keep information about people in case the paper should need it."

"That's right."

"I want to find out all I can about some people. Perhaps you can help me out."

"The stuff in our dead room isn't supposed to be for the use of the public, but Jimmie Hunt is yours to command, New Mex."

Getz wrote five names on a paper and handed the sheet to his friend. Jimmie glanced at him curiously.

"Starting out to Sherlock Holmes this kidnaping affair, Otto?" the reporter asked, with genial irony.

"You've said it, son," answered the cattleman.

The names he had written on the sheet of copy paper were:

Dr. Wilfred Brandon.
Jefferson Hamilton.
Nora Hamilton.
——— Hamilton, their father.
Carl Doerfer.

Then, moved by an impulse to take shrewd little Jimmie Hunt into his confidence, Getz sat down and told him the adventures of the day that had flung him into the midst of this mystery.

"I don't want to go it blind. I want to get on the inside. There's something here I don't understand. Can you help me put my finger on the key to this thing, Jimmie?"

Hunt hopped down from the desk upon which he had been perched. "I've been on to Brandon for a year. He's what some people call a degenerate. But he gets away with it. He's a mole. No advertising with a brass band when he makes up as Mr. Hyde. Not on your life. Young Hamilton is a bit of a sport, but I never sized him up as a bad lot. They say his father is a crank inventor. He pulls the mysterious if any one asks him about his invention. Probably it doesn't amount to anything. Never heard of Carl Doerfer. Wait just a half a mo." He darted from the room, was gone five minutes, and came back with the same manner of having been shot out of a trap. "Doerfer is a small cement and lime contractor, a peppery little chap, no bigger than a whisper. He has been in this country about eight years. He is a widower and has a grown daughter by the name of Bertha. This is all I could find out about Doerfer, except that his daughter is a great friend of Dr. Brandon."

"One thing more, Jimmie. Have you ever heard it said that the Hamiltons have insanity in the family?"

"No. They say the old man is daffy about his invention—thinks some one wants to steal it from him."

"Find out anything else you can about Brandon. I'm going out to The Brakes to have a talk with him."

"Play safe, New Mex. There's something devilish about that fellow. He won't stick at murder if it is necessary to his safety. Got a gat?"

"Yes."

"You'd better mention casually to Dr. Brandon that your friends know where you are. It might prevent the sudden disappearance of Mr. Otto Getz. I'd hate to have to put you on the front page tomorrow."

The cattleman took a street car and got off near the Country Club. The grounds surrounding the Brandon place were spacious, and as he passed thru the dark grove toward the house a soft-footed shadow still followed him.

Save for a few stars that showed now and again between ragged scudding clouds the night was black. Getz circled the lawn from front to rear of the house. The windows were dark of life, except for one room in the back. It was on the second floor, and presently across the drawn blind passed the shadow of a man.

"Servants all out. Brandon alone," guessed the cattleman, and almost instantly knew that he was wrong.

For from that lighted second-floor room had come the sound of a voice raised suddenly in anger.

"Ach, Gott!" it rang out harshly, and a shadow shot across the blind.

Faintly there came to Getz the sound of shuffling feet, of bodies being tossed against chairs and tables. Again the shadow picture of a lurching figure showed on the blind, followed instantly by a second one. A hand, in which was clutched some kind of a bar, rose and fell. Beneath the impact of the blow the lurching figure crumpled and went down. Once—twice—a third time the weapon fell upon the defenseless head of the fallen man.

Already Getz was running toward the house. If he heard a startled cry from the shrubbery in his rear he did not heed. Yet before that shout had died the light went out of the room upstairs as if it had been a signal.

The cattleman caught up a rake lying by a flower bed and drove it thru the glass of a French window opening upon the piazza. The shattered glass fell in a thousand pieces as he swept the iron teeth to and fro. Thru the opening he crept, struck a match, and found himself in a large breakfast-room.

The lighted match burnt his fingers and he dropped it, but not before he had decided which door led into the hall. Groping his way along the table, he pushed open the door and moved forward a step or two. Another match, his last, showed him a broad staircase leading to the next story. As softly as possible, with one hand on the banister, he ascended the stairs to the landing above.

Uncertain which way to proceed, he stopped at the head of the stairs, revolver in hand. So dense was the darkness it weighed upon him like something ponderable. No sound broke the stillness, yet the place seemed full of whispers. To his tense fancy the very breath from his lungs made so great a stir that he closed his lips tightly so as not to betray himself. Alone in this great pit of night with a murderer, one who would not hesitate to strike at advantage, he knew that any moment winged death might sweep out of the darkness upon him.

A man of action, his instinct was to grapple with the danger. The lighted room had been in the northwest corner of the house. As best it could his mind mapped the ground he had covered since entering. Warily he stole forward, found a corridor deflecting to the right, and followed it on tiptoe. A door yielded to the feel of his hand. He stood on the threshold of a room. The horror of what he was to find there pressed upon him. He stood motionless, every sense alert, nerves keyed to the highest pitch.

The faintest of sounds—a hiss as of breath escaping from a pitiful sigh—drifted toward him from a corner of the room. It drew his feet slowly forward. Every creaking board of the floor seemed to shout his presence as he moved. His toe struck something soft. He stooped, laid his revolver down beside him, and explored with his hands the huddled mass. The touch of something warm and moist shocked him.

Had the murderer escaped and left his victim here?

A button clicked. Simultaneously a flood of light banished the darkness. Getz, still crouched, turned his head slowly. He faced the blue nose of a revolver, and behind it the evil smile of Wilfred Brandon.

"Don't move, my friend," advised the man behind the gun.

CHAPTER VI.
CIRCLE THIRTEEN.

GETZ did not move by so much as the flicker of an eyelid. His mind took in the situation swiftly and surely. He was trapped. This man would accuse him of the crime he had himself committed. Nor was there any way to disprove it. He had blundered in too late to prevent murder and just in time to bear the blame of it.

The cattleman looked down at the huddled body lying close to his feet. A thin red stream flowed slowly toward him. Instinctively he moved his foot.

"You've been at your devilish tricks again," he said quietly, his eyes meeting the ribald mocking ones of his captor.

"Not at all. Two scoundrels undertake to blackmail me. They break into my house and quarrel. One kills the other. I have regretfully to shoot the second in self-defense."

Otto's gaze did not waver by a hair's breadth. "So you mean to kill me, too?"

"Unhappily it is forced upon me by a military necessity. You will understand my position, Mr. Getz," returned the other suavely.

"I understand that if you got what was coming to you by rights you would be stamped out like a rattlesnake."

"Him! A matter of viewpoint. Naturally you don't feel kindly toward me at the present moment. But there is no occasion for heat. Think the matter over calmly, Mr. Getz. If you remember, I warned you. It was by no invitation of mine that you interfered in my affairs. You took your fighting chance, and you lose. I feel sure you will be a good sportsman about it."

"I haven't lost yet. I am well known in the city. Just now scores of my friends are here at the stock show. They are going to ask a great many inconvenient questions if anything happens to me. That blackmail story won't go with them."

Brandon lifted his eyebrows quizzically. "No? Then we'll have to try another one. Shot by accident in mistake for a burglar. How will that do?"

The ranchman shook his head. "You can't get away with that either. Miss Hamilton will testify to the truth. Just before coming here I called at a newspaper office and told a reporter where I was going. He warned me to be careful you did not do the very thing you are proposing. That won't sound well at the inquest."

"It will be confoundedly annoying. I confess it. But we have to put up with unjust suspicion in this world. Let us hope the one to which you are so soon going will be arranged better."

Brandon moved forward, his gaze never wandering an instant from the cattleman, and half seated himself on the edge of a table. An impudent unholy triumph smoldered in the dark eyes. He had highly developed in him the instinct to enjoy the writhings of his intended victim.

"Think again, Doctor." The voice of Getz was as even and as steady as if he had been discussing the price of cattle. "The newspapers will ferret out the truth about you and your brother. They will publish that little episode of Bobbie Brandon and the porch. They will uncover the real story that lies back of the trouble between you and the Hamiltons. I really don't think you can afford the luxury of any more devilry just now."

"Kindly move a few feet to the left, Mr. Getz," suggested Brandon. "That's right. I was afraid you might be tempted to reach for your gun, which would be a quick way of suicide. As to the point you make, getting back to our muttons, the moment is of your choosing, not mine, my friend. Why the devil did you shove that big body of yours in here so malapropos?"

"Because I saw thru the window what was happening."

"Then you've got to pay the piper. You can't complain about that. The fate of a spy, you know."

"I'm not complaining. I'm telling you to go slow or you'll jerk the rope tight about your own neck."

"Just where do we stand, Mr. Getz? Will you accept terms?"

"Let's hear them."

"First, you'll have to take the blame of this unfortunate affair from my shoulders." The Doctor waved a hand negligently toward the crumpled heap on the floor. "It wasn't my fault at all. The fellow would have it. He had been threatening me for a month, and tonight he attacked. It had to be one of us. Naturally I preferred it to be Doerfer."

"Doerfer," repeated the cattleman, glancing down at the body quickly. He gave a little exclamation of surprise. The face of the dead man was that of the little man who had followed Nora Hamilton from the postoffice to the street car.

"We'll put it that you were coming to the house to see me on a matter of business and that you saw Doerfer break into the house. You followed him. He heard your footsteps, turned on you with a piece of lead pipe, and in the struggle you had to strike him down. I'll back the story."

"Thank you. It's very good of you to stand by me in my trouble," answered Getz, dryly.

"Of course I'll expect you to drop out of this Hamilton business. You can take a train for your ranch as soon as we have satisfied the police."

The gray eyes of the stockman were hard as obsidian. "I can, but I won't. I'd rather stay to see you hanged."

Brandon, whose long narrowed eyes had never once left the other man, straightened from his lounging position.

THE CATTLEMAN PLUNGED LIKE A FOOTBALL TACKLER.

"Afraid that's out of the question, Mr. Sheepherder. You've signed your death warrant."

Otto knew the moment had come. He crouched, pantherlike, ready to dive for his enemy's knees. It was one chance in a thousand, but he meant to take it.

The half-shut door creaked.

"Somebody there," announced Getz, quickly.

Brandon hesitated. His eyes slanted for an instant toward the door. The cattleman plunged like a football tackler. Simultaneously there came a crash of breaking glass. The bullet had gone thru the window. It had passed just above Otto's left shoulder.

Together the two men went to the floor, the revolver flung out of reach by the impact of the attack. They rolled over and over. Brandon was lithe and active as a wild cat, but he lacked the weight and strength of his opponent. Getz pinned him down as he sat astride the writhing body much as if it had been the back of a bucking broncho.

The Doctor suddenly relaxed. His eyes were looking at something back of the New Mexican. Before Getz could turn his head a chill passed down his spine. It started from a spot on the back of his neck against which some cold substance was pressed persuasively. Instinct told the cattleman that the source of the change in temperature was the blunt nose of a forty-four six-gun.

"Get up!" ordered a guttural voice.

The ranchman got up. The point of the revolver followed his every motion.

"What iss it all about?" demanded the man with the gun. He was a slender, rather youthful, German-American, neatly dressed in the clothes of a clerk or business man.

"The man is a spy. He killed Doerfer and would have made an end of me if you hadn't come, Wolff," explained Brandon, glibly.

"Doerfer! Gott! Iss Doerfer dead?"

"I got here too late to save him. The fellow turned on me as I came into the room. In another minute I would have been gone, too, if you hadn't arrived," Brandon ran on glibly.

"But"—there was a queer look of perplexity on the face of Wolff—"I don't see how——"

"Don't you see?" broke in the Doctor. "He must be a spy."

"Oho! A spy." The eyes of the Teuton gleamed. "Iss it that he is of the secret service?"

Brandon flashed a look of warning at him. The newcomer did not notice it. His horror-filled eyes were fixed on the huddled thing on the floor that had been till fifteen minutes ago a living, breathing man.

"Gott! Doerfer!" he cried in a hushed voice.

"Struck down by Brandon. I was outside, and thru the blind saw the man fall. I ran into the house and found Brandon here," said Getz.

Wolff turned on him a bewildered face. In the puzzled look of the man the rancher found a ray of hope. It came to him with a flash of certainty that this man did not believe Brandon's story of the murder.

"So? What were you doing outside?"

It was the answer of a triumphant Brandon that rang out. "Spying, Wolff, on you and on me and on our friends. When Doerfer found the fellow following him, he turned and this man struck him down. He's a spy, I tell you."

"He followed Doerfer into the house?"

"Exactly."

"Ah! I see." Getz could have sworn that there was hostility in the eyes fixed steadily on Brandon. "Undoubtedly he iss a spy."

The sound of footsteps came from the corridor, and presently two men entered the room. They stopped abruptly at sight of Getz and the body on the floor.

Brandon plunged at once into explanation. The new arrivals listened, asked a quick question or two of the Doctor, and turned to examine Getz. The chief spokesman was a middle-aged heavy-set man with a bristling mustache. He answered to the name of Reincke. His English was excellent, tho marked with a slight foreign accent.

"Your name?"

"Otto Getz."

"A German?"

"German birth. I came from Freiburg when I was a boy."

"Business?"

"I own the Fryingpan ranch. It is in New Mexico. I'm here for the stock show."

"Ever in the Government service?"

"Never."

"What are you doing out here tonight?"

Getz laid his cards on the table. "I came to get back from Dr. Brandon a letter which he had stolen from a Miss Hamilton."

"Have you been employed by her as a detective?"

"No. I volunteered out of friendship, against her urgent advice."

"It was good advice," cut in Brandon. "You'd better have taken it, Mr. Getz."

"How long have you known Miss Hamilton?" demanded Reincke of the cattleman.

"A little more than half a day. Listen. I'll tell you how I came to meet her."

Getz told the story of his day's adventures, including the charges made by Nora Hamilton against Dr. Brandon.

The Doctor laughed and tapped his head, but there was no mirth in his eyes.

THANKSGIVING.

I've been countin' up my blessin's, I've been summin up my woes.
But I ain't got the conclusion some would nat'rally suppose;
Why, I quit a-countin' troubles 'fore I had a half a score,
While the more I count my blessin's, I keep findin' more an' more!

There's been things that wa'nt exactly as I thought they'd ought t' be,
An' I've often growled at Providence for not a-pettin' me!
But I hadn't stop to reckon what the other side had been—
How much o' good an' blessin' had been thickly crowded in.

Fer there's been a gift o' sunshine after every shower o' tears,
An' I've found a load of laughter scattered all along the years.
If the tharns have pricked me sometimes, I've good reason to suppose
Love has hid 'em often from me 'neath the rapture of th' rose!

So I'm goin' to still be thankful fer the sunshine an' the rain,
Fer the joy that's made me happy; fer th' purgin' done by pain;
Fer the love o' little children; fer the friends that have been true;
Fer the guidin' Hand that's led me every threatenin' danger thru!

"The lady is a little touched in the upper story, gentlemen. But that is not the issue we have to meet now. This man has killed our friend Doerfer. He must himself die."

Wolff interrupted, speaking with his hands as well as his voice. "Not at our hands. We turn him over to the police. He iss held a prisoner uutil the law settles with him. He can then do us no harm. Not so?"

The fourth member of the group—he was a lank, shambling man with a hatchet face and small eyes set close together—had gathered from the floor the two revolvers. He handed one to Reincke. Now he spoke for the first time.

"Let us him first search for papers."

Getz offered no useless resistance. From his pocket Wolff drew the note Brandon had left at the apartments of the Hamiltons.

"At The Brakes tonight, d—n you, before Circle 13 meets.

"CARL DOERFER."

Wolff read the note aloud. A grim silence fell upon the little group.

Reincke took the note and looked at it. "This is Carl's handwriting," he said slowly, at last, looking straight at Getz.

The cattleman had forgotten to mention the exchange of notes. His explanation now fell flat.

"Why should Doerfer curse Dr. Brandon?" Reincke demanded. "They were friends. They were associated together. Can you explain that, Mr. Getz?"

"No, I can't. But I'm telling the truth."

"What iss this Circle 13 mentioned here? What does it mean?" asked Wolff, crisply, of the rancher.

"I don't know. I never heard of it till I saw this note."

"A likely story!" flung out Brandon, with a sneering laugh.

"Yet I believe it efery word," Wolff retorted. His eyes challenged those of Brandon with an almost savage intensity.

"Indeed! You are credulous. And you propose——"

"To turn him over to the police for the murder of Doerfer. That will serve our purpose. Will it not, Reincke?"

The man called Reincke drew the little group toward the door. They talked in whispers, but in their excitement the voices rose occasionally so that they were audible to their prisoner.

Getz sat on the edge of the table and watched them. These men, of course, were members of the Circle 13 mentioned in the note. His suspicions began to piece themselves together in a vague way. He had not been reading the papers for nothing. That he had blundered into contact with one of the foreign plots in the United States he did not doubt, tho he could not yet see what connection it could have with the Hamiltons. If the plotters found it necessary for the sake of their cause, he would be wiped from life ruthlessly.

The one strong point in his favor was that they could not kill him without bringing upon themselves a police investigation. This was the very thing they did not want.

The debate was sharp and bitter. Brandon and the hatchet-faced man urged strongly that they dare take no chances. This man Getz might know a great deal more than he admitted. The only safe thing to do was to silence him forever. Had he not already declared war upon them by killing Doerfer?

Wolff, with violent gestures, refused his consent to murder. He was, he said, a good citizen of the United States. This other matter—well, that was different. But he would have nothing whatever to do with bloodshed. Moreover, Getz knew nothing whatever about their activities. He was of their own race and blood. Why not take him in with them?

To this opinion Reincke, who thruout the discussion had carefully kept their prisoner covered with his own weapon, was also inclined.

Presently he returned to the table and put Getz thru a grilling examination. It covered his antecedents, his friendships, his war convictions, the closeness of the tie that bound him to his relatives across the water. The questions jumped from one subject to another without warning.

Getz told the truth. One point stood out clear, that while his sympathies ran strong for the Fatherland, they did not extend to the ruling classes who had saddled militarism upon the nation.

Reincke pushed the issue home. "Do you want the Fatherland to win this war?"

"Yes and no," answered the cattleman, bluntly. "I hope the enemy will never cross the Rhine, but I believe it will be the salvation of the Fatherland to come to the very verge of defeat, to learn that the ideas upon which she has been fed are false."

"You would favor this country in case of trouble with the Fatherland?"

The eyes of Getz gleamed. "Every turn of the wheel. I'm for the U. S. A. first, last, and all the time. It's my country. I'd fight for her as long as I could stand and see."

Reincke shrugged his shoulders and turned back to his friends. There was no use arguing with a man so firm in his convictions as this.

The whispered debate went on fiercely. Getz guessed the difficulties that faced Circle 13 in the matter. Neither Reincke nor Wolff was bloodthirsty. Both of them realized that the surest way to bring themselves under observation of the police would be to kill their prisoner. They could not hold him under guard with any safety. To turn him over to the police would be to court a thoro investigation. Slowly they were driven to the decision that they must free him. Reluctantly the others consented.

Their verdict was announced to Getz by Reincke.

"Dr. Brandon will call up the police in two hours and notify them that you have killed Carl Doerfer. You are free to walk downstairs and disappear. We don't ask where you are going. We don't care. But if you are arrested, two witnesses will swear they found you stooping over the dead body of Carl. My advice is for you to get out to your own country and lie hidden for a time. Understand?"

"Yes. Good advice, too." Getz held out his hand. "I'll thank you for my gat."

The other man broke the revolver and emptied out the cartridges. He handed the weapon to its owner. "You will leave town then?" he asked.

"On the first freight."

The cattleman nodded his thanks to Reincke and Wolff, then turned coolly to look Brandon in the face.

"You're the choicest specimen of half-breed 'pache I've met for a long time, Doc. I'll sure ask for a card to your hanging. I'm giving you one piece of advice gratis. Lay off worrying our little friend where I met you tonight, or you'll certainly hear from New Mexico."

He turned his back on Brandon, sauntered out of the room, and groped his way downstairs. Before he had reached the road he discovered that he was being followed. This suited him exactly.

He strode rapidly across town toward the railroad tracks. A couple of miles of stiff walking brought him to the yards, with his shadow still dogging him. A freight, just made up, was pulling out for the south.

Getz dived between the moving wheels and swung to the rods.

CHAPTER VII.
THE BIG SECRET.

GETZ crept from under the box car at Littleton an hour later. It was no part of his plan to leave the city. He had made his hurried exit from town to satisfy his Teutonic friends of Circle 13. Now that they were easy in mind about him, he proposed to return.

Inconspicuously he slipped into the rear seat of a street car, and remained there until it reached its terminus at the Arapahoe street loop. From a drug store at an adjoining corner he telephoned to Hunt. That debonair young man left his pinochle game at the club, and met him a few minutes later at Eighteenth and Lawrence.

"Well, I see I shan't have to put you on the front page, after all, New Mexico," he said with a grin. "But why all this Sherlock Holmes stuff? Why not meet me at the club like a white man? You dragged me yelping from a four-dollar kitty, and me seven iron men in the game."

They fell into step and began to walk from the downtown bright lights.

"Sorry, Jimmie, but especially the other fellow would have got that three hundred and fifty hand. And about that front page, I'm not so sure. The story is there for a big spread all right. The only question is whether I'm in it."

"Shoot, Cuddley, when you are ready."

"Well, you're liable to learn soon that I've killed a man since I saw you last," answered Otto, cheerfully.

Hunt stopped and looked at him. "No, really? You haven't earned a civic vote of thanks by bumping off Doc Brandon, have you?"

"No. It was that little shrimp, Doerfer. I left him dead at The Brakes two hours ago."

"God! You—killed him?"

"That's what Dr. Brandon says."

"But——"

"He did it himself. I butted in like a locoed calf, and he saved his face with his friends by throwing the blame on me."

"Say, this listens like some story," enthused Jimmie. "Go to it from the beginning."

Getz told him what had taken place. Hunt heard him out and asked one question.

"Will you tell me, New Mex, what the trouble was between Brandon and Doerfer?"

"I've been wondering about that."

"They were partners in this Circle 13 business, whatever it was. They were working together against the Hamiltons. What were they quarreling about then?"

Before Getz there flashed a memory picture of a young woman sitting at a cafe table with a man, a very pretty young woman completely absorbed by her companion. Berta was the name by which Brandon had called her, and Berta Doerfer was the daughter of the man Brandon had killed. Was there any connection between the scene in the restaurant and that moving picture tragedy Getz had seen enacted on the blind of the window at The Brakes?

If Wilfred Brandon was a modern Don Juan, as Hunt had intimated, might the quarrel not have had its source in the anxiety of the father to protect his child against the evil influence of Brandon?

Getz told his guess, and added to it another one. "There is bad blood between Brandon and this young fellow Wolff. I've a hunch it's jealousy. Is there any way of finding out whether Wolff is in love with Berta Doerfer?"

"Sure. What am I a reporter for?"

"You'd better take a week off at my expense, Jimmie. I've got to lie low myself, and there is a lot of underground work to be done. Will the paper let you off?"

"I can arrange it."

"Good! One thing more. Within a few hours now the Brandon children will be back in the care of their dear uncle Wilfred. It is hard to say how soon he would begin his damnable practices on them again if he were let alone. The only protection for the children is publicity. Get an interview with Miss Hamilton in which she defends her brother by charging flatly that Dr. Brandon intends to murder his nephews. With that in print he daren't move against them for a time."

"Can't be done. Paper would be in for a libel suit."

"Then get her to make the charges publicly at police headquarters when her brother is brought in. That will hold him hitched."

They stopped under the lee of a store while Jimmie rolled and lit a cigarette.

"I've been busy since I left you, son," explained Hunt after his cigarette was glowing. "One of our copyreaders rooms at The Elms. He's got it straight that Old Man Hamilton's invention is a new kind of submarine."

Getz slapped his thigh. "And Brandon is an agent of the Central Powers. He's trying to buy it from Hamilton. Is that it?"

"Wrong guess. This is a submarine that hunts submarines. It has eyes that see under the water and ears that hear. Brandon and his friends mean to put Hamilton's invention out of business by hook or crook, because if it gets going it will end the big undersea campaign of the Kaiser."

"Why doesn't the German government buy Hamilton out?"

"He won't sell—says his own country gets first chance at it—and after that the Allies. Biggs—that's our copyreader—says our Government has made an investigation secretly. The committee's report is that Hamilton has got a whale of a thing in his submersible. It delivers the goods, they say."

The eyes of Getz glistened. "It's a fight for the flag then. Brandon has sold out to the enemy. By God, Jimmie, let's see this thing thru to a finish! Let's stand by that game little girl and her family."

"You're on, New Mex."

CHAPTER VIII.

BRANDON LOSES A TRICK.

DR. WILFRED BRANDON drove up to the city hall in his big car, and went jauntily to the office of the chief of police. If he remembered incidentally that last night he had killed a man it did not trouble him much. Apparently the police had accepted readily enough his explanation of the affair, backed as it had been by the testimony of Wolff. Things were moving very well. Getz had been adroitly wiped off the local map. Doerfer, who had for weeks been very annoying about Berta, was out of the road, and his grief-stricken daughter did not doubt in the least the story that had been told her. Young Jeff Hamilton had put himself in the wrong by this fool kidnaping business and had given Brandon a lever by which he could force the old inventor to terms. That little spitfire Nora would have to come to time, too. What more could a reasonable man ask—except enough ready money to settle the debts that were piling up round him? And Wilfred Brandon knew where to get that money as soon as he could do a certain thing required of him.

He waited in the office of the chief while that officer sent for young Hamilton from his cell and for the twins from the rooms of the matron. Jeff arrived first.

The long slitted eyes of Brandon took him in with triumphant malevolence. "Been having quite a pleasant jaunt, haven't you?" he derided smoothly.

The young fellow looked at him scornfully without answering.

"Must be tired of so much steady going. Well, you'll have only a short journey now, and then a long rest at Canon City," Brandon continued to purr.

A woman came into the room leading two little boys.

"Expect you're glad to see your little folks again, Doctor," the chief commented.

Brandon whirled on him sharply. "These aren't my nephews. He's bunkoed you."

"Not your nephews. Why—why——" The chief pounced on Hamilton. "Is that right? Are you slipping something over on me?"

Jeff grinned at him impudently. "Not at all. I told you I wasn't any kidnaper. You would have it that I was. Don't blame me if you've made a goat of yourself."

The Doctor moved toward him, eyes blazing. "What have you done with those children? Where are they?"

"That's it. Where are they?" jeered Hamilton. "I haven't got them. I haven't had them."

"You mean that they haven't been with you in Wyoming?" demanded the chief.

"That's just what I mean."

"And these two kids here——"

"It isn't against the law to take two children for an auto ride with their guardian's consent, is it?"

Brandon was livid. "Do you think you can get away with that sort of talk? I'll find the children and you'll go over the road to the rock pile of the penitentiary."

The door behind Brandon had opened quietly, and a young woman was standing at the entrance. Her cool, contemptuous voice rang out crisply.

"Oh, no, Dr. Brandon! If anybody goes over the road to the rock pile it will be I. Jeff had nothing to do with taking the children. You can have three guesses as to who did take them."

She met Brandon eye to eye. He bowed to her with mock admiration.

"One is enough, my dear. Miss Nora Hamilton is the criminal. May I ask where they are now?"

"Certainly. They are in the next room."

Jimmie Hunt and another reporter had dropped casually into the office. They exchanged grins.

"But you kidnaped them. You've had them hidden all this time. You can't deny it," the Doctor charged.

'Can't I?" The girl suddenly blazed.

WHERE WILL I FIND JIMMIE HUNT?"

"Dare you go before a jury and try to prove it? Dare you let me tell in open court that Jeff and I were just in time to keep you from murdering little Wallie?"

Brandon smiled at the chief and touched his head. "Too bad!" he said regretfully.

"You intend to murder them for their fortune. Do you think I don't know? If anything happens to either of them, I swear before God to have you tried for killing them. You hypnotized your brother to his death. Last night you killed one of your confederates because he insisted that you marry his daughter. You're rotten to the core."

She flung out her charges wildly, with an intensity that carried conviction at least of her own sincerity.

"Gentlemen, I call you all to witness how obsessed she is with this mania," replied Brandon, patiently. "Miss Hamilton is not in her right mind."

"That's a lie," broke in Jeff. "Every word my sister has said is true. We did reach The Brakes just in time to save Wallie from falling to the sharp rocks below the upper porch. He was hypnotized. We were both sure of it."

"That is the story which is to keep you out of the pen, is it?" sneered Brandon.

Jeff plunged on. "You're not only a murderer. You're a traitor to your country. You're drawing pay as a spy against the United States today. The proper fate of men like you is to be stood against a wall and shot."

"A likely story," jeered the Doctor. "But it shows how hard up they are for something to tell against me that they have to resort to such a cock-and-bull story, chief."

"Sounds fishy, if you ask me," agreed the chief.

"Are you going to hold my brother any longer?" Nora asked of him.

"I'm going to have a talk with the kids and see what they have to say," answered that officer as he passed into the next room.

Fifteen minutes later he was back.

"You may go, young man," he said to Jeff. "I believe you had this framed up with your sister, but I can't prove it. As for you, Miss Hamilton, I'll expect you not to leave town for the present. We'll look into this further."

"My advice is to hold him,' suggested Brandon.

"When I want your advice I'll ask for it, Dr. Brandon," the chief retorted coldly.

From the steps of the city hall Jeff and his sister saw Brandon drive away in his car. The twins were sitting in the back seat.

Jimmie Hunt put a question to Miss Hamilton. "I've been wondering where you kept the kids all this time. I'll bet you won't tell me."

She smiled. "Not for publication, Mr. Hunt, but if you can keep a secret I'll tell you."

"I'm a clam," he promised.

"I took them around to a lady who used to be their nurse. She is now the head of the Markley Orphans' Home. The twins were dressed just like the other children, and nobody suspected who they were."

Jimmie flashed one admiring look at her. "Some abductor you are, Miss Hamilton. If you had cached them in the hills the first man who saw them would have guessed them for the Brandon twins. But among a hundred others—say, you're some conspirator!"

Nora nodded casual thanks.

The conclusion of this fascinating story will be found in the next issue of the Ledger. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. Let us hear from you at once.

HER AUNT.

The restless woman waiting in the dentist's outside office eyed with interest the patient who just had emerged from the main torture room with a prominent lump on one side of her face. She sat down in a corner chair.

"I know just how it hurts!" the nervous woman exclaimed. "Why didn't he do something for it? Wouldn't he pull it?"

"H'm?" asked the second patient, startled. She tried to smile. "I haven't got a toothache!" she got out with difficulty. "Lump of wax—over a gold inlay he just put in—while I wait for it to set."

"Oh!" commented the restless woman, disappointed. "Your face looks just the way my aunt's does when she has the toothache. My, how that woman has suffered! And not only from toothache, let me tell you! Here she was, all engaged to a lovely man, so they say—he ran the feed store in our town—and what did she do but elope with the cornet player in the town band! Besides having to listen to his practicing on the cornet every day of her life she had to endure his relatives, who came visiting for months at a time and never helped a mite in the housework or anything! When I got old enough to notice things Uncle James had got out of the habit of doing anything except stick around home practicing on his cornet and he naturally leaned toward mournful tunes. Doesn't your tooth ache at all?"

"No," confessed the patient with the wax in her mouth.

"I can't help feeling that it ought to," persisted the nervous woman. "With your face looking that way! My aunt had to wear a thick veil when she had her spells—people looked at her so on the street if she didn't. Once the report got around that my uncle had slapped her face and raised the lump and she felt awfully about it, for, of course, you know, a kind of family pride in your husband, even if you aren't exactly crazy about him.

"As my aunt said, Uncle James might drive her wild with his everlasting tooting and he might forget to bring in her wood or chop kindling, or wipe the mud off his shoes, and he certainly was lazy and she had to take in sewing to get any money, but, with it all, he was a gentleman and certainly never would demean himself to slap her. Is your husband musical?"

"N-No," stammered the woman with the lump in her cheek.

"You can thank Heaven," her new acquaintance told her. "I've noticed that when a man is very musical, unless he has inherited a fortune he starves his family to death. My aunt never had a brand-new dress from the day that she was married. She always had to make over things her customers gave her and I must say she was a wonder.

"My aunt had those awful toothaches until the traveling painless dentist came to town and he removed all her teeth. But the plate never did fit right and as he never came back that way again she always talked with a funny lisp after that. And it made you sort of nervous wondering what was going to happen. Did you ever think of having yours out? It'd be lots cheaper in the end. Oh, I forgot it wasn't toothache with you! With your face looking like that I can't seem to remember! Of course, you can't look natural with your face distorted that way.

"I always think it is lucky that people in a dentist's office can't see themselves. A dentist must get sick of the whole human race, seeing them all the while with their faces screwed all out of shape. That's the way my aunt felt about it and why she let a traveling dentist pull her teeth when she wouldn't have a home one do it. She wasn't vain, but she said she wasn't going to have Dr. Morris, every time he met her, remembering her with her mouth wide open.

"The way that light falls on you reminds me quite a lot of my aunt. Of course, she was much older and her hair was gray, but if it hadn't been I fancy you and she would have been an awful lot alike. Has that wax got to stay on very long? I'd like to see if you look as much like her without it. I'll bet you'll be glad to get rid of it—of course, you can't see yourself, but then you can imagine how you look."

"I'm ready for you now," said the dentist, opening his door and nodding at the patient with the new gold inlay. "Sorry to have kept you waiting—did it seem long?"

"Not half long enough," the patient told him as she reluctantly followed him into his inner office. "And it's worth all you charge for time spent."

"Ain't people funny?" the restless woman demanded of the air. "I 'spose mebbe she dreaded having him go at that gold inlay again for fear he'd hurt her."

Why She Left.

The star boarder was introduced to the professional roomer. It was the first time they had met on this earth, but each at once recognized in the other a kinship of soul that had been developed in former basement dining-rooms and hall bedroom existences.

The star boarder wiped his mouth on the last clean corner of his napkin and tuned his vocal cords. "Every new arrival is required to give an honest account of why she left her last place," he said as he offered her the last cracker on the plate, "and I am a committee of one to decide whether you may or may not remain in this select circle."

The professional roomer looked him square in the eye. "It is a tale of a misunderstood woman," she explained. "I have always looked forward to the time when I should write my autobiography, and in order to give an unbiased analysis of my character I decided to keep a card index of comments I heard made about me at the boarding-house. So that I might remember the source of the remarks and make the most reliable selection of the list I wrote the initials of the author of each collection of remarks in the corner and below made brief notations, as 'vain,' 'selfish,' 'old fogy,' 'sentimental,' 'eccentric,' 'stingy'——"

"I can't see what that has to do with why you left your last place."

"Alas, it did! You see when the landlady came in to read my mail she discovered this box of indexed cards. Unfortunately, it was not labeled as to its intent and when she found a card with her initials on and a few such remarks as 'pig headed,' 'stingy,' 'stuck up,' she did not recognize them as being her own words about me, but thought they were things I had written about her.

"Well, that afternoon there was an informal meeting held in my room during my absence. The guests were the ladies whose husbands were on the road and those who toil not, but spin tales about their fellow roomers. Each one examined the card with her initials on and the result was that when I returned home I received a curt invitation to depart at once. Now you know why I left my last place."

The star boarder wept into his napkin and then said with feeling: "You may stay here, but come and sit at my right hand. I prefer to have you on my side of the table in case disputes arise."

Whose Baby?

A schoolmaster had just finished an instructive lesson on food when little Basil raised his hand.

"Well, Basil, what is it?" questioned the teacher.

"Please sir, Billy Jenkins said he knew a baby that was brought up on elephant's milk and it gained ten pounds in weight every day," answered Basil.

"Billy ought not to tell such rubbish," replied the master. Then:

"Tell me, Billy, whose baby was brought up on elephant's milk?"

"The elephant's baby, sir!" hesitatingly replied the boy.

Great Serial Stars Next Week

WILLIAM H. MANNING has written some stirring fiction for the Chicago Ledger in the past, but none of them surpasses his latest story, "The Brown Sea God," which will begin in next week's issue. It is a tale of love, mystery and adventure done in Manning's best style and it starts off with the washing ashore from a schooner of John Terrimore. His adventures upon the island where he finds himself are thrilling enough to suit the most exacting readers.

Lazarre, the Lost King

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood

An extraordinary story of early perilous times and the life of a lost king, who for love and freedom's sake bravely abjured a royal inheritance.

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Begun in No. 42, October 20. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XV.

"ENTER the prince of a fairy tale," said the Marquis du Plessy when the lackey ushered me into the garden.

It was a nest of amber at that time of sunset, and he waited for me at a table laid for supper, under a flat canopy of trees which had their tops trained and woven into a mat.

I took his hand to kiss, but he rose up and magnificently placed me in a chair opposite himself.

"Your benefits are heavy, monsieur," I said. "How shall I acknowledge them?"

"You owe me nothing at all," he answered; "as you will see when I have told you a true story. It would sound like a lie if anything were incredible in these fabulous times."

"But you do not know anything about me."

"I am well instructed in your history, by that charming attendant in fringed leather breeches, who has been acquainted with you much longer than you have been acquainted with yourself."

"Yet I am not sure of deserving the marquis' interest."

"Has the marquis admitted that he feels any interest in you? The this I will own: Few experiences have affected me like your living eyes staring out of the face of my dead king!"

We met each other again with a steady gaze like that in the mortuary chapel.

"Do you believe I am——"

"Do I believe you are—— Who said there was such a person in existence?"

"Louis Philippe."

"The Duke of Orleans? Eh, bien! What does he know of the royal family? He is of the cadette branch."

"But he told me the princess, the dauphin's sister, believes that the dauphin was taken alive from the Temple and sent to America."

"My dear Lazarre, I do not say the Duke of Orleans would lie—far be it from me—tho these are times in which we courageously attack our betters. But he would not object to seeing the present pretender ousted. Why, since his father voted for the death of Louis XVI., he and his are almost outlawed by the older branch! Madame Royal, the Duchess of Angoulême, cannot endure him. I do not think she would speak to him!"

"He is my friend," I said stoutly.

"Remember you are another pretender, and he has espoused your cause. I think him decent myself—tho there used to be some pretty stories told about him and the fair sentimentalist who educated him—Madame de Genlis. But I am an old man; I forget gossip."

My host gave lively and delicate attention to his food as it was brought, and permitted nothing to be overheard by his lackeys.

The evening was warm, and fresh with the breath of June; and the garden, by a contrivance of lamps around its walls, turned into a dream world after sunset faded.

It was as impossible to come to close terms with this noble of the old regime as with a butterfly. He alighted on a subject; he waved his wings, and rose. I felt a clumsy giant while he fluttered around my head, smiling, mocking, thrusting his pathos to the quick.

"My dear boy, I do not say that I believe in you; I do not observe etiquette with you. But I am going to tell you a little story about the Tuileries. You have never seen the palace of the Tuileries?"

I said I had not

"It has been restored for the use of these Bonapartes. When I say these Bonapartes, Lazarre, I am not speaking against the Empire. The Empire gave me back my estates. I was not one of the stringent emigres. My estates are mine, whoever rules in France. You may consider me a betwixt-and-betweener. Do so. My dear boy, I am. My heart is with my dead king. My carcass is very comfortable, both in Paris and on my ancestral lands. Napoleon likes me as an ornament to his bourgeois court. I keep my opinion of him to myself. Do you like garlic, my boy?"

I told him I was not addicted to the use of it.

"Garlic is divine. God gave it to man. A hint of it in the appropriate dish makes life endurable. I carry a piece in a gold box at the bottom of my vest pocket, that I may occasionally take it out and experience a sense of gratitude for divine benefits."

He took out his pet lump, rubbed it on the outside of his wine bottle, poured out a glassful and drank it, smiling at me in ecstasy!

"We were speaking of the Tuileries. You should have seen the place when it was sacked after the flight of the royal family. No, you should not have seen it! I am glad you were gone. Mirrors were shattered, and lusters, vases, china, gold candlesticks, rolled about and were trampled on the floor. The paintings were stabbed with pikes; tables, screens, gilt stools, chairs crushed, and carpets cut to pieces; garments of all kinds strewn and torn; all that was not carried off by pillagers being thus destroyed. It was yet a horrible sight days after the mob had done their work, and slaughtered bodies of guards had been carried away, and commissioners with their clerks and assistants began to restore order."

"Did you see the Tuileries at that time, monsieur?"

"I did. I put on the clothes of one of my peasants, slumped in Jacquot's wooden shoes, and kept my mouth open as well as I could for the dust. The fantastic was yet in my blood. Exile takes that out of everybody except your royal uncle of Provence. But I knew in my heart what I would help do with that mob, if our turn ever came again!"

His dark eyes rested on the red wine as on a pool of blood.

"Sick of the ruin, I leaned out to look in the garden, from a window in the queen's own apartment. I stepped on a shelf, which appeared fixed under the window; but it moved, and I found that it could be pushed on grooves into the wall. There was a cavity made to hold it. It had concealed two armchairs placed opposite each other, so cunningly that their paneled sides yet looked a part of the thick wall. I sat down in one of them, and tho the cushion was stiff, I felt something hard under it."

Monsieur du Plessy glanced around in every direction to satisfy himself that no ears lurked within hearing.

"Eh, bien! Under the cushion I found the queen's jewel-case! Diamonds—bags of gold coin—a half circlet of gems!—since the great necklace was lost such an array had not seen the light in France. The value must be far above a million francs."

The marquis fixed his eyes on me and said:

"What should I have done with it, Lazarre?"

"It belonged to the royal family," I answered.

"But everything which belonged to the royal family had been confiscated to the state. I had just seen the belongings of the royal family trampled as by cattle. First one tyrant and then another rose up to tell us what we should do, to batten himself off the wretched commonwealth, and then go to the guillotine before his successor. As a good citizen I should have turned these jewels and stones and coins over to the state. But I was acting the part of Jacquot, and as an honest peasant I whipped them under my blouse and carried them away. In my straits of exile I never decreased them. And you may take inventory of your property and claim it when we rise from the table."

My heart came up in my throat. I reached across and caught his hands.

"You believe in me—you believe in me!"

"Do I observe any etiquette with you, Lazarre? This is the second time I have brought the fact to your notice. I particularly wish you to note that I do not observe any etiquette with you."

"What does a boy who has been brought up among Indians know about etiquette! But you accept me, or you could not put the property you have loyally and at such risk saved for my family, into my hands."

"I don't accept even your uncle of Provence. The king of Spain and I prefer to call him by that modest title. Since you died or were removed from the Temple, he has taken the name of Louis XVIII., and maintained a court at the expense of the czar of Russia and the king of Spain. He is a fine Latinist; quotes Latin verse; and keeps the mass bells everlastingly ringing; the Russians laugh at his royal masses! But in my opinion the sacred gentleman is either moral slush or a very deep quicksand. It astonishes me," said the Marquis du Plessy, "to find how many people I do disapprove of! I really require very little of the people I am obliged to meet."

He smoothed my hands which were yet holding his, and exploded:

"The Count of Provence is an old turtle! Not exactly a reptile, for there is food in him. But of a devilish flat head and cruel snap of the jaws!"

"How can that be," I argued, "when his niece loves him so? And even I, in the American woods, with mine eclipsed, was not forgotten. He sent me of the money that he was obliged to receive in charity!"

"It is easy to dole out charity money; you are squeezing other people's purses, not your own. What I most object to in the Count of Provence, is that assumption of kingly airs, providing the story is true which leaked secretly among the emigres. The story which I heard was that the dauphin had not died, but was an idiot in America. An idiot cannot reign. But the throne of France is not clamoring so loud for a Bourbon at present that the idiot's substitute must be proclaimed and hold a beggar's court. There are mad loyalists who swear by this eighteenth Louis. I am not one of them. In fact, Lazarre, I was rather out of tune with your house!"

"Not you!" I said.

"I do not fit in these times. I ought to have gone with my king and my friends under the knife. Often I am ashamed of myself for slipping away. That I should live to see disgusting fools in the streets of Paris, after the Terror was over!—young men affecting the Greek and Roman manner—greeting one another by wagging of the head! They wore gray coats with black collars, gray or green cravats, carried cudgels, and decreed that all men should have the hair plaited, powdered, and fastened up with a comb, like themselves! The wearer of a queue was likely to be knocked on the head. These creatures used to congregate at the old Feydeau theater, or meet around the entrance of the Louvre, to talk classical jargon, and wag!"

The Marquis du Plessy drew himself together with a strong shudder. I had the desire to stand between him and the shocks of an alien world. Yet there was about him a tenacious masculine strength, an adroitness of self-protection which needed no champion.

"Did the Indian tell you about a man named Bellenger?" I inquired.

"Bellenger is part of the old story about the dauphin's removal. I heard of him first at Coblenz. And I understand now that he is following you with another dauphin, and objecting to you in various delicate ways. Napoleon Bonaparte is master of France, and in the way to be master of Europe, because he has a nice sense of the values of men, and the best head for detail that was ever formed in human shape. There is something almost supernatural in his grasp of affairs. He lets nothing escape him. The assassination [illegible] was butchering the young Duke d'Enghien—the courage and clearness of the man wavered that one instant; and by the way, he borrowed my name for the duke's incognito during the journey under arrest! England, Russia, Austria and Sweden are combining against Napoleon. He will beat them. For while other men sleep, or amuse themselves, or let circumstance drive them, he is planning success and providing for all possible contingencies. Take a leaf out of the general's book, my boy. No enemy is contemptible. If you want to force the hand of fortune—scheme!—scheme!—all the time!—outscheme the other fellow!"

The marquis rose from the table.

"I am longer winded," he said, "than a man named De Chaumont, who has been importuning Bonaparte, in season and out of season, to reinstate an American emigre, a Madame de Ferrier."

"Will Bonaparte restore her lands?" I asked, feeling my voice like a rope in my throat.

"Do you know her family?"

"I knew Madame de Ferrier in America."

"Their estate lies next to mine. And what is the little De Ferrier like since she is grown?"

"A beautiful woman."

"Ah—ah! Bonaparte's plan will then be easy of execution. You may see her this evening here in the Faubourg St. Germain. I believe she is to appear at Madame De Permon's, where Bonaparte may look in."

My host bolted the doors of his private cabinet, and took from the secret part of a wall cupboard the queen's jewel-case. We opened it between us. The first thing I noticed was a gold snuffbox, set with portraits of the king, the queen, and their two children.

How I knew them I cannot tell. Their pictured faces had never been put before my conscious eyes until that moment. Other portraits might have been there I had no doubt, no hesitation.

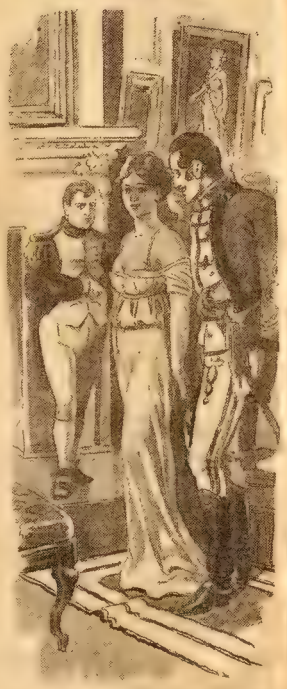
I was on my knees before the face I had seen in spasms of remembrance—with oval cheeks, and fair hair rolled high—and open neck—my royal mother!

Next I looked at the king, heavier of feature, honest and straight gazing, his chin held upward; at the little sister, a smaller miniature of the queen; at the softly molded curves of the child that was myself!

The marquis turned his back.

Before I could speak I rose and put my arms around him. He wheeled, too

POST-HOUSES WERE KEPT BY JEWS.



HE WAS NOT LARGE IN PERSON.

my hand, stood at a little distance, and kissed it.

We said not one word about the portraits, but sat down with the jewel-case again between us.

"These stones and coins are also my sister's, monsieur the marquis?"

He lifted his eyebrows.

"I have ample opportunity, my dear boy, to turn them into the exchequer of the Count of Provence. Before his quarrel with the late czar of Russia he maintained a dozen gentlemen-in-waiting, and perhaps as many ladies, to say nothing of priests, servants, attendants of attendants, and guards. This treasure might last him two years. If the king of Spain and his majesty of Russia got wind of it, and shut off their pensions, it would not last so long. I am too thrifty a Frenchman to dissipate the hoards of the state in foreign parts! Yet, if you question my taste—I will not say my honesty, Lazarre——"

"I question nothing, monsieur! I ask advice."

"Eh, bien! Then do not be quite as punctilious as the gentleman who got turned out of the debtor side of Ste. Pelagie into an alley. 'This will not do,' says he. 'So around he posts to the entrance, and asks for admittance again!'

"Catch me knocking at Ste. Pelagie for admittance again!"

"Then my advice is to pay your tailor, if he has done his work acceptably."

"He has done it marvelously, especially in the fitting."

"A Parisian workman finds it no miracle to fit a man from his old clothes. I took the liberty of sending your orders. Having heard my little story, you understand that you owe me nothing but your society; and a careful inventory of this trust."

We were a long time examining the contents of the case. There were six bags of coin, all gold louis; many unset gems; rings for the hand; and clusters of various sorts which I knew not how to name, that blazed with a kind of white fire very dazzling. The half-way crown was crusted thick with colored stones the like of which I could not have imagined in my dreams. Their names, the marquis told me, were sapphires, emeralds, rubies; and large clear diamonds, like beads of rain. When everything was carefully returned to place, he asked:

"Shall I act as your banker?"

I begged him to hide the jewel box again, and he concealed it in the wall.

"We go to the Rue Ste. Croix, Lazarre, which is an impossible place for your friend Bellenger at this time. Do you dance a gavotte?"

I told him I could dance the Indian corn dance, and he advised me to reserve this accomplishment.

"Bonaparte's police are keen on any scent, especially the scent of a prince. His practical mind would reject the Temple story, if he ever heard it; and there are enough live Bourbons for him to watch."

"But there is the Count de Chaumont," I suggested.

"He is not a man that would put faith in the Temple story, either, and I understand he is kindly disposed towards you."

"I lived in his house nearly a year."

"He is not a bad fellow for the new sort. I feel certain of him. He is coaxing my friendship because of ancient amity between the houses of Du Plessy and De Ferrier."

"Did you say, monsieur, that Bonaparte intends to restore Madame de Ferrier's lands?"

"They have been given to one of his rising officers."

"Then he will restore them?"

"Oh, yes, with interest! His plan is to give her the officer for a husband."

CHAPTER XVI.

EVEN in those days of falling upon adventure and taking hold of life with the arrogance of young manhood, I knew the value of money, tho it has always been my fault to give it little consideration. Experience taught me that poverty goes afoot and sleeps with strange bedfellows. But I never minded going afoot or sharing the straw with cattle. However, my secretary more than once took a high hand with me because he bore the bag; and I did mind debt chasing my heels like a rising tide.

Our Iroquois had their cottages in St. Regis and their hunting cabins on Lake George. They went to church when not drunk and quarrelsome, paid the priest his dues, labored easily, and cared nothing for hoarding. But every step of my new life called for coin.

As I look back on that hour the dominating thought rises clearly.

To see men admitting that you are what you believe yourself to be, is one of the triumphs of existence. The jewel-case stamped identification upon me. I felt like one who had communicated with the past and received a benediction. There was special provision in the way it came to me; for man loves to believe that God watches over and mothers him.

Forgetting—if I ever heard—how the ancients dreaded the powers above when they had been too fortunate, I went with the marquis in high spirits to the Rue Ste. Croix. There were pots of incense sending little wavers of smoke thru the rooms, and the people might have peopled a dream. The men were indeed all smooth and trim; but the women had given rein to their fancies.

Our hostess was a fair and gracious woman, of Greek ancestry, as Bonaparte himself was, and her daughter had been married to his favorite general, the marquis told me.

I notice only the unusual in clothing; the scantiness of ladies' apparel that clung like the skin, and lay upon the oak floor in ridges, among which a man must shove his way, was unusual to me.

I saw, in space kept cleared around her chair, one beauty with nothing but sandals on her feet, tho these were white as milk, silky skinned like a hand, and ringed with jewels around the toes.

Bonaparte's youngest sister stood receiving court. She was attired like a Bacchante, with bands of fur in her hair, topped by bunches of gold grapes. Her robe and tunic of muslin fine as air, woven in India, had bands of gold, clasped with cameos, under the bosom and on the arms. Each woman seemed to have planned outdoing the others in conceits which marked her own fairness.

I looked anxiously down the spacious room without seeing Madame de Ferrier. The simplicity, which made for beauty of houses in France, struck me, in the white and gold paneling, and the chimney, which lifted its mass of design to the ceiling. I must have been staring at this and thinking of Madame de Ferrier when my name was called in a lilting and excited fashion:

"Lazarre!"

There was Mademoiselle de Chaumont ill looking at them. He pretends he doesn't see women, monsieur, and goes about with his coat skirts loaded with books. I used to be almost as much afraid of him as I am of you!"

"Ah, mademoiselle, I dread to enter paradise."

"Why, monsieur?"

"The angels are afraid of me!"

"Not when you smile."

"Teach me that adorable smile of yours!"

"Oh, how improving you will be to Lazarre, monsieur! He never paid me a compliment in his life. He never said anything but the truth."

"The lucky dog! What pretty things he had to say!"

Annabel laughed and shook her mist in great enjoyment. I liked to watch her, yet I wondered where Madame de Ferrier was, and could not bring myself to inquire.

"These horrible incense pots choke me," said Annabel.

"I like them," said the marquis.

"Do you? So do I," she instantly agreed with him.

"Tho we get enough incense in church."

"I should think so! Do you like mass?"

"I was brought up on my knees. But I never acquired the real devotee's back."

"Sit on your heels," imparted Annabel in strict confidence. "Try it."

"I will. Ah, mademoiselle, any one who could bring such comfort into religion might make even wedlock endurable!"

Madame de Ferrier appeared between

A THANKSGIVING SONG.

To the Giver of all blessings
Let our voices rise in praise,
For the joys and countless mercies
He hath sent to crown our days;
For the homes of peace and plenty,
And a land so fair and wide,
For the labor at the noonday,
And the rest at eventide.

For the splendor of the forest,
For the beauty of the hills,
For the freshness of the meadows,
And a thousand sparkling rills,
For the blossoms of the springtime,
And the memories they bring,
For the ripened fruits of autumn,
Do we thank Thee, O our King.

For the wealth of golden harvests,
For the sunlight and the rain,
For the grandeur of the ocean,
For the mountains and the plain,
For the ever-changing seasons,
And the comforts which they bring,
For Thy love so grand, eternal,
We would thank Thee, O our King.

in the midst of gallants, and better prepared to dance a gavotte than any other charmer in the room. For her gauze dress, fastened on the shoulders so that it fell not quite off her bosom, reached only to the middle of the calf. This may have been for the protection of rosebuds with which ribbons drawn lengthwise thru the skirt, were fringed; but it also showed her child-like feet and ankles, and made her appear tiptoe like a fairy, and more remarkable than any other figure except the barefooted dame. She held a crook massed with ribbons and rosebuds in her hand, rallying the men to her standard by the lively chatter which they like better than wisdom.

Mademoiselle Annabel gave me her hand to kiss, and made room for the Marquis du Plessy and me in her circle. I felt abashed by the looks these courtiers gave me, but the marquis put them readily in the background, and delighted in the poppet, taking her quite to himself.

"We hear such wonderful stories about you, Lazarre! Besides, Dr. Chantry came to see us and told all he knew. Remember, Lazarre belonged to us before you discovered him, monsieur the Marquis du Plessy! He and I are Americans!"

Some women near us commented, as seemed to be the fashion in that society, with a frankness which Indians would have restrained.

"See that girl! The Emperor may now imagine what his brother Jerome has done! Her father has brought her over from America to marry her, and it will need all his money to accomplish that!"

Annabel shook the rain of misty hair at the sides of her rose pink face, and laughed a joyful retort.

"No wonder poor Prince Jerome had to go to America for a wife! Did you ever see such hairy faced frights as these Parisians of the Empire! Lazarre fell

the curtains of a deep window. She was talking with Count de Chaumont and an officer in uniform. His face pulsed a rosiness like that quiver in winter skies which we call northern lights. The clothes she wore, being always subdued by her head and shoulders, were not noticeable like other women's clothes. But I knew as soon as her eyes rested on me that she found me changed.

De Chaumont came a step to meet me, and I felt miraculously equal to him, with some power which was not in me before.

"You scoundrel, you have fallen into luck!" he said heartily.

"One of our proverbs is, 'A blind pig will find an acorn once in a while.'"

"There isn't a better acorn in the woods, or one harder to shake down. How did you do it?"

I gave him a wise smile and held my tongue; knowing well that if I had remained in Ste. Pelagie and the fact ever came to De Chaumont's ears, like other human beings he would have reprehended my plunging into the world.

"We are getting on tremendously, Lazarre! When your inheritance falls in, come back with me to Castorland. We will found a wilderness empire!"

I did not inquire what he meant by my inheritance falling in. The marquis pressed behind me, and when I had spoken to Madame de Ferrier I knew it was his right to take the hand of the woman who had been his little neighbor.

"You don't remember me, madame?"

"Oh, yes, I do, Monsieur du Plessy; and your wall fruit, too!"

"The rogue! Permit me to tell you those pears are hastening to be ready for you once more."

"And Bichette, monsieur—is dear old Bichette alive?"

"She is alive, and draws the chair as well as ever. I hear you have a little son. He may love the old pony and chair as you used to love them."

"Seeing you, monsieur, is like coming again to my home!"

"I trust you may come soon."

They spoke of fruit and cattle. Neither dared to mention the name of any human companion associated with the past.

I took opportunity to ask Count de Chaumont if her lands were recovered. A baffled look troubled his face.

"The Emperor will see her tonight," he answered. "It is impossible to say what can be done until the Emperor sees her."

"Is there any truth in the story that he will marry her to the officer who holds her estate?"

The count frowned.

"No—no! That's impossible."

"Will the officer sell his rights if Madame de Ferrier's are not acknowledged?"

"I have thought of that. And I want to consult the marquis."

When he had a chance to draw the marquis aside, I could speak to Madame de Ferrier without being overheard; tho my time might be short. She stood between the curtains, and the man in uniform had left his place to me.

"Well, I am here," I said.

"And I am glad," she answered.

"I am here because I love you."

She held a fold of the curtain in her hand and looked down at it; then up at me.

"You must not say that again."

"Why?"

"You know why."

"I do not."

"Remember who you are."

"I am your lover."

She looked quickly around the buzzing drawing-room, and leaned cautiously nearer.

"You are my sovereign."

"I believe that, Eagle. But it does not follow that I shall ever reign."

"Are you safe here? Napoleon Bonaparte has spies."

"But he has regard also for old aristocrats like the Marquis du Plessy."

"Yet remember what he did to the Duke d'Enghien. A Bourbon prince is not allowed in France."

"How many people consider me a Bourbon prince? I told you why I am here.—Fortune has wonderfully helped me since I came to France. Lazarre, the dauphin from the Indian camps, brazenly asks you to marry him, Eagle!"

Her face blanched white, but she laughed.

"No De Ferrier ever took a base advantage of royal favor. Don't you think this is a strange conversation in a drawing-room of the Empire? I ought to myself for being here—until you come in."

"Eagle, have you forgotten our supper on the island?"

"Yes, sire." She scarcely breathed the word.

"My unanointed title is Lazarre. And I suppose you have forgotten the fox and the mountain, too?"

"Yes."

"Lazarre!"

"Yes, Lazarre."

"You love me! You shall love me!"

"As a De Ferrier should; no farther!"

Her lifted chin expressed a strength I could not combat. The slight, dark-haired girl, younger than myself, mastered and drew me as if my spirit was a stream, and she the ocean into which it must flow. Darkness like that of Ste. Pelagie dropped over the brilliant room. I was nothing after all but a palpitating boy, venturing because he must venture. Light seemed to strike thru her blood, however, endowing her with a splendid pallor.

"I am going," I determined that moment, "to Mittau."

The adorable curve of her eyelids, unlike any other eyelids I ever saw, was lost to me, for her eyes flew wide open.

"To——"

She looked around and hesitated to pronounce the name of the Count of Provence.

"Yes. I am going to find some one who belongs to me."

"You have the marquis for a friend."

"And I have also Skenedonk, and our tribe, for my friends. But there is no one who understands that a man must have some love."

"Consult Marquis du Plessy about going to Mittau. It may not be wise. And war is threatened on the frontier."

"I will consult him, of course. But I am going."

"Lazarre, there were ladies on the ship who cursed and swore, and men who were drunk the greater part of the voyage. I was brought up in the old-fashioned way by the Saint-Michels, so I know nothing of present customs. But it seems to me our times are rude and wicked. And you, just awake to the world, have yet the innocence of that little boy who sank into the strange and long stupor. If you changed I think I could not bear it!"

"I will not change."

A stir which must have been widening thru the house as a ripple widens on a lake, struck us, and turned our faces with all others to a man who stood in front of the chimney. He was not large in person, but as an individual his presence was massive—was penetrating. I could have topped him by head and shoulders; yet without mastery. He took snuff as he slightly bowed in every direction, shut

the lid with a snap, and fidgeted as if impatient to be gone. He had a mouth of wonderful beauty and expression, and his eyes were more alive than the eyes of any other man in the assembly. I felt his gigantic force as his head dipped forward and he glanced about under his brows.

"There is the Emperor," De Chaumont told Eagle; and I thought he made indecent haste to return and hale her away before Napoleon.

The greatest soldier in Europe passed from one person to another with the air of doing his duty and getting rid of it. Presently he raised his voice speaking to Madame de Ferrier so that all in the room might hear.

"Madame, I am pleased to see that you wear leno. I do not like those English muslins, sold at the price of their weight in gold, and which do not look half as well as beautiful white leno. Wear leno, cambric or silk, ladies, and then my manufactures will flourish."

I wondered if he would remember the face of the man pushed against his wheel and called an assassin, when the Marquis du Plessy named me to him as the citizen Lazarre.

"You are a lucky man, Citizen Lazarre, to gain the marquis for your friend. I have been trying a number of years to make him mine."

"All Frenchmen are the friends of Napoleon," the marquis said to me.

I spoke directly to the sovereign, thereby violating etiquette, my friend told me afterwards, laughing; and Bonaparte was a stickler for precedent.

"But all Frenchmen," I could not help remunding the man in power, "are not faithful friends."

He gave me a sharp look as he passed on, and repeated what I afterward learned was one of his favorite maxims:

"A faithful friend is the true image."

CHAPTER XVII.

"MUST you go to Mittau?" the Marquis du Plessy said when I told him what I intended to do. "It is a long, expensive post journey; and part of the way you may not be able to post. Riga, on the gulf beyond Mittau, is a fine old town of pointed gables and high stone houses. But when I was in Mittau I found it a mere winter camp of Russian nobles. The houses are low, one-story structures. There is but one castle, and in that his Royal Highness the Count of Provence holds mimic court."

We were riding to Versailles, and our horses almost touched sides as my friend put his hand on my shoulder.

"Don't go, Lazarre. You will not be welcome there."

"I must go, whether I am welcome or not."

"But I may not last until you come back."

"You will last two months. Can't I post to Mittau and back in two months?"

"God knows."

I looked at him drooping forward in the saddle, and said:

"If you need me I will stay, and think no more about seeing those of my own blood."

"I do need you; but you shall not stay. You shall go to Mittau in my own post-carriage. It will bring you back sooner."

But his post-carriage I could not accept. The venture to Mittau, its wear and tear and waste, were my own; and I promised to return with all speed. I could have undertaken the road afoot, driven by the necessity I felt.

"The Duchess of Angoulemе is a good girl," said the marquis, following the line of my thoughts. "She has devoted herself to her uncle and her husband. When the late czar withdrew his pension, and turned the whole mimic court out of Mittau, she went with her uncle, and even waded the snow with him when they fell into straits. Diamonds given to her by her grandmother, the Empress Maria Theresa, she sold for his support. But the new czar reinstated them, and tho they live less pretentiously at Mittau in these days, they still have their priest and almoner, the Duke of Guiche, and other courtiers hanging upon them. My boy, can you make a court bow and walk backwards? You must practice before going into Russia."

"Wouldn't it be better," I said, "for those who know how, to practice the accomplishment before me?"

"Imagine the Count of Provence stepping down from playing royalty to do that!" my friend laughed.

"I don't know why he shouldn't, since he knows I am alive. He has sent money every year for my support."

"An established custom, Lazarre, gains strength every day it is continued. You see how hard it is to overturn an existing system, because men have to undo the work they have been doing perhaps for a thousand years. Time gives enormous stability. Monsieur the Count of Provence has been practicing royalty since word went out that his nephew had died in the Temple. It will be no easy matter to convince him you are fit to play king in his stead."

This did not disturb me, however. I thought more of my sister. And I thought of vast stretches across the center of Europe. The Indian stirred in me, as it always did stir, when the woman I wanted was withdrawn from me.

I could not tell my friend, or any man, about Madame de Ferrier. This story of my life is not to be printed until I am gone from the world. Otherwise the things set down so freely would remain buried in myself.

Some beggars started from hovels, running like dogs, holding diseased and crooked-eyed children up for alms, and pleading for God's sake that we would have pity on them. When they disappeared with their coin I asked the marquis if there had always been wretchedness in France.

"There is always wretchedness everywhere," he answered. "Napoleon can turn the world upside down, but he cannot cure the disease of hereditary poverty. I never rode to Versailles without encountering these people."

When we entered the Place d'Armes fronting the palace, desolation worse than that of the beggars faced us. That vast noble pile, untenanted and sacked, symbolized the vanished monarchy of France. Doors stood wide. The court was strewn with litter and filth; and grass started rank betwixt the stones where the proudest courtiers in the world had trod. I tried to enter the queen's rooms, but sat on the steps leading to them, holding my head in my hands. It was as impossible as it had been to enter the Temple.

The fountains which once made a concert of mist around their lake basin, satisfying like music, the marquis said, were dried, and the figures broken. Millions had been spent upon this domain of kings, and nothing but the summer's natural verdure was left to unmown stretches. The foot shrank from sending echoes thru empty palace apartments, and from treading the weedy margins of canal and lake.

"I should not have brought you here, Lazarre," said my friend.

"I had to come, monsieur."

We walked thru meadow and park to the little palaces called Grand and Petit Trianon, where the intimate life of the last royal family had been lived. I looked well at their outer guise, but could not explore them.

The groom held our horses in the street that leads up to the Place d'Armes, and as we sauntered back, I kicked old leaves which had fallen autumn after autumn and banked the path.

"I rustled my feet again!

I felt my arms go above my head as they did when I sank into the depths of recollection.

"Lazarre! Are you in a fit?" The Marquis du Plessy seized me.

"I remember! I remember! I was kicking the leaves—I was walking with my father and mother—somewhere—somewhere—and something threatened us!"

"It was in the garden of the Tuileries," said the Marquis du Plessy sternly. "The mob threatened you, and you were going before the National Assembly! I walked behind. I was there to help defend the king."

We stood still until the paroxysmal rending in my head ceased. Then I sat on the grassy roadside trying to smile at the marquis, and shrugging an apology for my weakness. The beauty of the arched trees disappeared, and when next I recognized the world we were moving slowly toward Paris in a heavy carriage, and I was smitten with the conviction that my friend had not eaten the dinner he ordered in the town of Versailles.

I felt ashamed of the weakness which came like an eclipse, and withdrew leaving me in my strength. It ceased to visit me within that year, and has never troubled me at all since days. Yet, inconsistently, I look back as to the glamour of youth; and tho it worked me hurt and shame, I half regret that it is gone.

The more I saw of the Marquis du Plessy the more my slow tenacious heart took hold on him. We went about everywhere together. I think it was his hope to wed me to his company and to Paris, and shove the Mittau venture into an indefinite future; yet he spared no pains in obtaining for me my passports to Courland.

At this time, with cautious, half reluctant hand, he raised the veil from a phase of life which astonished and revolted me. I loved a woman. The painted semblances of women who inhabited a world of sensation had no effect upon me.

"You are wonderfully fresh, Lazarre," the marquis said. "If you were not so big and male I would call you mademoiselle! Did they never sin in the American backwoods?"

Then he took me in his arms like a mother, and kissed me, saying, "Dear son and sire, I am worse than your great-grandfather!"

Yet my zest for the gayety of the old city grew as much as he desired. The golden dome of the Invalides became my bubble of Paris, floating under a sunny sky.

Whenever I went to the hotel which De Chaumont had hired near the Tuileries, Madame de Ferrier received me kindly; having always with her Mademoiselle de Chaumont or Miss Chantry, so that we never had a word in private. I thought she might have shown a little feeling in her rebuff, and pondered on her point of view regarding my secret rank. De Chaumont, on the other hand, was beneath her in everything but wealth. How might she regard stooping to him?

Miss Chantry was divided between enforced deference and a Saxon necessity to tell me I would not last. I saw she considered me one of the upstarts of the Empire, singularly favored above her brother, but under my finery the same French savage she had known in America.

Eagle brought Paul to me, and he toddled across the floor, looked at me wisely, and then climbed my knee.

Dr. Chantry had been living in Paris a life above his dreams of luxury. When occasionally I met my secretary he was about to drive out; or he was returning from De Chaumont's hotel. And there I caught my poor master reciting poems to Annabel, who laughed and yawned, and made faces behind her fan. I am afraid he drew on the marquis' oldest wines, finding indulgence in the house; and he sent extravagant bills to me for gloves and lawn cravats. It was fortunate that De Chaumont took him during my absence. He moved his belongings with positive rapture. The marquis and both thought it prudent not to publish my journey.

Dr. Chantry went simpering, and abasing himself before the French noble with the complete subservience of a Saxon when a Saxon does become subservient.

"The fool is laughable," said the Marquis du Plessy. "Get rid of him, Lazarre. He is fit for nothing but hanging upon some one who will feed him."

"He is my master," I answered. "I am a fool myself."

"You will come back from Mittau convinced of that, my boy. The wise course is to join yourself to events, and let them draw your chariot. My dislikers say I have tempozized with fate. It is true I am not so righteous as to smell to heaven. But two or three facts have been deeply impressed on me. There is nothing more aggressive than the virtue of an ugly, untempted woman; or the determination of a young man to set every wrong thing in the world right. He cannot wait, and take mellow interest in what goes on around him, but must lean into the ring. You could live here with me indefinitely, while the nation has Bonaparte like the measles. When the disease has run its course—we may be able to bring evidence which will make it unnecessary for the Count of Provence to hasten here that France may have a king."

"I want to see my sister, monsieur."

"And lose her and your own cause forever."

But he helped me to hire a strong traveling chaise, and stock it with such comforts as it would bear. He also turned my property over to me, recommending that I should not take it into Russia. Half the jewels, at least, I considered the property of the Princess in Mittau; but his precaution influenced me to leave three bags of coin in Dr. Chantry's care; for Dr. Chantry was the soul of thrift with his own; and to send Skenedonk with the jewel-case to the marquis' bank. The cautious Oneida took counsel of himself and hid it in the chaise. He told me when we were three days out.

It is as true that you are driven to do some things as that you can never entirely free yourself from any life you have lived. That sunny existence in the Faubourg St. Germain, the morning and evening talks with a man who bound me to him as no other man has since bound me, were too dear to leave even briefly without wrenching pain. I dreamed nightly of robbers and disaster, of being ignominiously thrust out of Mittau, of seeing a woman whose face was a blur and who moved backward from me when I called her my sister; of troops marching across and trampling me into the earth as straw. I groaned in spirit. Yet to Mittau I was spurred by the kind of force that seems to press from unseen distances, and is as fatal as temperament.

When I paid my last visit at De Chaumont's hotel, and said I was going into the country, Eagle looked concerned, as a De Ferrier should; but she did not turn her head to follow my departure. The game of man and woman was in its most blindfold state between us.

There was one, however, who watched me out of sight. The marquis was more agitated than I liked to see him. He took snuff with a constant click of the lid.

The hills of Champagne, green with vines and white as with an underlay of chalk, rose behind us. We crossed the frontier, and German hills took their places, with a castle topping each. I was at the time of life when interest stretches eagerly toward every object; and tho this journey cannot be set down in a story as long as mine, the novelty—even the risks, mischances and weariesses of continual post travel, come back like an invigorating breath of salt water.

The usual route carried us eastward to Cracow, the old capital of Poland, scattered the ruined grandeur within its brick walls. Beyond it I remember a stronghold of the Middle Ages called the fortress of Landskron.

The peasants of this country, men in shirts and drawers of coarse linen, and women with braided hair hanging down under linen veils, stopped their carts as soon as a post-carriage rushed into sight, and bent almost to the earth. At post-houses the servants abased themselves to take me by the heel. In no other country was the spirit of man so broken. Poles of high birth are called the Frenchmen of the north, and we saw fair men and women in sumptuous polonaises and long robes who appeared luxurious in their traveling carriages. But stillness and solitude brooded on the land. From Cracow to Warsaw wide reaches of forest darkened the level. Any open circle was belted around the horizon with woods, pines, firs, beech, birch, and small oaks. Few cattle fed on the pastures, and stunted crops of grain ripened in the melancholy light.

From Cracow to Warsaw is a distance of one hundred and thirty leagues, if the postilion lied not, yet on that road we met but two carriages and not more than a dozen carts. Scattering wooden villages, each a line of hovels, appeared at long intervals.

Post-houses were kept by Jews, who fed us in the rooms where their families lived. Milk and eggs they had none to offer us; and their beds were piles of straw on the ground, seldom clean, never untenanted by fleas.

Beggars ran beside us on the wretched roads as neglected as themselves. Where our horses dipped labor thru sand, the marshy ground was paved with sticks and boughs, or the surface was built up with trunks of trees laid crosswise.

In spacious, ill-paved Warsaw, thru which the great Vistula flows, we rested two days. I knelt with confused thoughts, trying to pray in the Gothic cathedral. We walked past it into the old town, of high houses and narrow streets, like a part of Paris.

In Lithuania the roads were paths winding thru forests full of stumps and roots. The carriage hardly squeezed along, and eight little horses attached to it in the Polish way had much ado to draw us. The postillons were young boys in coarse linen, hardy as cattle, who rode bare-back league upon league.

Old bridges cracked and sagged when we crossed them. And here the forests rose scorched and black in spots, because the peasants, bound to pay their lords turpentine, fired pines and caught the heated ooze.

Within the proper boundary of Russia our way was no better. There we saw queer projections of boards around trees to keep bears from climbing after the hunters.

The Lithuanian peasants had few wants. Their carts were put together without nails. Their bridles and traces were made of bark. They had no tools but hatchets. A sheepskin coat and round felt cap kept a man warm in cold weather. His shoes were made of bark, and his home of logs with pent-house roof.

In houses where travelers slept the candles were laths of deal, about five feet long, stuck into crevices of the wall or hung over tables. Our hosts carried them about, dropping unheeded sparks upon the straw beds.

In Grodno, a town of falling houses and ruined palaces, we rested again before turning directly north.

There my heart began to sink. We had spent four weeks on a comfortless road, working always toward the goal. It was nearly won. A speech of my friend the marquis struck itself out sharply in the northern light.

"You are not the only Pretender, my dear boy. Don't go to Mittau expecting to be hailed as a novelty. At least two peasants have started up claiming to be the prince who did not die in the Temple, and have been cast down again, complaining of the treatment of their dear sister! The Count d'Artois says he would rather saw wood for a living than be king after the English fashion. I would rather be the worthless old fellow I am than be king after the Mittau fashion; especially when his majesty, Louis XVIII., sees you coming!"

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it.

THE TURKEY SPEAKS

Standing right here alone in the sun,
With one foot drawn up in my feathers,
My thoughts on the use of languages run
And a sort of pride onto me gathers.
Now, turkey-speech of all music is dearth,
But in carrying the sense it don't wabble,
For it describes the whole business of earth:
Just gobble and gobble and gobble!

Yes, it's terse, just one word, that is all;
Just "Gobble," but it's chock full of meaning;
It describes the whole game since the fall,
And mankind's most natural leaning.
It speaks the whole purpose of life
Of all creatures that strut or that hobble;
It's the soul of all booms and all strife;
Just gobble and gobble and gobble!

Yes, I'm proud of our speech; it's compact,
Like a planet pressed into a thimble;
It makes this old world a live fact
Both alike to the slow and the nimble.
The word it is ancient and pat.
'Bout its meaning you don't have to squabble,
And Thanksgiving day, if I'm fat,
You will act it—just gobble and gobble!

—A. M. Kerr.

The Red Head

"HUMPH! Bean soup!" sniffed Connery, as Mrs. Connery set a steaming bowl in front of him. "Confiscating Army rations, my dear? I salute you, Bean of the Navy!"

"Silly!" said Mrs. Connery. "And you're going to have baked beans, too, so don't get funny!"

"Why the run on beans?" inquired her husband. "We never have 'em!"

"It's a long, sad story," began Mrs. Connery, "and as I have a good memory and can recall similar pathetic incidents when I was a bride——"

"Oh!" interrupted Connery, "you mean the baby doll next door?"

"The same," affirmed Mrs. Connery. "You know our back porches are so close that you can see and hear everything. I was cleaning my white broadcloth collar when I heard a sniffle. I looked up, and there stood that blessed red head. She's not a day over 20; she looked scared to death, and the tears were simply raining. I forgot I'd never been introduced—I'm years older than she is, anyway—so I called over and asked her what was the matter. She tried to smile, and finally just gasped 'beans.'

"I knew what her trouble was, all right," continued Mrs. Connery, "for I'll never forget the first rhubarb I cooked, and it ran out of the kettle all over the stove, and when it was done I had enough for a boarding-house.

"So I gathered myself together and made for her back porch. Honestly, you never did see so many beans—she'd put them to soak in a small crock—you know how beans swell; and she finally had to put 'em in a dishpan! She had a tiny piece of salt pork to cook with them. Really, I laughed till I cried, and at last she saw the humor of the thing and laughed with me.

"It seems that her Charles is very fond of Boston baked beans—he's from Boston, by the way—so she wanted to give him a surprise. She's another poor child tackling matrimony and not even knowing how to make good coffee. She insisted on my having a cup with her, as she hadn't had any lunch, and if he can love her and drink that coffee they'll never land in the Court of Domestic Relations. It was awful!

"I said to her: 'Now, my dear, I could drink this stuff and pretend it was nectar, but I'm not going to do it. I'm going to turn my memory backward until I can see myself just where you are now, head over heels in love, crazy to be a real helpmeet and not one ounce of practical experience to draw on. Even tho a man's crazy over you he is compelled to eat, because love doesn't really affect his appetite in the least!'

"The poor little thing was just hungry for advice. She told me about her nice light biscuits that turned out to be brickbats, about her cakes that were sad and soggy and the million and one things that every poor little know-nothing bride has to contend with. Honest to goodness, John, how a man's love survives that first awful year I can't see!"

"Oh, there's lots of good restaurants for us when the gnawing really gets the best of you!" said Connery.

"A young man's lucky to have money enough to pay his grocery bills these days, without patronizing restaurants. I taught her to make good coffee, just the same, and Charles will have a surprise when he drinks it!

"She was grateful, so I said, 'Now I'm going to pretend that you're my little sister, and I'm going to take part of your beans home, and we'll have 'em for our dinner, and I'll send you over a pie and some salad from my house, so it'll be a fair exchange.'

"I could see that she was doing some figuring, so I hastened to tell her that our cook had made a lot more crust than we could use. The little silly doesn't know that you can keep it on ice for days, so she felt satisfied. Oh, John, it just brought back those awful messes that I used to cook, and you ate them, every one!"

"They weren't messes," declared Connery. "I never saw any one try harder than you did, and you've got all the cooks on the map beaten now. Just the same, for dear Charles' sake, I'm glad you've adopted the little red head!"

An Orchid Worth Five Thousand Pounds

THIS was the thing that led two adventurers to the far jungle country. It cost one man his life and it was guarded by a witch-doctor, guarded so well that none had been able to take it. When these two men tried to turn the trick, events began to happen thick and fast. Did they get it? Read "The Fire Eater" in next week's Ledger and see.

The Ways of a Siren

THE girl with the plaited skirt looked up from the letter she had been reading. "What do you think!" she exclaimed, "Loraine is coming to visit me for a week on her way West! Isn't that lovely!"

"What!" cried the young woman in the orange sweater. "Can't you have smallpox or manage to get the house to burn down or anything to head her off? You poor child!"

"Whatever do you mean!" demanded the girl in the plaited skirt. "Why, she is awfully attractive, and maybe she'll invite me some time to visit them at their perfectly gorgeous place on Long Island and——"

"Do you mean to say you never heard about her visit to Emily?" insisted the orange sweater girl. "Emily had just acquired a new young man after a great deal of effort and as all the other girls were mad at her for capturing him she was very happy about it and proud of him. Emily was just at the purring stage about Arthur.

"If you had seen her tearing about in his speed car, leaning back languidly, looking as tho every five minutes she could say 'Home, James,' if she wanted to, you would understand how she infuriated all her acquaintances. Arthur took her to every new show that came along and knew where to buy the best candy, and a florist's shop always mailed him say, 'Oh, what's the use of money? Let's spend it and get it out of sight!' You can imagine with what pride Emily showed Arthur to Loraine. Of course she had taken pains to provide an extra man to take care of Loraine during her visit. She got Henry Spyders, whom a girl can stand for a week or so.

"On the first night they called Loraine took one look at Henry and immediately got a thorn in her finger from the rose she reached over to arrange in the bowl on the table. She held out her hand to Arthur with a pretty little cry of pain and gesture of appeal and when Arthur finally finished finding the thorn which wasn't there it was 11 o'clock and time to go home and Emily was exhausted trying to converse with Henry, all of whose jokes she knew by heart, and furious because she couldn't hear a word that Loraine and Arthur were saying. No wonder she had a headache.

"'I think your friend is perfectly fine!' Loraine told her when they went upstairs with their arms about each other, after the custom of girls terribly fond of one another. Observe how clever Loraine was—she admitted right away in plain words of one syllable that Arthur was Emily's property, thus knocking the props from under her hostess.

"'I saw right away that he is just crazy about you, dear! And he has such lovely ways and is so thoughtful! When he heard me say that I had to go call on a friend way out in Kenilworth and that it always made my head ache to ride on the train he offered right away to drive me out! I do appreciate such little things!'

"Now, what could Emily say or do? One certainly can't object to having one's friends praised! And the speed car held only two, so the next day she had to wave happily from the doorway as Arthur and Loraine drove off. And she couldn't act huffy to Arthur, for surely it is a gentleman's part to make things agreeable for any visitor of the girl he is devoted to.

"'I never saw a man like Arthur!' Loraine said when she returned. 'I can plainly see why you like him so! Nothing is too much for him to do for a friend of yours, dear! He is going to get up a theater party for us—he telephoned Henry Spyders today! He says Henry can bring his car for you! And he gave me the most wonderful luncheon at the club!'

Yes, wasn't it lovely? All that week Emily had to tag around with Henry Spyders and watch Loraine and Arthur with their heads together cooing at each other—and she couldn't say one single word. Loraine praised Arthur to the skies and kept insisting that he was simply wild about Emily and then monopolized him every instant.

"There's no denying that he let her—Loraine has a way with her. If Emily had had a chance to break out and pull hair it would have relieved the tumult of her soul, but Loraine was too smart for her, and she never did. She just had to fade away and see all her good work undone, because after Loraine left Arthur never was the same.

"He was too busy writing letters East and, besides, he had rediscovered that there were other girls on earth besides Emily—she had made him forget that fact temporarily. She never did get him back, either. Why, she even goes riding these days with Henry Spyders and is glad of the chance! You'd better head Loraine off, if you know what's good!"

"Well," said the girl with the plaited skirt, "this is sad news, but I am brave and hopeful! And, anyhow, my best young man is going to be away a whole month!"

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On a wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums
And the trumpet that speaks of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim voids rang
To the anthems of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pine of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band—
Why had they come to wither there,
Far from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

—By Felicia Hemans.

Providing the Bird.

"Of course, I am grateful for being able to buy a sixteen pound turkey at prevailing prices," said the journeyman philosopher, "but I would enter more joyously into the Thanksgiving spirit could I go out and get my turkey as I did in the days of my youth. I lived in the country—the real country, about forty miles from a railroad—and, altho we had an abundant supply of large, juicy domesticated turkeys for ordinary occasions, it was an unwritten law of our household that the Thanksgiving bird had to be a wild one. So, to insure a plentiful supply, we began our turkey hunting two or three days before Thanksgiving. The easiest way, of course, is to spy out a turkey roost sometime during the day, and then visit it about 3:30 or 4 in the morning, for at the first show of light the birds take flight and hide themselves in inaccessible parts of the swamps and brakes. Usually a couple of good turkey hunters can bring down a bird apiece this way. Another way of hunting is to make a 'turkey call'—tradition insists that it be made from the wing bone of a hen turkey—and imitate the call of the hen. The fool gobbler, which has almost human intelligence, will fall for that siren stuff and walk right up to the hunter. But any way you get it, your wild bird, the captive of your bow and spear, tastes better than any purchased turkey can taste. Ah, the hunt's the thing!"

"Well," said Old Man Doodle, "the hunt being the thing and you being an elemental person, I shall get in a state of preparedness to guard my turkey roost, even by force of arms."

He Saw Not.

One day last summer a tourist drove hurriedly up to the home of Enos A. Mills at the foot of Longs Peak, leaped out and approached the naturalist. "Mr. Mills," he said brusquely, "I have been told that there is fine scenery in Estes Park. I want to get you to show me some of it."

The naturalist's eyes turned toward the 100-mile sweep of snowy mountains that cut the blue sky, then swept the valley below and rested on noble crags and streams that wound among groves of pine and aspen. Slowly he shook his head.

"I guess you must have been misinformed."

This Is Not Personal.

"Do anything much on your vacation?"
"Oh, nothing to speak of."
"Anything not to speak of?"

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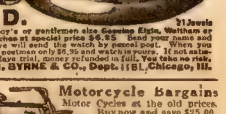

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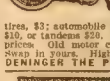

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The Rivals.

Maudie—"Well, what do you think? Old Jinks offers to marry me.'

May—"I don't blame him. I suppose he's tired of being refused."

CHANGE.

Ruth is an alchemist I know,
And so I'll have to drop her,
For every time I'm out with her,
My silver turns to copper

THE WOULD-BE POET.

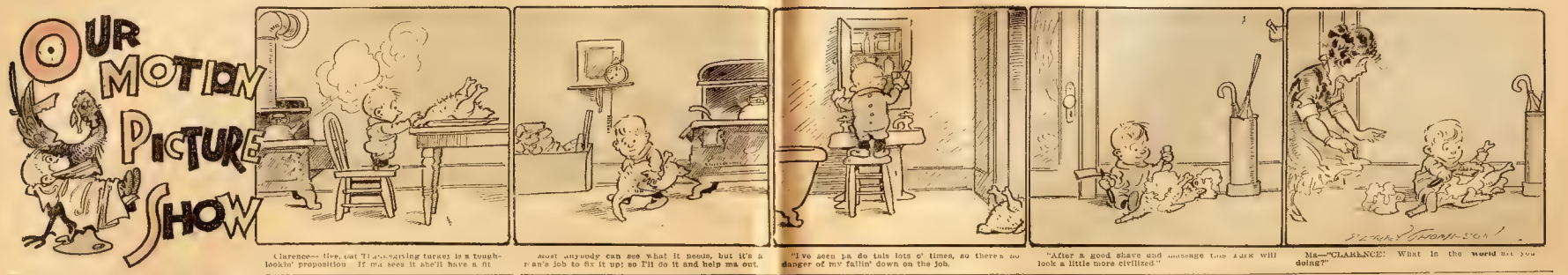
I often try to write a verse,
I think there's nothing sweeter,
And teacher says my chance is good
When I learn more of meter

Generosity.

Mamma—"Tommy, why didn't you share your peach with Dolly?"

Tommy—"I gave her the stone; if she plants it she can have the whole tree."

BARBECUED TURKEY



Clarence—"Ive, eat 'Thanksgiving turkey is a tough-lookin' proposition. If ma sees it she'll have a fit

Most anybody can see what it needs, but it's a man's job to fix it up; so I'll do it and help ma out.

"I've seen pa do this lots o' times, so there's no danger of my fallin' down on the job.

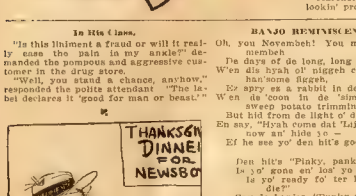
"After a good shave and massage this JUICE will look a little more civilized."

Ma—"CLARENCE! What in the **world** are you doing?"

In His Class.

"In this liniment a fraud or will it really ease the pain in my ankle?" demanded the pompous and aggressive customer in the drug store.

"Well, you stand a chance, anyhow," responded the polite attendant. "The label declares it 'good for man or beast.'"



"Shucks! I've eat so much at that newsboys' dinner that I can't walk to-town, whese I've got a ticket for another one."

Money on the Winner.

The small, cheeky looking little youngster peeped over the grocer's counter.

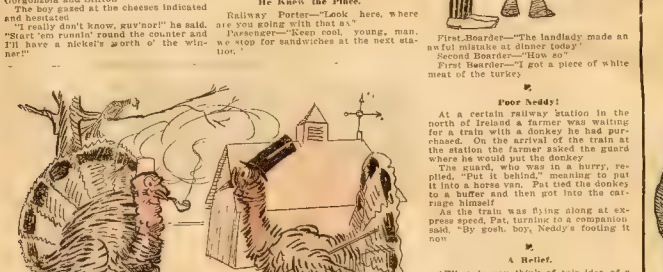
"What can I do for you, my little man?" said the shopman.

"Gie me a nickel's worth o' cheese' said the boy. "It's muvver's birfday!"

"Indeed! And what sort would you like, Johnny? We have got Roquefort Gorgonzola and Stilton"

The boy gazed at the cheeses indicated and hesitated.

"I really don't know, guv'nor!" he said. "Start 'em runnin' round the counter and I'll have a nickel's worth o' the winner!"



"I see by the market report that turkeys are going to be higher."

"You bet your life we are. We're going to be as high as the tallest trees we can find."

BANJO REMINISCENCES.

Oh, you Novembeh! You make me remembeh
De days of de long, long ago,
W'en dis hyah ol' niggeh cut a mighty han'some figgeh,
Ez spry es a rabbit in de snow!
W'en dis 'coon in de 'simmin needled sweep potato trimmin'
But hid from de light o' de moon,
En say, "Hyah come dat 'Lijah! Be quick now an' hide yo —
Ef he see yo' den hit's good-by coon"

Den hit's "Pinky, panky punk:
Is yo' gone en lost yo spunk?
Is yo' ready fo' ter lay down en die?"
Say de banjer, "Punky pank
Now I'se money in de bank
En de chickens in de city dey roost high!

Oh, I reckon' hit's er pity fo' ter live in de city
W'en de rabbit is a rompin' th de bresh
En de punkin is a-gleamin' en de fahnseh is a-dreamin',
En de henhouse do' is open—niggeh, heah!
I'se 'spectable, remembeh, but somehow, in Novembeh
De frost gets a-snapping' in my haid.
En dis banjer gits ter hummin'—You honey, I's a-comin'
Hit's time all honest folksees wuz in baid!

Oh, hit's "Panky, punky pink—
Lordndy, don' yo' think
Er gobbler 'ud go fine Thanksgivin' day?
Naw! Cose I means ter buy'
I wouldn't even try
Fo' ter git a turkey in de reg'lar way"

He Knew the Place.

Railway Passenger—"Look here, where are you going with that ax."

Passenger—"Keep cool, young man, we stop for sandwiches at the next station."

Very Much the Same.

When Lincoln was still an insignificant country lawyer he had occasion to travel to a small town to take charge of a case. It was a drive of some fourteen miles from the railroad station to the town inn where he was to spend the night. Wet and chilled to the bone he arrived at last, but to his dismay found only a small fire built in the grate, while standing about it, so as to exclude the heat from the traveler, were the other lawyers interested in the case.

At length one of the group turned to Lincoln.

"Pretty cold, eh?" he asked.

"Yes" replied Lincoln, "as cold as it is hot in Hades."

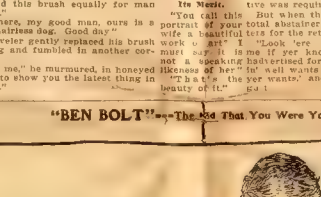
"Ever been to Hades, stranger?" asked another.

"Yes," replied Lincoln, solemnly.

This raised a faint smile among the other lawyers.

"What does it look like there?" they asked.

"Very much like this," said Lincoln, dryly, "all the lawyers nearest the fire."



First Boarder—"The landlady made an awful mistake at dinner today."

Second Boarder—"How so"

First Boarder—"I got a piece of white meat of the turkey."

Poor Neddy!

At a certain railway station in the north of Ireland a farmer was waiting for a train with a donkey he had purchased. On the arrival of the train at the station the farmer asked the guard where he would put the donkey.

The guard, who was in a hurry, replied, "Put it behind," meaning to put it into a horse van. Pat tied the donkey to a buffer and then got into the carriage himself.

As the train was flying along at express speed, Pat, turning to a companion said, "By gosh, boy, Neddy's footing it now."

A Relief.

"What do you think of this idea of a food dictatorship"

"I like it," replied the patient woman. "It will be a great relief to have some one officially responsible to give an explanation when my husband finds fault with the dinner."

Muzzle Not the Ox.

Manager (excitedly)—"Where is the apple to put on Tell's son's head? There isn't a moment to lose."

Stage Director—"Tell ate it up because you refused to advance him money yesterday, and he said he was hungry."

Never Turned a Hair.

"Well"

"I have here," began the traveler, "a patent electric hair brush —"

"Can't you see I'm as bald as an egg?" snapped the man at the door.

"Your wife, perhaps, might——"

"My wife wears a wig. She is as bald as I am."

"Possibly you have a child who——"

"I have. Two months old and still bald."

"Ah—but maybe you have a dog. I can recommend this brush equally for man and beast."

"Look here, my good man, ours is a Mexican hairless dog. Good day"

The traveler gently replaced his brush in his bag and fumbled in another corner of it.

"Permit me," he murmured, in honeyed accents, "to show you the latest thing in fly killers."

Of Course.

"Here you"

"Huh"

"Who is this be preferable. Soon a hard-faced look-Pearl ing fellow put in an appearance seeking about the job

sleep"

"Do you smoke?" asked the man

"My wife wears a wig. She is as bald Didn't I "No" was the reply

get a pearl when I married you" "Swear"

"Are you a member of the Church of England?"

Seeing that an answer in the affirmative was required the other said he was.

But when the man asked, "Are you a member of your total abstainer? it was too close quarters for the returned hero

"You call this portrait a beautiful work of art" I "Look 'ere mister," he said, "strike must say it is me if yer know what yer want. You not a speaking likeness of her" is' well wants a harkangel, that's what "That's the yer wants,' and he walked away in disbeauty of it." gust.

No Job for a Mortal.

A man advertised for a hostler, and mentioned that a returned soldier would

A Young Financier.

A pretty young schoolmarm who teaches a first-grade class in a school of the northwest section of the city is telling a funny story on herself that happened just before the close of the term. She had some visitors on the afternoon in question, and thought she would show them what a good class she had. Calling on a bright little fellow at the rear of the room, she said to him: "Johnny, if I gave you 2 cents and your father gave you 3 cents, how much would you have?"

"Seven," promptly replied Johnny.

The teacher blushed painfully, but thought she would try again: "You can't have understood me, Johnny. Now listen, and I will repeat the question. If I gave you 2 cents and your father gave you 3 cents, how much would you have?"

"Seven," said Johnny again, and with the same promptness.

"I am surprised at you, Johnny," said the teacher. "How on earth would you have seven?"

"I got two in me pocket," said Johnny.

JOB'S ONE RESENTMENT.

When Job was a-sittin' by his cabin door,
Says he: "I's had trouble—an' I'se gunter
hab more
I'm doin' 'casseiy nuffin' except to roam
Over yonder to de drug store an' den back home.
If I traveled any furder I would take a chance
Of bein' turned over to de ambulance
But de meanest of my troubles—lemme put you wise—
Is dem neighbors when dey comes around to sympathize'

"I could stand de rheumatism, I could stand cold feet,
I could stan' de neuralgy an' de prickly heat;
I'd take all de medicine dat's on de shelf,
An' never kick, if folks would leave me to myself,
I'd sit up nights never gettin' any rest,
Wif my feet in hot water an' a poultice on my chest,
Ah' never let my temper for an instant rise,
If dem neighbors wouldn't come aroun' an' sympathize"

Ability Counts.

An ex-Governor of Georgia, and ex-officio an expert on hogs, was invited to judge the swine at an Indiana county fair. He looked over the pens, and the choice narrowed down to two hogs, one a magnificent animal of the Indiana corn-fed variety, of tremendous weight, and the other a lean and rangy specimen, whose pedigree must have embraced a large number of razorbacks. The Governor, after an appropriate judicial interval, pinned the blue ribbon on the rangy one. A friend nudged his elbow.

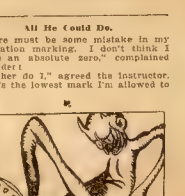
"Governor," he said, "there's been some mistake. Look at the weight of the other hog."

"Son," returned the Governor, "down in Georgia we've got different ideas about judgin' a hog. The ability of the hog to outrun a darky counts just six points. The razorback keeps that ribbon, suh."

All He Could Do.

"There must be some mistake in my examination marking. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero," complained the student.

"Neither do I," agreed the instructor, "but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give."



Nightmare of a greedy little boy after a large Thanksgiving dinner.

Why He Didn't Register.

An Indianapolis man who makes a practice of bragging about his shortcomings, said that there were just eighty-five reasons why he didn't register for conscription.

"The first one is that I am only five feet one inch tall.

"The second one is that, taking my height into account, I am too fat for my stature.

"The third one is that I have only one arm.

"The fourth one is that my teeth are bad.

"The fifth one is that I am too old.'

'Well, what are the other eighty reasons?" he was asked.

"Well, the other eighty don't matter. The five I have enumerated would give me the necessary alibi."

"BEN BOLT"—The Old That You Were Yourself.

Don't you remember the "scrapin's," Ben Bolt,
When, Thanksgiving, Ma cooked cake and pie?
For the remnants of jam we'd say, "Oh, thank you, ma'am!"
While the frosting we'd hook on the sly

Or rather—"Well, what part will you have?"

Waiter—"Well they's lots of us here but I don't want no more'n my share I'll leave it to you."

Not Lost.

Mr. Rattlepate put down his teacup and for the fifth time remarked to his hostess:

"Well, I must be going."

"Well, don't let me keep you, Mr Rattlepate, if you must go," said his hostess hopefully.

"Yes, I really must go," said Rattlepate. "But, believe me, Mrs. Bearit, I do enjoy a little chat with you. Do you know, I had quite a headache when I came here, but now I've entirely lost it."

"Oh, it isn't lost," said Mrs. Bearit, patiently, "I've got it now."

The Point of Pain.

Little 5-year-old Sydney had the measles, and was a real sick little boy. His anxious grandmother bent over him, and asked sympathetically:

"Can't you tell grandmamma where you feel bad?"

Without a moment's hesitation little Sydney answered:

"Right here in bed."

She Got It!

"Now, Dorothy, you can't have any more turkey, but you may have the wishbone."

"Will what I wish for come true" asked the little girl.

"Of course."

"Then I wish for some more turkey."—Judge.

"The folks at the house yonder couldn't eat this Thanksgiving turk, so they gave it to me. Luck, ain't it?"

"Yes; pretty tough luck, pard!"

The Haunting Phantom

By Harold Francis White

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Begun in No. 45, November 10. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

Adventures come thick and fast and part of the mystery seems about to be revealed thru an experience in the home of one of the principal characters.

CHAPTER IX.

"I HAVE brought you here," said the stranger, "to lay our plans for the future; for the work is not yet complete, and there is much to do."

Our plans! Kilbourne gripped the edge of the table. Then this maniac planned that he should join him in his wild work—and would doubtless take means to force such a joining, if possible. But he said nothing, merely nodding silently, his eyes on the man opposite him.

"We must have more explosives, more gold, much more," went on the hoarse voice, "before we can make our work known—for we must not alarm the people until we are ready for anything. You are familiar with gold—you can learn to make it—I will get the materials, and make the explosives. Later, you can inform the Treasury, and we will transfer the gold there for safety.

"You see, I have planned everything. You will stay here—two, three months, perhaps longer, then we will be ready. Ah! To save the country thus from its own carelessness! What glory! What achievement!" He stretched his long arms above his head, his eyes raised in rapture.

Kilbourne fully realized his plight. Argument would have no effect on this fanatic. There was nothing to do but to enter enthusiastically into his plan until the opportunity presented itself to overpower him—if that chance ever came. Having formed that decision, he endeavored to simulate enthusiasm. He addressed the other, who sat muttering to himself, his black eyes fixed unwinkingly on the candle.

"Your plan is well conceived, finely conceived, and it now remains for us to carry it out to the great conclusion, Mr. —may I ask your name, sir?" said Kilbourne, leaning forward with well-feigned interest.

"Yes, I am James Raymond," announced the stranger. Kilbourne felt the steel strength of the man's fingers as they shook hands.

"We will work together. Ah! We will do much!" exclaimed Raymond, "and when the crisis comes, then——"

Suddenly all the harshness in the man's countenance seemed to melt, and he turned, staring into the darkness, while over his features spread the look of one exalted to the heights.

"Soon, soon, Lord of Hosts, very soon now! And then—Juanita, my girl, my pride, my—sacrifice!" The last word came in a strained whisper, from lips which twisted and worked with emotion. He rose unsteadily, beckoning to Kilbourne, who sat in puzzled fascination. Kilbourne rose readily, in curious anticipation.

Then, as Raymond turned from the table, still clutching the revolver, Kilbourne noticed for the first time the back of the man's head. Raymond's hair was shaggy, long and unkempt. But on the back of the head, near the crown, was a bare spot, a depression about the size of a silver dollar. It looked like the scar left by some blunt instrument which had crushed in a small portion of the skull. Kilbourne stared at it, with the mental observation that probably that had something to do with the state of the man's mind.

But he forgot it immediately, for Raymond was walking toward the other end of the room, and the revolver was pointed at him, beckoning. He followed.

"Smells like a cloister," he muttered to himself, as he stood in the half-darkness, while the other fumbled about a little ahead of him, at the end of the room. Again a match flared, again the dim light of a candle—two candles, this time—and Kilbourne stared at the space, hitherto dark, which now was revealed.

In the center of the scene, several feet from the end wall, Raymond was removing a scarlet tapestry cover from a small altar. On it lay a Bible, opened. In front of it was a kneeling stool. Between it and the wall stood a pedestal whose top was plainly an incense font. The candles, on pedestals, were on either side of the altar, but closer to the wall.

On the wall, above the altar, hung a curtain of the same color as the table cover. It was perhaps three feet square, supported by a rod of dark wood, and its deep color stood out plainly, even against the dark richness of the tapestry background over which it hung. Kilbourne, speculating on the meaning of it all, became aware that Raymond was speaking to him.

"When the crisis comes, and it must come soon, then will the people demand a leader, some one to whom they can turn with faith and confidence, some one to ride before our armed hosts against the enemy, some one to be a tower of strength and inspiration in the clamor and smoke of battle, some one, Lord of Hosts, to turn the tide when the fight seems lost!" He stopped, breathing deeply, then turned, walked to the wall, and, with a quick gesture, parted the curtains.

Kilbourne gave a low cry of astonishment and admiration. Looking out at him from a life-size portrait was the beautiful face of the girl of mystery. In the dim light, against the dark red background, the features stood out with such startling distinctness, with such fidelity to life, that for an instant Kilbourne doubted if it were not the face of a living girl he saw. Gazing, he heard in his ears the low, hoarse voice of Raymond.

"She will lead them, Juanita, my daughter—at the front, where the turmoil of the fight is thickest, there will she be. Ah, Joan of Arc, after all the centuries, embodied in the flesh once more—but this time, not, not crucified, but glorified! Even the death, riding on the leaden hail of battle, seek and find her, yet will her spirit beckon on, and ever on—until the cause is won!"

Spellbound in spite of himself, Kilbourne listened, his fascinated eyes on the face which looked out at him from the picture. Then he saw that Raymond had lighted the little incense lamp. It flared smokily, and the sweet, heavy scent crept into his nostrils as he stood there. The face on the wall wavered before him as the thin veil of smoke rose between him and the picture. Dropping his eyes, he saw Raymond preparing to kneel at the altar, the revolver still gripped tightly in his long fingers.

The strangeness of it all, the incongruity! Kilbourne felt that he must wake soon, in his own room, knowing the whole thing for a dream. Yet he knew it was real. The little cloistered room in which he stood, the silence, the odor of incense, the beautiful face, almost a living presence, on the wall, the armed maniac kneeling in the half-light before it, with the vision of war and glory and sacrifice, whirling in his poor, distorted imagination.

It was not a church; it was not divine worship; the place was a madhouse. And yet Kilbourne, standing there, forgot for a time his own dilemma, and the menacing realities of the situation.

He was brought to himself with a start by the stealthy creaking of one of the hinged windows, high in the wall, in the room outside. Listening, he heard something hit the floor with a padding thud. He glanced at Raymond. Evidently the man had not heard it, or, if he had, paid no attention. Kilbourne turned his face uneasily toward the source of the sound, straining his ears. He could hear a soft rustling, as of some one walking barefoot; and the sound was approaching the curtain. Then it stopped, and there was a hush, broken only by the droning whisper of Raymond, on his knees at the altar.

Kilbourne felt his flesh creep. He turned irresolutely, thinking to rouse Raymond, but before his outstretched hand could touch the kneeling man's shoulder, the curtains were jerked apart, and, with a cry, Kilbourne started back.

Framed in the half-light between the curtains stood an enormous ape, the great hairy arms clutching the curtains on either side, the body slightly crouching, the ugly head, with its blazing eyes, thrust forward. Roused by Kilbourne's involuntary cry, Raymond whirled quickly, just as the beast dropped the curtains and started stealthily toward them.

"Tamar! Go back!" Raymond had leaped to his feet, and interposed himself between Kilbourne and the grewsome visitor, the revolver raised. For answer, the beast snarled in his throat, then bounded straight at the man.

"Tamar!" screamed Raymond, as the big body catapulted against him, hurling him backward.

The revolver barked sharply, harmlessly, in his upthrown hand, as he fell, then his head struck the corner of the altar with terrific force, and he crumpled up, limp and still, on the carpet.

For a moment Kilbourne and the beast faced each other, the altar and Raymond's limp body between them. Kilbourne turned a hasty glance on the floor, looking for the revolver. But it was clutched in Raymond's hand, and he could not reach it. With a sudden fling, he upset the altar against the animal's legs, then turned and dived between the curtain and the end wall, out into the main room, the beast bounding after him with a snarl of rage.

Passing one of the tables, Kilbourne's eye fell on the bottle of acid which Raymond had shown him. He saw the little cube of explosive, also, but the ape was too close behind him to use that. The explosion would kill him, as well as the ape. Seizing the bottle of acid in both hands, he turned and threw it, crashing, full in the face of the animal behind him.

The ape stopped short in his tracks, and his screams, as he whirled in a circle, clawing madly at his face and eyes, were bloodcurdling. Kilbourne took advantage of the opportunity to reach the door, and stood with his hand on the knob, watching the agonized beast with a fascinated interest.

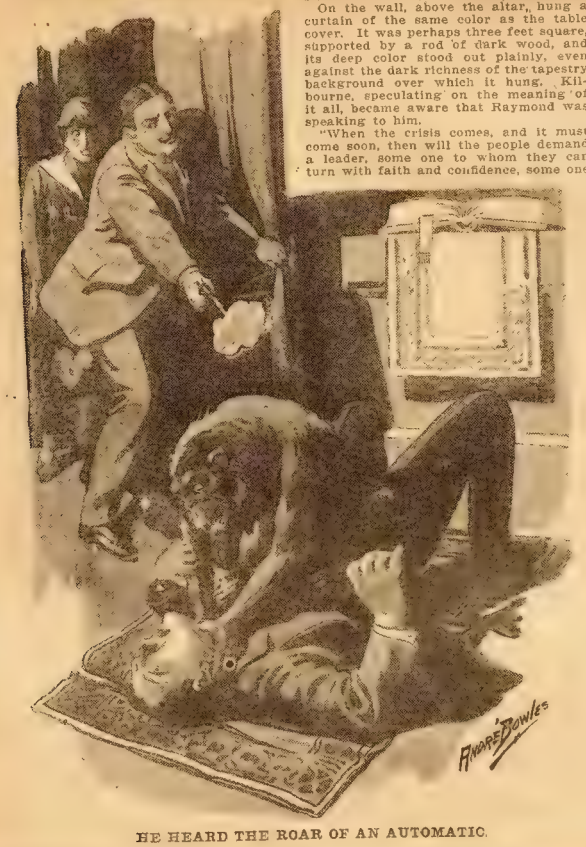
Suddenly the animal seemed to sense the presence of his tormentor in the room, perhaps saw him dimly thru his acid-burned orbs. With long arms pawing the air, he came bounding toward the door, and Kilbourne jerked hastily on the knob. Then his knees almost gave way beneath him. The door was locked.

Just in time, he jumped to one side, and the ape's body hit the door. He thought of the revolver, and sped across the room toward the curtains. When he dashed between them and leaped to the side of the prostrate Raymond, the ape was close behind him, snarling and whining with pain and fury.

Jerking the weapon from Raymond's fingers, Kilbourne whirled with the weapon raised. But the big beast was almost on top of him. He could not aim, and he put the muzzle of the revolver close against the hairy body, and pulled the trigger, pulled it twice.

Simultaneously with the flash and report of the gun, he heard a crash at the door, and footsteps running. He sank to the floor, conscious of a crushing weight holding him down, while something warm gushed in his face.

Then he heard the crackling roar of an automatic, the weight on his chest rolled to one side, and, thru the mist and the haze of his reeling senses, two faces wavered above him, the girl of the picture, and Benjamin Wayne. Then the haze became a restful darkness, and he knew no more.



HE HEARD THE ROAR OF AN AUTOMATIC.

CHAPTER X.

FOUR hours later Kilbourne lay propped up in his own bed at home, telling to an interested group the story of the night's adventures. On one side of the bed sat his wife, too much delighted by his fortunate escape to do more than laugh and cry by turns as the story progressed. Wayne was perched on the edge of the bed, and the Doctor and Chief Baker sat near by, the latter firing at Kilbourne innumerable questions as to every phase of his adventure. Grouped at the foot of the bed were two or three police officers and detectives, and several newspaper men, busily taking notes.

"And that's the last I remember," concluded Kilbourne. "What happened between that time and the time I woke up in this room, I don't know. By the way, what about Raymond's condition? Is he very badly hurt?"

"The ambulance that brought you home took him to the hospital," explained the Doctor. "He hadn't recovered consciousness when I left there. His daughter was with him then. I understood her to say that her father was struck on the head by the steel hook on a falling ladder, some time ago, and that the accident seemed to derange his mind, so that he hasn't been right since."

"That's true, Doctor," put in Wayne. "She told me all about it. You see, he always was somewhat of a recluse, and the neighbors didn't go near the place very much. The nearest house is half a mile away, anyway. Then, after he was hurt, and recovered from his injury, he became so diabolically cunning in his crazy operations that the neighbors, more or less indifferent, anyway, had no idea of what he was doing over there alone."

"I see," nodded the Doctor.

"Give us the whole story of the affair, as you know it, Wayne," said the chief. "Kilbourne told his experience, now it's your turn."

"Well," returned Wayne, "I can tell you quite briefly what happened to me. As to the incident of the kidnaping, if you might call it that, I woke up that night with a peculiar feeling that somebody was in my room. Probably you've all had the same sensation. Anyway, I was so sure of it that I made a dive for the automatic under my pillow, and jumped out of bed.

"Before I could get the gun into use at all some one jumped on me, trying to pin down my arms to tie me. I struggled loose, and was doing pretty well, when in thru the window jumped an animal of some sort, and made a run for the two of us. I jerked my revolver arm far enough around to get a shot at him, and I hit him, just grazed him in the leg, I think. The thing, the same old ape that tackled Kilbourne, gave a screech, and in one jump landed on the window-sill, jumping from there to the ground."

"That was what left the blood trail to the bridge, and jumped over the railing, then," exclaimed the chief.

"It must have been," agreed Wayne. "He left in a big hurry thru the window when I shot at him, and I suppose he stayed in the river until he got a good ways down stream. And when I caught a glimpse of him later, at the house, I

noticed the hair on his leg was matted with blood, and he limped.

"But we two in my room," he continued, "went to it for a while longer. Raymond was infernally strong, and he got hold of my revolver hand before I could turn the gun on him. Then he wrenched it away from me, and made me go with him, first giving me a chance to dress, while he stood and menaced me with the artillery. We went in an auto. That's why, by the way, your dogs couldn't trace him, chief.

"That's the way I figured it," nodded the chief.

"Raymond drove like the wild man he was, to the farmhouse," went on Wayne, "handling the machine with one hand, most of the way, and holding my own automatic under my ear with the other. I didn't try any monkey business. It didn't look like a safe thing to do, so I just went along peacefully, and he slid the machine to a stop in the garage behind the house.

"We got out and went into the house, he walking behind me with that gun poked in my back. He piloted me upstairs, and into a bedroom, not an unpleasant place, where he told me I could finish my night's rest. Of course I rested a lot. I lay there, and waited for it to get light, and when it did, and I could see out, I went to the window to try to determine where I was. But the house is set in a big grove, and I couldn't see a thing, except the grounds and the trees, and a few outbuildings.

"Then, after I'd tried all the windows and the door, and found them all snugly locked, and was prowling up and down the place, waiting for something to happen, he came in again. I saw right away that he was crazy, in fact I was pretty sure of it from the start, but he was mighty cunning. He had the gun with him, and when he told me to follow him I trotted right along.

"He led me thru a long hallway, and opened a door at the other end. I noticed, as he was unlocking the door, that there were a couple of sacks spread on the floor, close by, and I concluded that some animal slept there.

"He opened the door, and motioned me into the room, then locked it behind us. The room seemed to be the sitting-room of a suite, as there were several doors opening out of it. He tapped at one, and we went in, and there he introduced me to his daughter, Juanita, and her companion, or chaperone, Mrs. Bagley. Mrs. Bagley seemed a pleasant woman, but she was frightened to death of Raymond, tho he treated her well enough. The girl didn't seem at all nervous.

"And then, after Raymond had introduced us, he pretty near floored me with a request, or a command, rather, that I teach his daughter all I knew of military tactics, and the science of warfare. I couldn't make out what he meant, at first, but I didn't dare question that revolver, so I kept quiet.

"Then he explained that I would have one of the rooms opening off from the sitting-room, for my own. Mrs. Bagley and his daughter occupied another one. There was a small kitchen, and Mrs. Bagley was to do the cooking, and the days were to be spent in drilling military tactics into Miss Juanita's head. I found out in time what his idea was—but for a while I was very badly puzzled.

"Of course, I looked around for a way of escape, when he was gone. Miss Raymond wanted to get away, too, and to get her father under medical care, but when we tried to escape, we found it was just about impossible. You see, Raymond had Mrs. Bagley so thoroly scared, under a threat to make away with her if she let us go, that she virtually kept a gun muzzle on us all the time. And then that ape made it his habit, quite frequently, to sleep outside the door, tho he wasn't always there. Raymond was in the house a good deal of the time, too, and then he had the place wired, under the windows and everywhere, to give the alarm if we tried to make a getaway. So we gave it up. I wrote to you once, chief, and to you, Kilbourne, old man, to tell you I was all right, but——"

"I never got your letter," said the chief.

"Nor I," said Kilbourne.

"I suppose not," said Wayne. "I asked Raymond to mail them, but I hadn't much idea he would do it. Well, I proceeded with the instruction, as he directed, and he came up once in a while, and put the girl thru a drill, to see that I was doing my duty as instructor. And things were moving along about the same from day to day, until last night." Wayne paused, while the group waited interestedly.

"There was a ventilating shaft up from the basement to the rooms we had," went on Wayne, "and quite often we could hear Raymond working in his laboratory. It was almost like a speaking tube.

"We were sitting late, all three of us, talking, when we heard you and Raymond come in, Kilbourne. We couldn't hear what was said, nor tell who was talking, but we knew that Raymond had a visitor.

"Then the brute outted in, and when Mrs. Bagley heard Raymond scream at him, she simply wilted, turned over the automatic to me, and fainted in her chair. I broke two or three doors, and Miss Raymond and I managed to get to the laboratory—in time. That's all, I guess."

"My shots at the ape inflicted only flesh wounds, didn't they?" asked Kilbourne.

"No," said Wayne, "he was hard hit before we came. But there was enough fight still in him to have made things deucedly unpleasant for you, if we hadn't taken a hand."

"By the way," queried Kilbourne, "where did he get that ape, anyway, and how long has he had him?"

"He's had him only a month or so, only since that injury unbalanced him, anyway. There was a one-horse circus making the little towns along the branch up here and the beast escaped while they were in Fanway. That's fifty miles, but the ape is a good traveler, and he came to the house one evening, and Raymond took him in and kept him. The show people were afraid to say much, I guess, for fear they would be criticised for letting such an animal get loose, but Raymond knew where it came from. Anyway, the show people went on and left it, and Raymond never said a word about it. He named the brute Tamar, and in a way he succeeded in taming it, but old Tamar got pretty ugly at times, and he was always a good thing to let alone."

"I quite agree with you," remarked Kilbourne, dryly.

The chief rose. "Well," he said, "I'm due back at the office now. I'm glad the thing is cleared up, and I want to congratulate you two on the part you played in it." He shook hands with Kilbourne, and with Wayne. "You'll be around in a few days, I hope, Kilbourne, and I'll be glad to see you and Wayne any time—as honorary members of the police department, if you like," he added, laughing, and picking up his cap he left the room. The newspaper men, dashing down a few notes as they went, were already hurrying downstairs, eager to get to their typewriters and click out the story. The others, except Wayne, took their leave also, Mrs. Kilbourne going to the kitchen to give her personal supervision to the preparation of a meal for the injured man.

The others had been gone for only a few minutes, when the maid announced a caller for Mr. Wayne. Wayne excused himself and went out, returning in a few minutes to stick his head in the door and inquire if he might bring Miss Raymond up to meet Kilbourne. Kilbourne complied heartily, and Wayne brought the girl into the room.

"You two ought to feel acquainted without an introduction, but for the sake of formality, Miss Raymond—Mr. Kilbourne. You were in no shape to acknowledge an introduction, Kilbourne, when Miss Raymond first saw you—lying there in the laboratory, with Tamar clawing at you." He placed a chair for the girl, and seated himself near her. Kilbourne noted how the color came and went in the lovely face of the girl, and both she and Wayne appeared radiantly happy.

"You'll be glad to know, old man," said Wayne, "that Miss Raymond reports her father to be fully conscious since the operation, and, best of all, in his right mind. It's very strange, but he appears perfectly rational, doesn't he, Juanita?

"Perfectly," nodded the girl, her eyes shining.

Kilbourne expressed pleased surprise, smiling to himself as he noted the girl's small hand held unresistingly in Wayne's big palm, on the chair arm. He read her confession in the pink cheeks and downdrooping lashes, and his eyes twinkled as he turned to Wayne.

"See here, Colonel Wayne," he said severely, "I feel compelled to ask—did you confine yourself strictly to your duties as military instructor during the period of your residence at Miss Raymond's home, or did you not?"

Colonel Wayne admitted that possibly he hadn't, exactly.

The End.

She Gave Notice.

Mary Jane's master is a slightly eccentric bachelor. He has one most irritating habit. Instead of telling her what he wants done by word of mouth he leaves on his desk, or on the kitchen table, or anywhere else where she is likely to see it, a note curtly directing her to "Dust the dining-room," or "Turn out the cupboard," and so on. The other day he bought some note paper with the usual die-sunk address imprinted upon it from the stationer and ordered it to be sent home

Mary Jane took it in, and the first thing that caught her eye was a note attached to the package. She read it, open-eyed.

"Well," she said, "he's asked me to do a few things in his blessed notes, but this is the limit. I won't stand it no longer!"

For the note read:

"Die inside this package."

A Cruel Jest.

A woman of uncertain age required the services of a page-boy, and inserted in the local paper an advertisement headed: "Youth wanted."

One of her friends, with little humor and less taste, sent her a bottle of a celebrated wrinkle remover, a pot of fairy bloom, a set of false teeth and a flaxen wig!

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HOOVERIZED MENU.

"Most unusual—even unprecedented," said Hayes. "There must be something wrong with this grocery bill for last week! With prices as high as they are now we never could have lived on such a small amount as that, especially on the kind of meals you've been serving."

"Do you think the meals have been good?" meekly inquired Mrs. Hayes.

"Good! I think they have been entirely too good. In fact, I think you have been a little extravagant, especially for the last ten days. We ought to do our part by cutting down on elaborate meals. What's so funny about that?"

Mrs. Hayes was struggling with laughter while she wiped the tears from her face. "Oh, Jack, you are the biggest goose I ever saw," she said. "Why, I've been practicing conservation for the last ten days, I——"

"You can't tell me there was anything conserving about that dinner we had tonight."

"Well, I just can! Our dinner tonight was a regular war dinner.

"You remember that the only thing I had been doing for our boys and our country was knitting, and, of course, I wanted to do something more than that," explained Mrs. Hayes. "So I signed the Hoover pledge card, and I've been going to conservation meetings every day and I've learned a lot."

"That's fine—glad to hear it, but how about that dinner tonight?"

"I'm coming to that. To begin with, the soup was made from the chicken gravy I had left from Sunday dinner."

"Yes, but today is Tuesday," protested her husband.

"Of course, but what of it? Yesterday we had creamed chicken on toast made from the chicken left from Sunday and also a rice curry, flavored with the chicken soup. Then today I combined the water I had boiled the rice in yesterday with the chicken gravy I had left and with a little seasoning it made our soup tonight.

"Potatoes are cheap. I bought some from the huckster Saturday for twenty-five cents a peck. So you see our potatoes tonight cost about a penny and the turnips cost five cents."

"How about the croquettes? Of course you had to buy meat for them?"

"Nothing of the kind. You know we only have steak once a week now? The croquettes were made from a piece of steak left from Saturday night's dinner combined with an onion, some bread crumbs and seasoning."

"Good, so far, but you can't get away from the fact that it takes eggs, butter and milk to make cake."

"Wrong again! Our cake tonight was an eggless, milkless, butterless cake and the sauce was some plum juice thickened that I had left after canning plums. There wasn't enough of the thickened juice to make a glass of jelly or I should have used it for that and we'd have eaten the cake plain.

"Of course we must save our wheat for our own soldiers and the French and British. The only wheat flour I have used all day was one cup that went in the cake. You know we had corn cakes for breakfast and rye bread for lunch and dinner."

"Help! Help!" implored Hayes. "I kneel to your ladyship and crave your pardon for daring to doubt one so efficient. There is only one thing troubling me and that is the delicious salad we had for dinner, last evening. Perhaps you'll tell me it was made out of a spoonful of air and a wisp of cloud, flavored with a dewdrop and garnished with a sunbeam?"

"Pretty near," laughed Mrs. Hayes "I'd been making chowchow and after it was canned there were a couple of tablespoonfuls left, so I mixed that with a tomato, an onion, a couple of leftover potatoes, a bit of celery, dressed it with vinegar and garnished it with parsley from my parsley box."

"I am swathed in humbleness, my dear," said Hayes. "If you keep this up we can soon buy another Liberty bond and become vulgarly healthy besides."

SOMEWHERE

BY HERBERT RANDALL.

Somewhere tonight the Isles of Peace are shining fair and deep;
And somewhere poor shot-shattered men are tossing in their sleep.

Somewhere the rush of steel is heard, the rattling fire and whine,
And men are slinking on their knees, where death commands the line.

Somewhere the right outlives the wrong, vanquished and victor meet,
And throw aside their scarlet cloaks to kiss the Master's feet.

Realistic.

Two old British sailors were talking over their shore experiences. One had been to a cathedral and had heard some very fine music and was descanting particularly on an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a while and then said: "I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?"

"What!" replied Bill. "Do you mean to say that you don't know what a hanthem is?"

"Not me."

"Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, 'Ere, Bill, give me that 'an-spike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem. But was I to say, 'Bill, Bill, give, give, give me, give me that, Bill, give me, give me that hand, handspike, handspike, hand, handspike, spike, spike, spike. Ah-men, ah-men! Bill, give me that handspike, spike, ah-men.' Why, that would be a hanthem."

No Wonder.

A gentleman was walking down the street the other day with his friend Jackson, when they met a clergyman. The reverend gentleman, tho possessed of a large brain, has but a diminutive body to support it. Quite recently he had united himself for good or ill to a buxom widow. The minister blushed a little as the two friends passed by him.

"What is the meaning of that, Jackson?" asked his companion.

"Well, you see," was the reply, "we attended a tea at the minister's shortly after he was married. I was called upon to make a speech. You know you are expected to be humorous on such occasions, so I referred in a casual way to the minister as the widow's mite. He has acted strangely ever since."

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ADAMANTINE OPINIONS

"THEN," said the young man with his chin in the air haughtily, "I expect this ends it!"

"Decidedly!" she agreed icily. "I don't say things unless I mean them! It takes a good deal to rouse me, but when I am——"

"Precisely my case," the young man told her. "Some people always are having squabbles and making up and then doing it all over again, but to me that sort of thing is childish. When I'm done, I'm done for good and all! It is lots better to realize that you cannot agree, and quit, than——"

"Exactly what I think," she agreed, hastily, her cheeks very pink. "If there is anything that makes me disgusted it is for a person not to know her own mind and act the way Sarah Fisher has acted since she broke her engagement to Arthur! Why, first she hated him, and then she went around weeping because she loved him so and said it was all her fault—and then she changed her mind again when he showed signs of giving in. I do detest persons with no backbone! I stick to a thing when I once say it!"

"Well," the young man told her, bitterly, "you can believe I never should worry over your ruining your eyes with tears because you loved me so! You've made it perfectly clear how much I mean to you. There isn't a chance of misunderstanding you!"

"What earthly difference should it make to you?" she demanded. "If you really had cared anything about me it would be different! But the ease with which you decided to give me up shows——"

"I decided!" echoed the young man indignantly. "Who started this little war conference, anyhow? But I'm not blaming you—if you felt that way you were entirely right in speaking out. If you had thoroly decided it was a mistake and you could not appreciate my devotion and wanted to marry some one else——"

"My goodness!" she broke in. "Do you think for one minute I would ever trust another man after being deceived by you in this fashion? I am thru with men forever! I shall devote my life to serious work of some sort, and——"

"What do you mean by 'deceived?'" he demanded.

"Well," said the young woman, distinctly, "when a man has made you think he cares terribly about you and then practically says, 'Oh, certainly! My mistake! Let's call it quits!' I don't see that it's anything else than deception of the rankest sort."

"But what else could I say?" asked the young man heatedly, "when you wanted to smash things? I want you to have what you want——"

"B-but," stammered the young woman, "you ought to be s-s-sure I really want it—if you cared!"

"Care!" he echoed. "I'm crazy about you! I thought——"

"Why, Edgar, I thought——"

"And I never——"

"Neither did I, Edgar!"

"Anyhow," the young man said, contentedly, after an interval, "I'm thankful we have sense enough to know what we really mean and stick to it!"

The Short Slogan.

Knicker—"What are the two ways of helping Uncle Sam?"

Bocker—"Do and do without."

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When Turkeys Trotted

By Corona Remington

HE DROVE HOME WITH A PAIR OF MAGNIFICENT TURKEYS.

EVERY one on the Wainright farm did exactly as old Abe Wainright told him to do. His wife had adopted this as the best plan forty years before, and his various and multifarious children and grandchildren also had come to learn that it was useless to throw themselves against the stone wall of old Abe's will.

It was not that Abe Wainright was intentionally domineering, but Fate had placed the reins in his hands nearly half a century before and it had become a habit to pull on the lines of his little world just as his will dictated.

The Wainright farm was wonderfully sufficient unto itself. It nourished on its two hundred acres horses and goats and sheep and cows and, ordinarily, three or four different kinds of domestic fowls; but, unfortunately, roup broke out in Fowl Acre, as the poultry corner of the farm was called, and every feathered creature had most abruptly departed the earth.

The epidemic had been introduced by two bought-at-a-bargain thorobred turkeys. Old Abe hated to spend money worse than anything else on earth, but offered a ten-dollar value for less than half price, he had forgiven himself for parting with his beloved cash and had driven home one day with a pair of magnificent turkeys in the back of his wagon. Even his family, knowing his closeness, was at a loss to understand how even he had managed to get such a bargain, but when, a few days after their arrival, these handsome birds slowly paled at the wattles and died, many things were explained which had hitherto been inexplicable.

"Gosh darn that gosh darned thief," yelled Abe when he heard that the fowls had trotted to the Happy Hunting Ground, "I'm goin' down this minute to wipe that son of a seacook off o' Putnam County."

"I don't reckon he know'd they was sick, Abe," ventured his wife in conciliatory tones. "They sure looked well enough when you brought 'em here."

"Well, he'll know they was sick afore I'm thru with him, an' if he don't refund in a hurry, he'll be a leetle might off his food when I get done."

But the trouble did not end there. All the other inhabitants of Fowl Acre mourned the loss of their new, aristocratic neighbors so deeply that, one by one and two by two, every one of them sickened and died. It was a clean sweep and soon all was over despite everything that could be done to save them.

"An' to think that Thanksgivin's nearly here," mourned Mrs. Wainright, as she dabbed her gingham apron to her eyes and gazed upon the last of her defunct chickens. "An' it takes so many eggs an' things for Thanksgivin' when all the children's comin' home too."

"Well, it won't take nary a egg nor nary a chicken this Thanksgivin', Martha, 'cause you ain't got 'em to take," Abe consoled her.

"I reckon we'll have to buy 'em," she said, tremblingly, "an' such like is so high now."

"Buy 'em!" roared Abe, "buy 'em! Ain't we lost enough money to suit you 'thout talkin' 'bout spendin' some to buy such dern truck? Not a cent! The children ain't no better'n we are, an' they can stay to home, or eat what they can get."

"But Thanksgivin' they'll expect such a fine dinner," wailed the little wife.

"Then you'd best to write to 'em an tell 'em not to expect it," he counseled.

But this time Mrs. Wainright did not do as her husband advised. Instead she wrote to her oldest son, a minister, and sought his counsel. He replied that he had been asked to deliver a sermon at the little Baptist church near Wainright farm the following Sunday, and that he would arrange things when he came over then. So Mrs. Wainright put her mind at rest, for she knew that her son would make all things right.

Now, if there was one thing that Abe enjoyed in life, it was his standing in the community. He enjoyed being prosperous, he enjoyed being looked at each Sunday by the neighbors as he passed down the aisle of the church and he enjoyed realizing that, as they looked, they said to themselves: "There goes Abe Wainright." He also enjoyed realizing that he was honest. To be sure, he was not averse to getting a little the better of the other fellow in a horse deal, but "All's fair and square in a hoss trade," he was prone to remark. It simply showed that he played a good game and won more often than his opponent, he declared, for, if the other fellow had not wanted and expected to get something better than what he already had, why did he come to trade at all? The only difference between Abe and him was that Abe knew when not to trade and the other fellow didn't.

Putting the whole thing in a nutshell, Abe very much enjoyed being Abe because he was Abe, and the only thing for which he had ever made a sacrifice in his life was Public Opinion.

The Reverend James Wainright preached a "honey" sermon to the people at Bethel Church that Sunday and every one present enjoyed and understood it. It was most applicable to their daily life, and the congregation felt grateful and very warm toward the visiting pastor. Many a housewife there took a mental inventory of her larder, debating whether she had enough good things cooked to ask the minister to dinner.

When the services were over James Wainright stood up in the pulpit and asked the kind attention of his congregation for yet another minute.

"Sisters and Brethren," he began, "I wish to ask of each one of you a little Thanksgiving gift. In this neighborhood there is a lady who has recently been so unfortunate as to lose all of her fowls." He looked directly at his mother in the big front pew beside her husband, and every eye in the congregation lit on the little figure in the black shawl, and every face went blank with amazement. What could he mean? A Thanksgiving gift for prosperous Farmer Wainright's wife!

"And in consequence," the minister continued, "unless her neighbors help her she will have no eggs and no fowls for her Thanksgiving cookery. Now, I want to ask each of you who can, when you come to evening services to bring with you a chicken or some eggs. I have placed a coop behind the church for the chickens and a bucket beside it for the eggs. The Lord loves a bountiful giver and I was not raised in this community not to know the generosity of its people."

By this time Abe Wainright was purple with rage! He clinched his fists and glared at his son in the pulpit. The expression of every face in the church had changed from one of amazement to one of irrepressible mirth. Suppressed giggles could be heard all over the building and handkerchiefs were in evidence everywhere as if there had suddenly broken out an epidemic of choking and coughing.

For a horrible second Abe cudgeled

HE CLINCHED HIS FISTS AND GLARED AT HIS SON.

his brain in agony, then sprang to his feet.

"Look here, son," he said, "as I ain't got no eggs nor chickens to bring on account o' the roup havin' killed all o' mine, I'll give you ten dollars to'rds helpin' the lady. Roup sure has been bad in these parts o' late."

Abe dived his hand into his pocket and produced the money. His son took it and thanked him solemnly, as he looked directly at his father. He spoke again to his congregation:

"Sisters and Brethren: It will not now be necessary for you to help out our worthy neighbor, as the ten dollars which have just been contributed will be sufficient. I thank you just the same."

Abe departed convinced that he had sidetracked all suspicion, while his son discreetly dined with a neighbor.

"Well," James heard Mr. Wilkins whisper to his companion as they passed down the aisle and out of the church together, "that's one time old Abe got what was comin' to him."

Highflyer, the Unknown

By Will Gage Carey

NOW I'm honest enough to admit that Macksburg had it on Dawson's Dells in a number of ways; but just because she had a population of 1,240 to our 987 is no sign she should assume metropolitan airs, and look upon us with a disdain little short of patronizing pity, is it? I hardly think so. But those Macks were just that way.

Well, this fight of which I am about to tell came about in this manner: Old George Monroe, mayor of Macksburg, was sitting in our grocery store one day, bragging a sight on that little tank town of theirs, and throwing off all he could on Dawson's Dells. We let him run on uninterrupted for a while, he being a visitor—and a mayor. But he couldn't let well enough alone; he carried things too far, and we simply had to call him.

"Why, men," he said, looking around at the group of us on the bench, "I'm the last man in the world to do any braggin' about our little city of Macksburg; but I will say this: We've got a fighter up there that kin jes' naturally trim anythin' in the whole world!"

Now, such talk as that, from the mayor of a neighboring 51-village, didn't listen good to us; to have this old hecker come over into our camp and spring stuff like that sort of made us squirm. And Lige Taylor, our harness-maker, spoke up rather hot-like: "Mayor, ain't yuh takin' in jes' a leetle too much territory?"

"I said 'the whole world,'" answered the mayor of Macksburg, placidly, "and that goes."

"What's the name of your fighter?" queried J. Aaolphus Binger, our baritone singer.

"His fighting cognomen," the mayor replied, "is Butch, the Ringtailed Terror!"

He had us gasping.

"What is he?" spoke up the sporting editor of the Dawson's Dells Clarion. "A heavyweight or a lightweight?"

"Well, I calculate you might term him a featherweight," said the mayor, chuckling, "seein' as how he's a rooster!"

What could we say as a comeback to that? He had us on the hip; knowing which fol-well, he chortled in ghoulish glee. And he went on praising up this Butcher bird of Macksburg to the skies, telling of all the pedigreed gamecocks he'd fought and slaughtered; and how he was ready and willing to take on all comers, bar none and all weights waived. Say, it was disgusting the way he raved about that Ringtailed Terror. Now, we had fighters in Dawson's Dells, plenty of 'em, but nothing just in the chicken line. Of course the mayor knew this, and he was taking a mean advantage of us.

"It's unfortunate, men," he went on, "that you haven't anythin' down here to set up against our Butch, or we might frame up a nice little battle, with a nice little stake on the side. It's too bad, I say, that their isn't a drop of sportin' blood in the whole——"

"Mayor," suddenly broke in Squint Boner, our assistant depot-master, "is this bird of yours really what you might term a reg'lar fighter, or jes' some poor barnyard bruiser who imagines he carries a punch?"

"He's the best fighter in creation!" snapped back the mayor.

"Present company—'cept one!" remarked Squint, calmly.

"What d'ye mean?"

We all turned to look at Squint, hoping almost against hope he'd be able to call our bragging visitor.

"I mean," went on Boner, "that there ain't no bird livin' can go up against a featherweight we got—an' get by!"

Now, while our assistant depot-master

THE DOVE RAISED ONE FOOT AND CLUTCHED THE ENEMY

occasionally takes a boot at the Queen's English, we knew he generally was able to "follow thru" on most anything he started; we had a world of confidence in Squint—even tho we couldn't get his signals now.

"Mayor Monroe," he went on, looking the visitor as straight in the eye as possible, "if you've got a bird that can show against what we've got, in behalf of the citizens of Dawson's Dells, I challenge you to bring him down!"

The mayor turned red.

"Say, young feller," he said fiercely, "if I brought Butch, the Ringtailed Terror down here to meet your bird, why, he'd go forth into the ring——"

"He might go forth into the ring," broke in Squint, "but he'd come out first!"

"Sure he would," Monroe came back, "Your bird would be dead; Butch wouldn't waste no time——"

"Bring him down; let the Ringtail settle this matter himself with the Dawson's Dells Dove!" Then he turned to the group on the bench: "Am I right, men?" he asked.

Well, what could we say? It wouldn't do to go back on old Squint at this stage—and yet not a man on the bench could imagine what he was driving at. Lige Taylor was the first to speak, and he was lined up for the little old home town, as he always is: "Yuh're right, Squint Boner," he said, "and we're with yuh, son, all the way. We're right here, too," to back up the Dawson's Dells Dove—tho at first, I'd clean forgot all about her—I mean him. Bring down the Ringtail, Mayor Monroe; and all the Macksburg bunch, with their dough; we'll let the coin take a part in the conversation!"

It was the longest and most fiery speech our harness-maker had ever been known to make in all the annals of Dawson's Dells; and his fellow benchers let out a yell that brought the grocery-store cat streaking out the side door, with tail erect and bristling. The mayor of Macksburg accepted the challenge; the following Saturday was agreed upon as the date for the fight, and bidding us farewell with sardonic grace, the mayor took his departure. We crowded around Squint Boner, anxiously quizzing him from all sides. The Macks would be down upon us; it would never do now to let them show us up. "Where is this

Unknown, Squint," we asked him, "this 'Dawson's Dells Dove'?"

He waved us all aside.

"You jes' leave all that to me!" he exclaimed confidently. "The Dove will be right there and there right—when the gong rings; and men, put up every bean you can raise on Highflyer, alias the Unknown, alias the Dawson's Dell Dove—to win!"

* * * * * * *

Now, get me right on this, please. Understand, we of Dawson's Dells were not much given to the so-called "sport" of cockfighting. But this time the whole affair had been sort of crowded on us. It was, with us, merely a matter of principle—as the miser remarked when he foreclosed the mortgage on the widow's home. The haughty Macks had become unbearable; they had a beating coming. Placing our faith and trust in Squint Boner and the mysterious "Unknown," we hoped to hand it to 'em; that was all there was to it.

Naturally, because of the rivalry existing, interest in the coming battle swept along until it reached fever heat. Sports from Macksburg began arriving in Dawson's Dells early that Saturday morning; and each one had considerable to say concerning a certain fighting rooster known as Butch, the Ringtail Terror, and how he packed a sleep-producer in either spur. I don't suppose they really cared so much about that little game demon, nor about cockfighting in general; they just grabbed at this opportunity—as they figured it—to slip something over on the peacefully passe people of D. D., and were obsessed with the happy conception of prying away some money from us. Say, honestly, it was a shame—but wait!

That night the town hall was packed and jammed. Down in the center a pit had been formed; and there the Ringtail and the Dove were to fight it out for the honor and glory of their respective community. Mind you, all this time Squint Boner had not allowed one of us in Dawson's Dells to have even a peep at Highflyer, alias the Unknown; but as I say, we all held calm and abiding trust in old Squint to deliver. But the very uncertainty of the affair and the possible outcome kept our nerves stretched taut.

Butch, with his trainer and manager, entered the pit first. He was an impudent, insolent-looking little gamecock, with a cruel and calculating gleam in his sharp, beady eyes. He was no beauty, but he certainly looked business-like. There was a noisy hum of expectancy over the crowd, which died away to almost absolute silence as Squint Boner was seen making his way with the Unknown, down toward the pit, and the eagerly waiting Butch! Squint had the Dawson's Dell representative in a gunnysack under his arm. He reached the pit, sat the sack down, reached in and pulled forth the Dove.

Say, that was a disreputable-looking bird! His plumage was ruffled in sad disarray; he was thin and scrawny; one lone, lorn red feather adorned his tail.

"You win! You win!" shouted the mayor of Macksburn, joyfully. "When ol' Butch gets a squint at him he'll kill himself—laughing!"

Well, it began to look as tho we of Dawson's Dells had placed our trust—and money—on a frail chance; then, with a lightning-like thrust, the Dove drove his sharp beak into Squint's hand, bringing the blood; the Unknown's stock went up with a bound. Like the Butcher, he was not cursed with the fatal gift of beauty; but the light of bloody battle gleamed from his lamps, as it gradually dawned upon him why he was amongst those present.

They set them down, facing each other, and turned them loose; the fight was on. The Butch bird bore in; the Dove raised one foot, clutched the enemy by the throat, beating him once on the head with his sharp beak—and the fight was over! A yell arose, then died away to a silence of astonishment and wonder; then it broke forth again, but from local lungs only. For the Ringtail Terror lay on the floor of the pit, dead as Rameses the XIII. Squint Boner tucked his battler back into the gunnysack; the throng turned toward the exits.

The Macksburg sports, still in a daze, sorrowfully accepted the defeat of their champion; with him stretched out there cold and stiff in the pit, they could scarcely have done otherwise. The wagers were paid over to exultant supporters of the Dove; such scores were quickly settled. But in the hearts of the visiting hosts was a grief, mingled with dumb wonderment, that could not be wiped out so easily.

At the exit Squint Boner encountered Lige Taylor, our harness-maker, counting over his share of the winnings, and mumbling strange babblings of joy. He grabbed the owner of the Dove and wrung his hand, saying meanwhile:

"Squint, boy, yuh delivered, son—we knew yuh's do it somehow; but tell me this, Squint—where in all of Dawson's Dells did yuh ever scare up that fightin' chicken."

Squint Boner grinned at him happily. "'Chicken' nothin'!" he answered, between paroxyms of mirth. "That was a tame pet of mine—a young eagle!"

WAS HELPFUL

"I'VE just been to see Christine," announced the ambitious girl, as she put down her violin case. "I love to hear Christine talk, she always cheers me up such a lot."

"Why, I never think of Christine as a cheerful person; quite the opposite," objected the domestic-looking girl, who was pouring a cup of tea.

"Of course, she isn't cheerful!" continued the ambitious girl. "I never saw her when she wasn't blue about something or other. But if misery likes company I guess it simply loves to see some one more miserable—at least, mine does. Whenever I have the dumps I always go to see Christine. Infallible cure!"

"Tell us about it," urged the girl who was knitting something out of a huge cretonne bag. "What's her latest misfortune,"

"Well," the ambitious girl finished her tea and began with brisk enjoyment, "I felt awfully woebegone this morning—sometimes I do get to worrying for fear I'll never be able to outplay Kreisler. So I went around to Christine's directly after lunch.

"I found her weeping into a jar of some sort of skin food. She said that it was guaranteed to make freckles vanish, and it didn't. She still had three on her nose! She said she didn't see why everybody had a good complexion except herself. However, she cheered up sufficiently to admire my blouse, which I told her was a bargain.

"'Oh, dear!' she wailed. 'I never find any bargains. Why does every one else in the world have luck about clothes?'

"That girl is worried sick for fear the dressmaker will spoil her new serge. She heard of somebody once who didn't like something that the poor woman made.

"Well, we got to talking about careers. Christine has decided to study art and she can't get over bewailing the fact that she didn't begin five years sooner. She says everything comes to her too late.

"I asked her about Arthur and she said that he was as devoted as ever, but there was a young man next door who was so indifferent to her as to be almost rude. No, she said she didn't care for him particularly, only she didn't see why she had to be so shore. Men of his type never do pay any attention to short women.

"Those were only a part of her troubles. She hasn't yet succeeded in breaking into the 400 and no unknown Australian uncle has died and left her all his millions. Also, she gets so tired of never having anything happen to her—not even a thrilling sickness. The poor thing has had an illness for over two years. Her family are all well, too, and so stupidly prosperous that she never has a chance to practice heroic economy.

"She had looked forward to being able to worry about Arthur's being in the Army, but the selfish man went and got rejected. And she can't be a Red Cross nurse because the training wouldn't leave her any time for dances, and she can't wear the new sweater Aunt Mary knit her because the collar is not the newest shape—altogether she is a person most awfully to be pitied. I tell you, it makes me count my blessings to talk to Christine!"

The domestic girl gave a sigh and snuggled deeper into her chintz-covered chair.

"Goodness!" she murmured. "I'm glad I'm not so discontented. It must be awful."

The girl with the knitting murmured assent and went patiently back to look for a dropped stitch.

The ambitious girl stood up and passed a meditative hand over her temperamental coiffure.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "It isn't so bad to be discontented if you enjoy it as much as Christine does. It's her career. She gets as much pleasure out of it as I do out of my violin. Only she's discontented about too many things at once. If she'd only specialize she might fool people. Now, I know that I can't be a beauty and a genius and a domestic animal all at once, so I'm just trying to be a genius. And you, Helen, are just domestic. You specialize on cozy atmospheres and cookies.

"Oh, well; there have to be a few people like Christine to make us happy, only I really can't say which cheers me up the most, your tea or Christine!"

"Well," said the domestic girl, "I like your audacity! This is perfectly good tea."

* * *

A Popular Man.

General Bailloud, commanding part of the French expeditionary force in the Balkans, is so popular with his men that nearly every good story originating in his corps is either about him or attributed to him. The latest anecdote going the rounds tells how a soldier of the rough and ready style was returning to quarters near Monastir with a water jug in each hand. Coming across another mud-stained "poilu" sitting beside the road he hailed him:

"Hello, old man."

"Hello," replied the other.

"Say, can't you carry one of these jugs for me?"

"Sure," and they went on together.

"Would you believe it," said the first soldier, "they've chucked me into the grade of corporal."

"What of that," replied the other, "didn't they chuck me into the grade of general?"

After nearly dropping his jug, the soldier drew closer and made out three faint stars on a mud-stained sleeve. He drew himself up at attention and saluted.

Walk on, Corporal," said General Bailloud, who wouldn't consent to give up his jug.

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The Ginger Jar

The Oil-Loving Dogfish

"THE Cape Cod fishermen don't seem to be the men they once were," said the old skipper, sadly. "Not that the boys today aren't industrious and willing to work. But they don't appear to have the brains and foresight the men of a former generation did. Now take the case of honest old Capt. Enoch Wilson. He never overworked himself and always had time to join in a game of poker, or anything else that tended to uplift the community. Yet in one summer, with the help of his trained dogfish, he caught more fish than some of the men now living hereabout do in a lifetime.

"Captain Enoch was a natural-born philosopher. When anything came up that bothered him he didn't get blue over it, or unduly exert himself. He just looked around for some way to turn it to his own advantage. If he was in a poker game and the other man held out a pair, did Captain Enoch tear his hair and get out of the game? No; he just held out a better hand himself, and played it when the other fellow was expecting to win. He called this, in his pious way, 'making the wrath of men to praise him.'

"'How is a man better than a dumb beast,' Captain Enoch used to say, 'if he doesn't use his God-given powers to help him get on in the world without unnecessary exertion?'

"One day, when Captain Enoch took his boat, the Mary Bell, out for a fishing trip, he met the rest of the fleet coming back. The good old man was grieved at what he considered the laziness of his comrades.

"'How do you expect to make enough to support your family and join the game tonight if you stop work at this time of day?' he shouted to Abner Simpkins.

"'There ain't any use fishing today,' answered Abner, disgusted like. 'Those tarnation dogfish have driven away all the other fish.'

"'There's no occasion for using such words,' replied Captain Enoch severely. 'Dogfish have as much of a mission in the world as any fishermen. Everything in the world, even a bobtail flush, has the seed of some good in it.'

"I was with Captain Enoch, and I noticed that all the way back to port he was doing a pretty heavy stunt at the thinking game.

"'A dogfish is nothing but a little shark,' said Captain Enoch meditatively, as we were pulling in to the wharf, 'and he ought not to get the better of a Cape Cod fisherman. The reason dogfish hurt the fishing is because they drive other fish away from the boats. But if a dogfish could be taught to drive fish toward a boat he would save a certain worthy but weary old fisherman a great deal of work and help swell that fisherman's bank account.'

"'As you say, everything has a mission in the world,' I answered doubtfully. 'But with an extended acquaintance among Cape Cod dogfish I never met one that seemed to regard it as his mission to help out lazy fishermen. If you could organize a Fishermen's Aid Society among the dogfish, there would be good money in it. It's considerable of a contract, tho, for a man of your years to take up.'

"'I'm not thinking of starting a general dogfish kindergarten,' said Captain Enoch, sort of impatiently. 'That would be a lot of work, and wouldn't help me any more than it did the rest of the fishermen. But it seems to me that a healthy young dogfish might be trained to drive fish toward the boat of his owner. It would give the dogfish the benefits of civilization and regular work, and be as much moral benefit for him as financial good for Captain Enoch.'

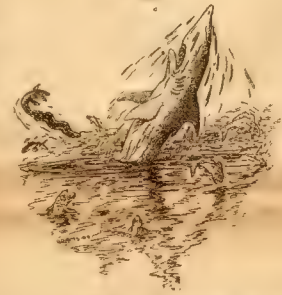
"The next day Captain Enoch went fishing for dogfish. There wasn't any trouble catching all he wanted, but it was some time before he captured one which he thought was young enough to be trained. Then he built a little pond with a sluiceway that the tide could come up thru and put the dogfish in it. The dogfish didn't seem to appreciate the benefits of training and civilization and sulked in one corner. Captain Enoch was hurt, but not discouraged.

"'When he gets good and hungry I'll feed him,' he said cheerily. 'Little by little he will come to know and love the man who rescued him from a watery wilderness. And it won't be long after that before he will perceive that the only way he can get anything to eat is by doing his duty and driving fish toward my boat.'

"When the dogfish had grown pretty hungry Captain Enoch threw a small fish into the pond. The dogfish started after it. Captain Enoch kept heading him off with a pole until finally the dogfish realized that before he got the fish he would have to drive it in the direction of Captain Enoch. This was kept up day after day, and at last the dogfish came to recognize that it was a case of driving fish first and eating afterward. By this time he knew Captain Enoch and wasn't afraid of him. Then Captain Enoch decided it was time to bring his fishing assistant out in the open.

"The next day Captain Enoch took out the Mary Bell, carrying the dogfish in a little trough he had made in the bottom of the boat. When he reached the fishing grounds he tossed the dogfish out. Off the dogfish started, rounded up a small school of fish, and drove them toward the boat. Captain Enoch threw in his line and caught a fish, while the dogfish grabbed another and began eating it on his own account. It was right here Captain Enoch's Assisted Fishing Industry struck the first snag.

"As long as the dogfish was hungry he would drive fish toward the boat. As soon as his appetite was satisfied he would lay off and not do anything more in the fish-driving line until he was again hungry, which was a matter of several hours. So Captain Enoch wasn't



"WILL LOOK TO CAPTAIN ENOCH FOR COD LIVER OIL."

making much more out of it than if he had been fishing alone. When it began to grow dark the Captain whistled to the dogfish. The well-trained fish swam up to the side of the boat. Captain Enoch lifted him into the trough and sailed home. The good old Captain was feeling pretty depressed.

"'This well-meaning but somewhat stupid fish-assistant of mine is all right when he is hungry,' said Captain Enoch in gloomy tones. 'But he doesn't seem to appreciate that the end and aim of this industry is fish for Captain Enoch, not meals for a trained dogfish. Unless he develops an appetite for something besides fish, I don't see where I'm going to realize much out of the game.'

"The Captain stayed awake most of that night pondering over the subject, for he hated to think he had thrown away all the labor he had expended in training his pet dogfish. The next morning, tho, when I called at his house, he was looking pretty cheerful.

"'What is the best and most nourishing thing in the world?' he asked a most gleefully.

"I wasn't certain.

"'Some persons say [illegible] I responded, sort of hesitatingly. 'For my own part, I prefer good old New England rum. Still, if you have both, I'll try each and then give an expert opinion.'

"'I don't mean for men,' said Captain Enoch hastily. 'It's [illegible] especially dogfish, that I'm referring to. What do they give consumptives and people in need of nourishment? Funerals? Of course not. Cod liver oil in large quantities is fed to them. It seems to me that it wouldn't take long for my civilized dogfish to acquire a decided taste for cod liver oil, it being a fishy product. And when he once has the cod-liver-oil habit, he will find the only way to obtain the longed-for stimulant is by doing a good day's work driving fish toward the boat of old Captain Enoch.'

"So, instead of taking the trained dogfish out on fishing trips, Captain Enoch kept him shut up in the little pond until the fish was remarkably hungry. Then he offered him a liberal dose of cod liver oil. But a taste for cod liver oil seems to be an acquired one, even with trained dogfishes, and Captain Enoch's pet just sniffed at the oil and retired to a corner of the pond in disgust. Captain Enoch went away and didn't come near the pond again until the next morning. The dogfish was on hand, ravenously hungry. Captain Enoch again offered him the cod liver oil. The poor dogfish looked up with a pathetic, grieved expression. Then he gulped down a little of the oil. But he didn't show any evidences of hilarious delight.

"'He may not like it now,' said Captain Enoch, calmly, 'but a good many people don't at first. It won't be long, tho, before he will turn up an indignant nose at any fish which hasn't been flavored with cod liver oil.'

"Sure enough, at the end of a week the dogfish would take his cod liver oil without showing any particular signs of disgust. It wasn't long after that before he would hardly look at a fish unless Captain Enoch had flavored it with a little oil dressing. And when he could get a drink of pure cod liver oil, he was the happiest, most contented dogfish along Cape Cod. He would take the oil in his mouth and swallow it down slowly, so as to get the full benefit of the flavor. Then he would swim placidly about the pond, waving his fins gently, and with an expression of pure delight on his face. When the dogfish's appetite for the oil had reached this stage Captain Enoch determined it was time to begin the fishing expeditions again.

"'Loving care and several quarts of good cod liver oil have been lavished on you, my sharkish-looking friend,' he said to the dogfish. 'Now it is up to you to do a little fishing stunt. For you will get no more oil until you have done a good day's work for your trainer and benefactor.'

"He put the dogfish in the trough in the bottom of the Mary Bell and sailed to the fishing grounds. When he reached them he showed the dogfish the bottle of cod liver oil and then pointed to the water. Then he threw the fish in. The dogfish hung around the boat a little while, evidently trying to show that he would like his cod liver oil before he began work. But Captain Enoch waved his hand toward the fishing grounds as if to indicate that it was fish first and oil later. So the dogfish swam off and pretty soon had driven a school of fish toward the Mary Bell. He appreciated that it was his duty to keep them there as long as Captain Enoch wanted to fish, and he swam round and round that school of fish, rounding them up as a shepherd dog does sheep. Captain Enoch pulled in fish as fast as he could handle the line, until the Mary Bell was half full. Then the Captain drew in his line and whistled to the dogfish. The faithful creature swam up to the boat. Captain Enoch put him in the trough and gave him a big drink of cod liver oil.

"'Take a good drink, my cherished pet,' said Captain Enoch, as if the dogfish could understand him. 'The oil costs money, but the fish will sell for a good deal more. No one can say that honest old Captain Enoch begrudges his faithful assistant a drink of cod liver oil—tho for my own part I prefer other beverages.'

"Each took a liberal drink of what he liked best. The dogfish curled up contentedly in his trough, and Captain Enoch steered the Mary Bell back to Wellfleet, where he disposed of the biggest catch of the season.

"All thru the summer the dogfish worked for Captain Enoch, and day after day the Mary Bell returned to port loaded down with fish. After a time Captain Enoch got out of the habit of shutting up the dogfish in the pond at night.

"'That fish is tame and don't care to leave his happy pondside,' said Captain Enoch. 'He knows that the only place where he can get oil, which gladdens the hearts of dogfishes, is from honest old Captain Enoch. There is no danger of his running away. And it is a nuisance to be letting him in and out of the pond.'

"But it was this lazy good nature on the part of Captain Enoch that caused him the loss of his trained dogfish. One day, while the dogfish was driving fish toward the Mary Bell, Captain Enoch noticed that there was another dogfish evidently a female, hanging around. The Captain was pleased at this.

"'My pet will marry, settle down, and live a respectable life,' he remarked complacently. 'The result will be a lot of little dogfishes who will look to Captain Enoch for their cod liver oil and in return will add to the profits of the fishing industry. Within a few years I will be able to organize a Dogfish Fishing Trust and control every market along the Atlantic coast.'

"One morning, after a pretty steady stunt of work, the dogfish swam up to the boat and got a drink of oil. Then he swam off to where the female was. She poked her nose near his mouth. It was plain she was smelling of his breath. Then she gave a disgusted flirt to her tail and swam away. The trained dogfish followed and tried to explain things. But she wouldn't listen to him, and he

(Continued on Page 26.)

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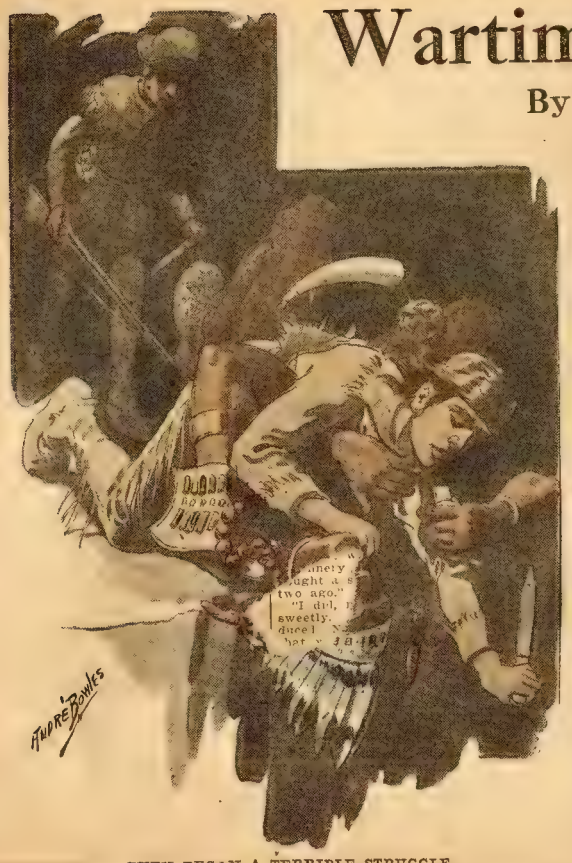
By Captain Jack Judson



THEN BEGAN A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE.

A thrilling story of youthful perils and wild adventures in early border warfare and dangerous Indian fighting.

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CHAPTER I.
A DANGEROUS COMMISSION.

A BEAUTIFUL autumn day was drawing to its close, when a canoe shot out from a bend in the Maumee River, in the northern part of Ohio, and darted downstream. Its sole occupant was a boy of about 16. He was clad in buckskin garments, after the manner of early times, and from his cap hung a fancy coon tail which lent it a jaunty appearance. A slender rifle lay in the bottom of the boat, and about it were many evidences of use.

It was the famous year of 1794, when the Indians were rising on the borders, and General Wayne, the Mad Anthony of the Revolution, had been sent to subdue them. This was a great task, for all the tribes had taken to the warpath, and were united against the whites.

The canoe proceeded some distance down the river, when it darted shoreward and entered the mouth of a small stream which entered the river. Guiding his frail craft to the left bank of the creek, the boy, Eben Holden, sent out a whistle which echoed in the forest like the notes of a bird.

In a few minutes the bushes parted, and another boy of the young canoeist's age made his appearance. He, too, wore a buckskin suit and carried a rifle. The two boys greeted each other cheerily.

"I thought you were not far off, Jack," said Eben, as he leaped ashore. "I've got exciting news for you."

"Everything is pretty exciting hereabouts these times," was the reply. "The infernal redskins are on the warpath, and the woods are literally full of them."

"There will not be so many when Mad Anthony gets thru with his job," Eben answered assuringly. "I saw the General yesterday and he has given us a big job."

Jack's dark eyes grew larger. "How can we serve him?" he asked eagerly. "You know, Eben, I am ready to do my part in any way."

"General Wayne is very anxious to get hold of Red Sticks."

"What? Red Sticks, the Miami?"

"The same rascal, Jack."

"I hope he doesn't want us to catch him single-handed?"

"That is just what he wants us to do."

Jack Benson's face at once grew sober.

"We are to lay our own plans, and if we are successful there is good pay for us, and besides, we will be doing the border a lasting service."

"You are right, but catching a redskin like Red Sticks is no light job."

"Of course it isn't," responded Eben, "But I think we have as good a lot of brains as he has, and we can at least try our hand."

"And maybe lose our scalps in the end."

Eben laughed.

"That is a risk we will have to run," said he. "Just where our prey is at this moment I cannot say. It is our duty to hunt him up and set a trap for him."

For some time longer the boys talked in this strain, and when the canoe went back up the river it contained both Jack and Eben. By this time the sun was low in the west, and the long shadows of night were falling over the landscape.

The boys debarked in a little cove and cautiously concealed the boat. Eben led the way to a small cabin, which stood not far from the river, and the boys entered it to be greeted by a young girl, who was preparing the evening meal at the fireplace.

"I thought the Indians had [illegible]," she exclaimed, looking at [illegible]. "You will lose your scalps if you don't mind."

"That must be our lookout, Miss," answered Eben, glancing at his companion, who was covertly observing the girl. "We've got a big job."

"And what kind, pray?"

"We are going to capture Red Sticks for General Wayne."

The pan which the girl was holding almost fell from her hands.

"When did you boys lose your heads?" she cried, turning pale. "Don't you know that Red Sticks is the craftiest Indian on the border?"

"We've taken everything into consideration," Eben hastened to say.

"Well, then, go ahead and see what comes of your foolhardiness," and with this the girl turned again to her duties.

"Now, said Eben, after the meal had been discussed, "we'll go and see old Simpson. He's up in woodcraft and can give us some pointers."

The young borderers picked up their rifles and left the cabin, striking off thru the darkening forest. Half an hour later Eben paused and caught his companion's arm.

"Something has happened!" he exclaimed. "I smell smoke——"

"And I see a light yonder!" broke in Jack. "The red wolves are in this vicinity."

In another moment the boys had started off on a run and presently they came out into a small clearing. The sight that met their eyes sent a cold thrill to their hearts.

Before them lay the smoking remnants of a cabin which told them that the savages had struck, and as there were no signs of life about the place, they could well imagine that the work of the scarlet fiends was complete.

"Look!" cried Eben. "They have finished old Simpson. And here on this tree is the mark of the rascal who headed the marauders."

Sure enough on a tree which stood near the remains of the cabin were fastened two red sticks crossed in a fashion, and as the boys stared at them they realized that they were looking at the work of the wily redman whom General Wayne had commissioned them to capture.

"But I don't see anything of Simpson," said Jack, after inspecting the ruins. "I wonder if they carried him off for the stake or the gantlet?"

"Most likely for the stake, if they spared his life," Eben returned. "Now, Jack, you see that we have a real job on our hands. We won't take the trail tonight, but will go back to Misa and wait till morning."

They wended their way to Eben's home in silence, and told the girl about their terrible discovery. She said but little, but did not try to dissuade the boys from their task.

Eben and his sister were orphans and had lived in the woodland home ever since the death of their parents. While the cabin had never been attacked by prowling bands of Indians, the red warriors had been seen in the neighborhood, but other whites not very far off had suffered from the tomahawk.

Now, however, the little home was in danger, for the entire frontier was aflame, and since the coming of General Wayne and his army, the Indians would be likely to attack wherever they found a victim.

After discussing the warlike situation, the two boys retired to the attic or loft of the cabin to sleep. The moon was at its full and stood out in the unclouded sky like a great shield, rendering even remote objects distinct.

"Eben?"

Midnight was at hand when the name was spoken, and Eben felt his bedfellow's hand on his arm.

"What is it, Jack?" he questioned in a whisper.

"The window! Look!"

As Eben turned his face toward the one window in the little room he saw something that instantly sent his heart into his throat. There was a human head just above the sill; not only this, but it was the head of an Indian, as the boy knew by the feather headdress.

The apparition did not move, but seemed as fixed as adamant, while the startled boys gazed at it.

"They've come!" whispered Jack. "The scarlet wolves have found us at last!"

There was no reply, for Eben was too busy watching the head.

"Wait till he goes away," Jack continued. "He may not be alone."

The feathered head remained at the window for some time and then slowly vanished. In a flash the boys were out of bed and, rifles in hand, bounded across the floor.

Down in the little clearing and not far away in the light of the moon stood that cause of their alarm. He was an athletic redskin, perfect from the ground up. He carried a rifle in the hollow of his arm, and was looking at the cabin as if he would go back and repeat his late action.

"What a fine target!" exclaimed Jack, cocking his piece.

"No, don't open the game," Eben answered restrainingly. "I don't believe he is the only one."

As he finished, two more Indians joined the first one, and then all three moved away.

"The cabin is marked," Eben said. "That's what it means."

"Yes, and Misa——"

The mention of his sister's name caused Eben to gasp.

"They shall not get Misa!" he cried. "Listen, Jack. This very night we must take her to a place of safety, and then for Red Sticks."

And as the three braves vanished, the boys without further ado hurried below to convey the young girl from the shadow of the tomahawk.

CHAPTER II
A HORNET'S NEST.

THE American army commanded by General Wayne was encamped not far from the rapids of the Maumee. It was composed of men who had fought in the Revolution, and, besides this, all knew the wiles of the Indians and therefore were capable of dealing with them. Wayne believed that if he could secure the person of Red Sticks, the Miami, the coming battle was half won, for that chief had great power over the warriors of the tribes. Turkey-foot, the Ottawa, and Tecumseh, the Shawnee, were also leaders of the redmen, but they did not outrank Red Sticks, who for cunning and cruelty was greater than all the others combined.

The capture of Red Sticks was a brilliant idea, and when the American general commissioned the two boys to carry out his plans, he told them that he had heard of their forest exploits and believed that they would be successful.

The Indian camp was some miles distant, and there the several tribes had gathered for the destruction of the Americans. If they could succeed they would overrun the whole frontier and carry death wherever they went. It was a time fraught with the greatest peril to the whites, for the red demons would spare no one and the land would be laid waste.

The same night that witnessed the boys' adventure with the three Indians in the moonlight, they succeeded in taking Misa to a place of safety. Then they set about forming their plans for the capture of the wily Red Sticks.

They had little doubt that Obed Simpson, whose cabin had been destroyed, had been carried off by the enemy, and they feared that already he had been put to death. Simpson had incurred the hatred of the tribes, and was known far and wide as a great hunter, whose unerring weapon had brought down more than one savage.

A few nights later two figures might have been seen cautiously entering the Indian camp. The moon was obscured by clouds which shielded their movements and they stole silently among the sleeping warriors. They looked for all the world like two young Indians, for they were dressed in savage garb and had the Indian movements.

"All's quiet," whispered one of the young spies to his companion.

"Not even a mangy dog awake," was the reply, in low English, "I fancy we have caught the rascals napping, Eben."

All at once the moon seemed to leap from behind a curtain of clouds and the two boys stood still. Not far away stood two figures outlined against the golden disk. Eben clutched Jack's arm and both held their breath.

"It is Tom Girty, the renegade, and a brave," he whispered.

Tom Girty was known everywhere as the most treacherous white Indian on the border, a man who had no mercy on those with white skins, and the settlers had long tried to put an end to his infamous career.

Suddenly Girty's voice broke the silence.

"We've got the Americans in a trap," the boys heard him say, in gleeful tones. "We will soon destroy their army, and then we will sweep the frontiers like a flame of fire."

The tall Indian nodded.

"My white brother is right," said he. "We will have scalps to sell to our British friends, and Turkey-foot will get to wear a sword."

"Aye, that you will, chief, and I will have gold enough to buy anything I want."

"But what of the white prisoner the young braves brought in?" asked the Ottawa.

"Old Simpson? Oh, he belongs to Red Sticks, you know——"

"But he once wounded Turkey-foot almost thundered the Indian, and must die, even if he is the Miami's relative."

"Pretty ticklish work to get him away from Red Sticks," said Girty.

"Nothing daunts Turkey-foot when his blood is hot," was the response. "Even now the white prisoner is being guarded by the Miamis down by the twin oaks, and this night he dies!"

The Ottawa stamped the ground in his rage and turned away, followed by the renegade.

"Did you hear that?" said Eben, in low tones. "Simpson is a captive in this very camp, and if Turkey-foot finds him [illegible] life won't be worth a breath."

"You know where the twin oaks stand, Eben, for you have seen them many times."

"I could find them in the dark, Jack. We must do something for Simpson be-

for we make Red Sticks," and with this the young spies darted off.

In the allied red camp each tribe was apart to itself, altho all were to act together when the crisis came.

The twin oaks were famous trees which were landmarks for the whole region, and many a bloody deed had occurred around them. The trees bore marks of fire, for several unfortunate white prisoners had been lashed to them and burned alive, and that is why they were so well known.

In a few minutes Jack and Eben found themselves in the camp of the Miamis. Whenever the moon appeared they saw the figures of sleeping Indians, of whom there seemed to be hundreds, for Red Sticks had carried all his warriors upon the great trail.

The young spies kept together, looking everywhere for the captive, and at the same time taking note of the position of the redskins.

"Look!" suddenly exclaimed Jack, as they reached the top of a small hill in the heart of the encampment. "Yonder are the two trees——"

"I see them by the light of the little fire that burns close by them."

Advancing noiselessly, with their bodies almost touching the ground, the boys approached the trees. The little blaze showed them more than the giant oaks. About the monarchs of the wild wood lay more than twenty Indians fast asleep, and lashed to one of the trees was the very man for whom they were looking, Obed Simpson, the borderer.

The old man with lowered head seemed fast asleep, yet Eben and Jack wondered how one in his position could close his eyes for a moment.

"We must free the old man," said Jack, "Aye, but how?"

It was a query not easily answered. The slightest noise would arouse the sleeping camp, and the wrath of the merciless Miamis would startle the echoes of the forest. Silently, for some time, the boys gazed upon the scene and noted the position of every Indian.

The firelight revealed the thongs that held the old settler in captivity, and the young borderers saw that his hands were bound against the tree in a manner peculiar to the redmen.

All at once Eben drew the hunting knife that was held in a deerskin sheath at his belt. Jack saw the look of determination in his eye.

"You're going to try it, Eben," he whispered.

Eben only nodded.

Then began a slow crawl toward the two trees. The boy's belly appeared to scrape the ground. Jack held his breath. The flickering blaze showed him Eben's progress. Moments seemed endless hours.

"He will reach him," passed rapidly thru the young watcher's mind. "He will free Simpson, and then we will have an ally."

Eben was now within a few feet of the prisoner. Still not a sound was heard. Jack felt his heart beating against the walls of its prison. It had never beaten so before.

It was with unspeakable feelings that he saw Eben rise to his feet with the knife clutched firmly in his right hand. The young forester was ready for the final act.

At that moment something hurtled thru the air above Jack's head. He saw old Simpson spring erect, as if his name had been called in thunderous tones. At the same time he saw Eben recoil, and then crouch to the ground, still gripping the knife.

A tomahawk was imbedded in the bark of the tree where the cords had been, and the next second there was no prisoner at the tree. Old Simpson had leaped over the sleeping Indians and was bounding thru the forest like a frightened deer.

Involuntarily, Jack turned in the direction from which the tomahawk had come. Not far from him stood a young Indian girl, with a flash of triumph in her dark eyes and with every indication that she had hurled the weapon which had freed Obed Simpson.

Eben came bounding back. Jack saw him stand erect for an instant, and then he fell headlong over a sleeping dog. There was a yelp and a howl, and as the boys met, the whole forest seemed alive with fiendish demons.

The whole Miami camp was awake!

CHAPTER III.
CAPTURED.

"Who threw that tomahawk?" cried Jack, as he clutched Eben's arm.

"Moonlight, the Shawnee girl," was the reply, which was nearly drowned by the commotion in the Indian camp. "Come, we must get out of this. Red Sticks and his devils will be upon us in a few moments."

"Which way, Eben?"

"Follow me." And with this the two young borderers bounded off with the speed of frightened deer.

That they had been discovered they soon knew, for there were fierce yells behind them, which lent new speed to their agile limbs, and in a little while they were far from the savages.

When at last they dared to pause, they found themselves on the banks of a small stream, which, not far away, lost its clear waters in the bosom of the broader Maumee.

They found a lodgment under the bank, and there awaited events. The night was now dark, but this would hardly screen them from their foes. Minutes seemed hours to the brave boys, as with fingers at the trigger, they held their breath.

Presently their hiding place seemed to have been discovered, for the sniffling of a dog was heard and they thought they could make out the animal's outlines. If the dog was there, the Indians were not far away.

Nearer and nearer came the inquisitive brute. Eben dropped his rifle and drew his hunting knife.

"We must silence the brute," Jack heard his companion say. "It is life or death."

Suddenly, Eben, rising it in the dark, shot forth one hand, and fortunately it fell upon the hound. Goaded by desperation, the young hunter drew the dog toward him and plunged the weapon into his side. There was a faint death cry and the dog rolled into the water.

"One foe less," Eben ejaculated. "Now, if the redskins don't find us——"

"Ugh!" suddenly grunted a harsh voice. "White boys must be near. We find them soon."

The boys slunk back farther into the gloom, and pressed close together.

"Red Sticks find 'em," said the same voice. "They no get away from him.'

"It is the arch demon himself," whispered Jack. "He is not ten feet from us."

The reply Jack received was a bound from Eben, who had thrown himself upon the very man they wanted.

Then began a terrific struggle, which it is almost impossible to describe. Red Sticks was a scarlet athlete, and was putting forth all his powers to overcome his young adversary. Now he was on top and now Eben had the advantage. Jack wanted to go to his comrade's assistance, but he did not know but what he might prove of more harm than help.

All at once a tremendous splash told him that both Eben and Red Sticks had rolled into the water, where they were continuing the battle with all their strength.

"I've got the rascal," came suddenly to Jack's ears. "Help me land him, Jack!"

It was true that stout-limbed Eben had got the advantage, and with Jack's help the sputtering Miami was dragged from the creek, where he was at the mercy of his captors, tho still unsubdued.

By means of some strong cords which the boys carried in their deerskin bullet bags, they bound the turbulent foe and made him secure.

"White boys young tigers!" hissed Red Sticks. "Some day the Miami will burn them at the stake."

"You'll have to catch your hare before you skin him," returned Eben, and then the chief lapsed into silence.

How to get away with their captive was now a puzzle to the two boys. The Indian camp was between them and Wayne's army, and the intervening ground was full of dangers.

By this time the savages seemed to have given up the hunt, for beyond the spot all was still. The moon had come forth again, and her silvery light lay softly upon the stream. An owl hooted in a neighboring tree, and from afar came the dismal howl of a forest wolf.

"If we could only find a hidden canoe," said Eben, wishfully, "we would stand some chance of landing our prize."

"I'll look for one," Jack responded, and in a moment he was gone.

Left alone with his prisoner, Eben felt an exultation which cannot be expressed in words. They had captured the greatest foe the whites had, and they would put forth every effort to present him to Mad Anthony.

At last Eben heard Jack's voice so near him that he started and mechanically seized his rifle.

"I've found a dugout," said Jack. "Bring on your bear."

By dint of main strength the valorous boys dragged their prize from beneath the bank and tumbled him without ceremony into the dugout, which was capable of carrying three. Fortunately paddles were found in the craft, and in a short time it was being propelled upstream, with the growling chief lying full length on the bottom.

"Straight to the river," Eben said. "If we don't get this demon to General Wayne we'll know why not."

It was more than two miles to the mouth of the deep creek, and the boys did not know what new perils would have to be faced before they could reach it.

"I'd like to know what has become of old Simpson," Jack suddenly said. "He is as nimble as a deer, and now that Moonlight's tomahawk has freed him he won't linger in these parts."

"That he will not," was the reply. "That girl has always been friendly to our people, and it is a wonder that the Indians have spared her life."

On, on thru moonlight and shadow went the dugout, till at length they beheld the shimmering waters of the Maumee before them.

"The river! Hurrah!" ejaculated Eben, his heart leaping for joy.

"It's not over five miles to Wayne," was Jack's hearty response. "If we can't take this rascal to the camp we will present his scalp to the old General."

Red Sticks understood and grated his teeth.

"How do you like it?" asked Eben, bending over the Miami's chief.

"Me show white boys some day," was the answer, at which the boys laughed triumphantly.

"To the shore now," whispered Jack, and the dugout shot toward the bank.

"Here we are," Eben responded, and at that instant the craft was beached.

"Now land our cargo, Eben," and they essayed to lift the redskin. He proved dead weight in their hands, but they had nerves of steel, and the captive was rolled upon shore

"This is luck enough for one night!" Jack exclaimed, as he pantingly laid their burden down. "Now if——"

The sentence was broken by a wild yell, and the next second the bank was literally alive with Indians. The astonished boys drew back and cocked their weapons as the howling horde dashed forward.

Resistance was useless. Fully twenty painted demons were right upon them, and in the twinkling of an eye their rifles were snatched from their hands and they were prisoners of war.

The glee of their captors was terrible to contemplate. The cords that bound Red Sticks were speedily severed, and the boys' hands were bound upon their backs.

"We're in for it!" said Eben, dismally. "I guess it's the stake for us, Jack. But it's the fortune of war. Red Sticks is on top."

Further chapters of this thrilling story will be found in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. You will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

Unanswerable

Little Joseph has recently begun the study of physiology, which is so interesting that he was eager to test its teachings in the home. Particularly as regarded the daily food Joseph was inclined to condemn or approve uncompromisingly from his physiological standard. One evening his aunt was serving some fresh apple cider, when Joseph's uncle jokingly said: "How about this cider being good for us, Joseph?"

The boy, looking very serious, replied: "I don't think it is very good for us, Uncle William, for our physiology says cider contains 10 per cent alcohol."

"Is that so?" said Uncle William. "Well, how can you explain the case of our neighbor, Mr. Jowles, who raised a great many apples, made cider and yet lived to be 94 years old?"

Little Joseph felt his pet study was being severely assailed, and it was necessary for him to defend it with a clinching argument, so, with quivering lips, he stammered: "Well, I—I'll bet he wasn't healthy when he died!"

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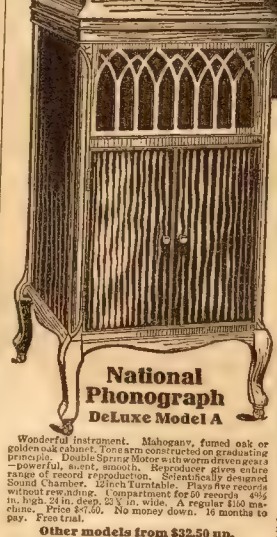
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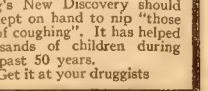

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THE OIL-LOVING DOGFISH

(Continued From Page 23.)

returned to the Mary Bell with a mighty saddened expression.

"The next day the dogfish wouldn't touch the cod liver oil. It was evident he was making himself popular with the female, tho far from comfortable himself. The day after that he yielded to temptation and took an unusually large quantity of oil. The female wouldn't look at him. He swam back discreetly to the boat and drowned his grief in cod liver oil, which Captain Enoch handed out in liberal quantities.

"'Women never did man or fish any good,' said Captain Enoch, who was a confirmed old bachelor. 'That is a Delilah dogfish. She is trying to lead you astray, attempting to persuade you to abandon the man who trained you. Take a good drink and forget her.'

"The trained dogfish filled up on cod liver oil. The next morning it was plain that he had a pale yellow taste and a troubled conscience. When he reached the fishing grounds the female was waiting for him. A man didn't need to be an expert in fish nature to see that she was laying down the law, telling him that he would have to choose between her and the cod liver oil. Captain Enoch saw that his protege was wavering and held the bottle of cod liver oil over the side of the boat. The dogfish saw it. He was on the verge of yielding to temptation, and had begun to swim slowly toward the Mary Bell. But the female got in front of him, looked at him in the most reproachful manner, and putting a fin over him tried to turn him away. His appetite for cod liver oil wasn't strong enough to conquer that appeal. The lovelorn dogfish gave one last longing look at the oil, then turned tail and swam out to sea at the top of his speed. He was fleeing from temptation.

"Captain Enoch gave a sigh and began hauling in his line.

"'Another good fish gone wrong,' he said sorrowfully. 'Another promising career ruined by feminine influences.'

APPLIED PATRIOTISM

"Why the self-satisfied smile?" inquired Connery, as he carved the veal roast. "It somehow suggests the tabby that's just eaten the pet canary, and doesn't give a care who knows it."

"I am happy," Mrs. Connery declared. "I've been shopping, and I got some of the most wonderful bargains!"

Connery groaned. "I thought you'd just bought a supply of bargains a week or two ago."

"I did, my dear," his wife exclaimed sweetly. "But that was before I reduced. Now I haven't got a single thing that will fit, and do you know I took two whole sizes smaller in everything! My reducing was awfully successful!"

"And it will cost something, too. If I had hold of that 'Eat and Grow Thin' chap I'd——"

"You'd congratulate him, my dear. If you only knew how much better I feel, and I know I look lots nicer, now, don't I?"

"Well, so long as you eat sensibly," said Connery, glancing at her plate, "I'm willing to pay the piper. But if I catch you pulling off any more of those fool lemon and saccharine stunts I'll——"

"Hello! What's this?" he motioned to the plate of bread the maid was passing.

"That's bran bread, my dear, it's very good for you—much better than wheat. And besides by using it we're doing our duty to our country and helping to conserve the wheat for the soldiers."

"Sounds good," commented her husband, "but I happen to know that bran is considered nonfattening, so that you'll pardon my taking your patriotism with a grain of salt."

"You're too mean!" exclaimed Mrs. Connery. "Well, just for that you can be a slacker and eat all the white bread you want." Then, turning to the grinning maid: "Serve me with the bran bread and Mr. Connery with the white."

Connery perceived the chill in the atmosphere. "Oh, come, now, Eliza, don't be cross. I thought you'd cut out this nonsense about being too fat! You suit me, so why worry?"

"I'm not worrying, and neither am I dieting," replied Mrs. Connery. "Yet I see no good reason why I should eat the things I know make fat and soon be short of breath or tubby. Whether you really believe it or not, I actually want to use less white flour in the house. Every sound-thinking person's doing it, so why shouldn't we?

"I attended a lecture the other day where we were compelled to hear some very plain truths about American kitchens or leave the hall. They asked us whether we realized what slackers we were on the food question and that it was just as important that we personally supervise our kitchens, exclude all unnecessary articles of food from our menus—have meatless, wheatless days at least once a week in our homes—as it was for the soldiers to go to the front. Our boys must have this sort of stuff and when we serve cake, pies, rolls, hot biscuits we are really worse than the man who hides behind his wife's skirts to keep from going to war.

"It made me stop and think. I'd got out of the white bread habit, anyway, so I concluded I'd try serving bran bread. If you don't like it you certainly don't have to eat it. But we shall have meatless days—you always did like fish."

Connery glanced quizzically at the roast of veal.

"It seems to me, my dear, that I read somewhere that the purchase of veal would not be considered—er—patriotic. In view of the sentiments you have just been expounding I'll confess, Eliza, that I'm just a little bit surprised."

Mrs. Connery blushed. "Well," she began, hesitatingly.

"And also," continued her husband, "I remember reading that veal was one of the few meats allowed on your dietary——"

"You're the limit! Talk about dissecting a person's motives. I really shouldn't have bought veal—but it is allowed on that pesky dietary, so I thought I'd economize on something else."

"On my rations," Connery laughed. "I'm perfectly satisfied with your husband, my dear, I like to be what you call—portly—one feels so important!"

"It doesn't matter in the least how many inches a man measures around the waist," Mrs. Connery conceded; "the larger it is, the more prosperous he looks. It's different with a woman, tho; I don't want to get fat again. None of those pastries and rich things are really necessary, you know, and we're petitioned not to serve them."

Connery smiled teasingly. "I see," he drawled, "you can kill two birds with one stone—keep down your weight and serve Uncle Sam at the same time."

* * *

WHY SHE CRIED.

A couple of men were talking about their respective wives the other day at the club.

"You have a very sympathetic wife, I should say," remarked one.

"I don't know about that," hesitated the other.

"Well, I only judge from what I saw from my house the other morning when you slipped and fell on the steps as you were coming out with her. Why, I saw her actually crying over it."

The other man didn't looked pleased at all.

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly. "She cried, but not over my injuries. I sat down on that confounded dog of hers."

"Indeed! I didn't hear him howl."

"Well, I should say not. The dog weighs—or did weigh—two pounds, and I weigh 200."

Down on the Farm.

BY EARL H. EMMONS.

The Strawberry.

The strawberry is an immigrant of Asiatic origin who got across before the Yellow Peril bars were put up against its countrymen. It has been in use in various sections for five hundred years, but did not come into prominence in the United States until about 1835, and at that time every one was so busy dodging painful arrows from the Seminole Indians that the strawberry received very little notice for a while.

After things settled down, however, it was discovered that the strawberry was of great value and interest. Among other things, it has been found very useful with which to build pie and cake and mix with other things, any one of which preparations will cause a first-class case of stomachache.

The greatest use, perhaps, to which the strawberry has been put is as a mark of identification on a "long-lost cheelld." In this popular role the strawberry usually is located on the left arm about an inch above the vaccination mark, and people who wear these generally get lost or are stolen by bands of roving gypsies early in infancy. They are not seen around the old home place again until twenty years later, when they turn up as star performers in a medicine show, where they wear pink tights without sleeves, and thus the fond parents are allowed to see the mark, compare it with the duplicate on the birth certificate, and the show loses a star, while the fatted calf loses its life.

Owing to its many uses, the strawberry has thus become the most popular of the small fruits, and it is cultivated in practically every country and in all climates, and this has given it such encouragement that it has arisen and put the mortal kibosh on all its competitors in the business of producing. It has become such an enthusiast that it grows now without any assistance, and when it reaches this point it is called wud. This is the limit of the strawberry's depredations, however, and even the wildest of the family is not half so dangerous as the red pepper or the odorific onion.

It is thus not hard to understand why the strawberry has gained popularity, as it is a most accommodating fruit, and lends itself to many uses without complaining, and the only drawbacks connected with it are its whiskers, the everpresent weevil, and the fact that it is rather difficult to find owing to its low visibility, as the English admiral said when he missed the U-boat with a sixteen-pound shot.

The next of this series will be entitled, "The Dairy." Be sure to read it.

* * *

A good dinner has about the same effect on a man that a good cry has on a woman.

POLICE WOMEN

There may come a time when our women will have to do police duty, and it is said that they have done noble work in this line in a few cities of the United States. A woman, however, must be perfect physically, and strong, to take over man's duty. The housework for the mother or the housekeeper at home is often beyond her strength. It must be lightened in some way or other. Very often the worries and cares are much greater than the actual physical labor, but the feeling that this or that cleaning, sewing, etc., *must be done*, fatigues the mind more than the physical labor actually tires the body. No wonder the tendency of our times is for the young women to prefer work in office or factory rather than doing house drudgery. If the woman of the family is run down with the distressing complaints peculiar to woman, she should give instant care to those organs which are so important for womanly health. Dr. Pierce, the specialist in woman's diseases and founder of the Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., put up his "Favorite Prescription" nearly 50 years ago, made entirely of roots and herbs, without alcohol, that puts the womanly health in proper condition. The catarrh is cured, and in consequence backache, dizziness, fainting spells are dispelled. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, for trial package of tablets. Tablets for sale by most druggists, at sixty cents.

Many a woman is nervous and irritable, feels dragged down and worn out for no reason that she can think of. In ninety-nine per cent. of these cases it is the womanly organism that requires attention; the weak back, dizzy spells and black circles about the eyes are only symptoms. Go to the source of trouble—take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription! When that is corrected the other symptoms disappear.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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GENTLE JABS.

Two heads are better than a dozen—in a love affair

Honest men are almost as scarce as silent women

If a man's really fond of music he seldom tries to sing

Be sure you are right, then go ahead and ask your wife.

Good advice for Thanksgiving day Don't eat too much!

An honest dollar isn't to be blamed for its tainted associates

When a man begins to burn his money look out for a hot time

Many a man believes in eternal punishment—for his neighbor

Marriage is a poor eyeopener for those who are blinded by jealousy.

A wise man doesn't lie—neither does he tell all the truth he knows.

A girl can love almost any man her parents are willing to object to.

Don't leave your faults lying around for other people to stumble over.

It's a wise proverb that contains half the wisdom it is supposed to contain.

What a crowd there would be in heaven if people could go on Sunday excursions

Show a disposition to be an easy mark and everybody will help you to make good.

Women may come and women may go, but the bargain counter habit goes on forever.

Even a strong-minded female dislikes the idea of standing up for herself in a street car.

After having been duly thankful Uncle Sam will be better prepared to tackle a few troubles

Run for office and read the opposition newspapers if you would see yourself as others see you.

The wise man profits by the experience of others—at the same time mixing in a little originality.

When a rich man is seriously ill he sees a lot of people standing around waiting for his old shoes

If you think the rents are too high in your neighborhood hire an amateur cornet player to move in.

Beware of the man who never overlooks an opportunity to tell you that honesty is the best policy

A girl may refuse a man because she feels sure that he will propose again but a widow seldom takes chances.

Another reason for Thanksgiving—by this time the June bride has learned how to prepare toast without burning it.

The true Christian spirit, Frances, is something that prevents a grocer from dispensing 30 and 40 cent butter from the same tub.

MOBILIZES WOMEN FOR RED CROSS WORK

MISS FLORENCE MARSHALL.

UPON the shoulders of Miss Florence Marshall has been cast the gigantic task of mobilizing the woman power of the country for the Red Cross. She will see that surgical dressings and other necessities in Red Cross work are furnished in sufficient quantities. The women of the country are being enrolled in the great work of humanity under her supervision. Miss Marshall formerly was director of the Manhattan Trade School, where her reputation as an organizer was made

WOMEN OF EUROPE

IT IS not too much to say that in every section of Europe woman occupies a place of importance in the life of the times and has secured a larger respect from the various countries than could have been possible before the war. Whatever else it has done, the struggle has meant the new birth of womankind into a broader field of social and political existence. Whether or not this has made for the real betterment of the sex is an open question; but the inevitable has happened and the new situation is here, so Europe must reckon with it as best she can and make the most of it.

When the tocsin of war called the best and strongest men of the country to arms it meant an instant depletion of the ranks of industry. The stores, railways, offices and industrial plants found themselves bereft of their employes and faced with demoralization. The entire fabric of business and social life was threatened, and this situation was fraught with great and imminent dangers. Naturally, the first experiment was to leave at home the men necessary to the business life, but the war was prolonged and it was seen that the demands were too great to be met by a small percentage of the people. All hands were demanded, and it was then that the women began to offer their services and to be accepted experimentally and with some misgivings. But if these women have disappointed in any particular there are no evidences of the fact. They have now become quite as efficient as the men, and since their ranks have not been disturbed by the disputes, strikes and demands which are so incident to industry in these days, it may be fairly argued that their service has been as acceptable to the employers as the former service rendered by men.

The advent of the women into such activity has naturally raised some questions of a social and economic nature with which the various nations will have to deal at the close of the war. This is a recognized fact and most of the governments are now giving great consideration to it. Woman has attained a new independence and a new standing in the industrial world. She has proved that she can do a man's work and she is obtaining higher wages than ever before. Will she be content to drop back into her former sphere after the war? Will the woman who now does the work of a skilled mechanic in a rifle factory or who handles great machines in the making of heavy guns ever again consent to go back to work as a maid, a waitress or a shop girl? It seems certain that she will not. In that case, what will become of the men who left these situations and who will turn up to claim them? In this there is involved the entire range of industrial problems, as well as the whole question of the woman's status. It will require delicate handling, else all the European nations will find themselves involved in industrial strife of a serious nature.

The sex problem is being raised in another direction; that of the preponderance in numbers of women over the men. Here is involved the vital question of the perpetuation of the race, the establishment of homes, the care of children and the providing for the thousands of women made widows by the war. That Europe is threatened with a complete breakdown of her former moral standards is, of course, well known. The matter is one which will require all the tact and wisdom which the nations can bring to it. Nothing can be forecast with certainty at this time, but the whole world is undergoing a revolution in these regards that will undoubtedly affect social conditions thruout all succeeding history.

The activity of the women in the war is for the most part a cause of gratification and praise. Yet there is a sinister side which cannot be ignored. Beyond question the war has been responsible for a great increase in vice. One cannot remain long in any European city without having this sad fact impressed upon him. The streets of these cities are teeming with women, and most of these women claim to be the wives or widows of soldiers. One cannot tell whether they believe there is a distinction in this status and are making false statements, or whether they are telling the truth, but by making all due allowances one must believe that there is some foundation for their contentions.

As a whole, however, the conduct of the women in the war has been such as to win for them the unstinted admiration of the world. The greatest service which they are rendering to their country does not consist in the work they are doing, but in the spiritual elements they are supplying in these times. Nothing could be more noble than the spirit in which they have made the greatest sacrifices which women can be called upon to make. Never have they denied their sons and loved ones to the cause of their country; like the Spartans of old, they have buckled the armor on their sons and bade them go to the defense of principle, perhaps knowing in their hearts that these sons would never return to them. If the heartaches and the sadness of Europe could be gathered and estimated, then the world would have a proper appreciation of its womanhood.

The bravery of Europe is in the hearts of the women. They furnish the spiritual dynamic which is winning the war.

SONGS OF FREEDOM.

These are extracts from true songs of freedom:

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!"
James Russell Lowell.

Sign of a nation great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.
—H. H. Bennett.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!
—Joseph R. Drake.

GIRLS IN BANKS.

There is at present no woman officer of a New York City bank, and only one in New Jersey, but if the war lasts long enough, it may well be, as it is in Canada now, that the banks will virtually be run by women. Already, it is estimated, 20,000 women have been taken on in the Wall street district since the United States entered the war last April.

Even the Chase National Bank, which never before had had any women employes except two telephone girls, held a directors meeting, and decided that since men workers were scarce, women should be employed. Accordingly, this bank fell in with all the Wall street banks, taking on girls to run adding machines, list the clerks, count bills, work in the collection department and do all the other work into which most boys are graduated from the position of runners. The runners' positions will for some time to come be filled by boys, for the runners are usually far below the draft. The Mechanics and Metals National Bank, Guaranty Trust Company, National City Bank, National Bank of Commerce, Metropolitan Trust Company and the Bankers' Trust Company are a few of the banks which are taking on extra women every week, and all the private banking houses are doing likewise.

Women are slower, but more careful, said an official of the Mechanics and Metals Bank, so, altho twice as many women as men are needed to do the same amount of work, the bank loses no money on extra salaries, because the women save hundreds of dollars which had to be paid to the clearing house for the men's mistakes. Each mistake costs $1, and the records show that sometimes men's mistakes cost $25 or $30 a week.

"The boys learned to run addding machines very quickly," said this man, "picking it up playing with the machines while they were still runners, as office boys learn to use typewriters. The women come to the machines absolutely green, and they are slow to learn, but when they have learned they are infinitely more careful and more efficient. And for bill counting the girls are very much more valuable. The job needs delicate fingers, which men seldom have. One girl was, within a week, the most efficient bill counter in the bank."

The average clerk in bank in New York has lost 20 per cent of its men and taken on 40 per cent women. The Mechanics and Metals Bank now has sixty women, and they are being taken on by tens or twenties each week. So far these sixty women are taking the places of only thirty-six men, which shows the difference in rapidity, but the official of the bank pointed out that it would be a serious problem when the men came home for their jobs.

"Our one hope is," he said, "that the business will be big enough then to accommodate them all."

Most of the girls are from 16 to 20, girls who would normally be in high school and business college, but who find it easier and more profitable to learn business in a bank—and be paid for it. The wives of some of the men who have gone to war are taking their places, thus doubling the family income, since the men's salaries are being paid while they are away.

ON THE AISNE.

Upon a hill in France
I see a mile-long grave,
Marking one day's advance
Upon a hill in France—
What untold sufferance,
Yet how divinely brave
Upon a hill in France
I see a mile-long grave! —E. A.

A BASE DECEIVER.

"Why, Gracie," exclaimed an old friend, "are you going to be married next week? You are a base deceiver. Why, you told us only a few weeks ago that you were booked for a personally conducted tour with a small, select party."

"Yes, dear," answered Grace smiling sweetly; "but Jack is the personal conductor and I'm the small, select party."

KEROSENE BURNERS IN OLD COOK STOVES

A new appliance which not only saves time and money, but which will lighten the burden of many housewives, is being placed on the market by the Standard Burner Co., Dept. 5017, 845 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago. It is a kerosene burner that can be attached to your old cook stove in 15 to 20 minutes, and instead of having to kindle your fire and wait for it to burn, you simply turn a valve, apply a match, and in five minutes you have a blazing hot fire. For heating, many find this burner cheaper than coal or wood.

There are no wicks in this appliance, it does away with dirt and gives off no unpleasant odor. Anyone desiring to secure one of these Burners on 30 days' trial can do so by addressing the above mentioned firm.—Adv.

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1858 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching, heals sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.

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Don't Be Cut—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew Up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself Permanently of Piles.

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My internal method for the treatment and permanent cure of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of cured cases testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is chronic or acute—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of salves, suppositories, etc. have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one infallible treatment that positively and permanently cures.

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HOME AND HEALTH

FASHION NOTES.

New stitches of embroidery are arranged to imitate carpet weaving.

There is no question that skirts will be longer, tho not as long as some advance models shown last season. The width of skirts will be materially decreased, this being necessary where tunic and redingote effects are used, but even straight skirts with plaits will effect a slim silhouette.

Even greater vogue is promised for the fur cape this year than last, when it suddenly came upon the sartorial horizon after having sojourned in oblivion for many moons. Many of the capes are not unlike those worn by our grandmothers; they are very quaint in outline, especially those that are shaped to dip at the waistline in back, terminating in two long, shaped stole ends which are crossed or tied. The same idea is expressed this year, oftentimes in two kinds of fur contrasting in color.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

When powdered sugar or malted milk gets lumpy run thru a food chopper.

Always remember to stir hash with a fork; if you stir it with a spoon it will be lumpy.

Roasted meat that is to be served cold may be kept from drying out and losing its flavor by wrapping in a cheesecloth while still hot.

To pick up bits of broken glass wet a woolen cloth, lay it on the floor where the fragments are and pat the cloth to the carpet. The fine glass will stick to the cloth.

To remove stains from a tiled hearth, squeeze a little lemon juice over the stain, leave for twenty minutes, then with a cloth dampened with a little warm water wipe off the lemon juice. This will generally remove the stain, if not, repeat the process. Polish afterward with a soft cloth.

HEALTH NOTES.

Green liquid soap, which is recommended by skin specialists for fine skins, or for those who have the pores extended, can be made at home. Take equal parts of glycerin, water, alcohol and green castile soap. Shave the soap into the water and stir over the fire till the mixture is smooth. Add the glycerin, and lastly, after the kettle is removed from the fire, the alcohol. Add a tablespoonful of eau de cologne, if perfume is desired.

A sand bag is invaluable in the sick room. Get clean, fine sand and dry in a kettle on the stove. Make a bag eight inches square of flannel and fill with dry sand. Sew the openings carefully. Cover the bag with cotton or linen to prevent the sand from sifting out. Heat bag in the oven. After using this, you will never attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a hot bottle. The sand holds heat a long time and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid.

RECIPES.

TURKEY ELIZABETH—A turkey stuffed with force meat of either chicken or ham into which you mix a quantity of pitted and skinned grapes. The turkey is nicely browned in the oven, then taken out and covered with a thin layer of dough, so as to show the shape. Finish cooking in a slow oven. Serve jelly and bread sauce with it.

CASSEROLE OYSTER PIE—Brown a minced onion in two tablespoons of flour, stir till blended, then add half-pint of water; cook until thickened; add one pint of oysters with their liquor and season with paprika, salt and one teaspoon of kitchen bouquet, remove at once from the fire; line individual casseroles with plain pastry and bake; cool slightly; fill with oyster filling and cover with a lattice cover of the paste; brown in a quick oven and serve hot.

CHESTNUT SALAD—Remove shells from one pint of large French chestnuts, scald them and remove the skins; then boil in slightly salted water until tender, but unbroken. While hot, pour over them a French dressing. Put aside until cold, then serve on lettuce leaves.

EGGLESS PLUM PUDDING—One cup bread crumbs, two cups flour, one cup suet chopped fine, one cup raisins seeded, one cup currants, one cup chopped apples, one and one-half cups sugar, one and one-half cups sweet milk, one tablespoon soda, level, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-quarter pound citron. Boil six hours. After it begins to boil, keep on a slow, steady boil.

IN PLACE OF TURKEY.

Turkey is to be eliminated from many Thanksgiving dinners this year, and a substitute in the shape of goose, gosling, duck or capon is likely to take its place on many a "festive board." It is better to look for the capon and gosling in the large markets, as the selection is greater, and sometimes the smaller shops do not handle them at all.

English folk prefer the capon boiled, but Americans, as a rule, roast them instead. A good sage and onion dressing, with plenty of butter, the bird trussed, covered with slices of bacon and roasted upside down so the juices run into the breast meat, will be found most delicious. A clove, a glass of grape juice, two lumps of sugar, pepper, salt and a lump of butter make an excellent basting mixture, while the bird is roasting and also enriches the gravy made afterward.

Goslings stuffed with chestnuts and having apple sauce and apple jelly served with them, are next best favorites, and if carefully roasted, basted with melted butter and grape juice, they are as tasty as any fowl possibly can be.

Guinea fowls are not to be scoffed at, for they make an excellent third choice, stuffed and carefully roasted, serving them with gooseberry sauce. The use of boiled ham with the fowl is an English custom which Americans take to quite kindly. It is nice after it is boiled and skinned to stick it full of cloves, sprinkle it with brown sugar and bake a few minutes in a hot oven, which imparts a flavor that is most attractive.

Vegetables do not seem inclined to jump in price so that they are prohibitive as yet, so one may add several to the Thanksgiving table at no very appreciable cost. Cauliflower and oyster plant, onions and asparagus are good in cream sauce with fowls; macaroni, with cheese, baked in the old-fashioned way; egg plant and green tomatoes fried; sweet potatoes baked; shredded pineapple and bananas, baked with butter, a dash of sugar and grape juice; fried parsnips; Brussels sprouts, mashed turnip and baked squash, are all in season to take a choice of for the Thanksgiving table.

Salads and fruits are about at the usual prices and quite up to the holiday standard, so there one need not pinch or too strictly economize. Nuts and raisins may follow the homemade plum pudding, which may also be had at a fair price if one does not feel inclined to make it at home.

Homemade candies always seem more attractive at holiday time than those that may be purchased at the shops, and the real old-fashioned ones are the best of all.

GOOD "HEADWORK."

On his return from a short journey a man sat down to hear the family happenings during his absence. His wife was naming the reforms she had successfully introduced.

"You know," she said, "that closet that was locked for over a month? You said it couldn't be opened except by a locksmith. Well, I opened it."

"How in the world did you do it?"

"With a hairpin. And the oven door has been hanging on one hinge for ever so long, you know; but it's all right now."

"Well, I'm glad you had it fixed."

"Had it fixed? I fixed it myself with a hairpin. And then there was that portrait of mother that stood on the floor for six weeks because you hadn't bought me any picture hooks."

"Well, I intended to, but——"

"Oh, it doesn't make any difference now. I made a hook myself out of a hairpin."

"No!"

"And there's Willie. You've been coaxing him and bribing him for a year to break him of biting his nails, and I cured him in a week."

"With a hairpin?" he inquired, weakly.

"No! Don't be a goose. With a hairbrush."

LIKED THE SAMPLES.

An old lady near Burnley called at a farmhouse just as the family were sitting down to tea. She was invited to take off her bonnet and join them.

"Nay," she said. "I have no time; but I don't mind havin' a cup o' tea an' a bite o' cake."

She was supplied with this and, finishing the cake before the tea, took another piece, "Just to get the tea doon."

This performance was repeated until she had been helped to seven cups of tea and eight pieces of cake. Then, looking round complacently, she said:

"Well, I think, after all, I'll tak' me bonnet off an' get me tea reight."

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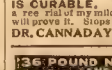

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Misraki of Damascus.

(Continued From Page 8.)

"Polate, a fugitive; I'll throw him overboard in your place. I may live to take vengeance on the Governor yet. Wait and you can go ashore when the boat returns."

With great difficulty the stranger reached the Sultana's deck. There was a smell of blood about him and he seemed to be completely exhausted.

"There's a revolution, the Sultan is deposed," he wheezed as Ishmael confronted him. Misraki remained out of sight in the dark shadows of the bridge.

"The Sultan is deposed," repeated the stranger in a hoarse whisper.

"Allah be feared," was Ishmael's noncommittal reply. Seizing the man by the arm, he said in Turkish:

"Come with me, quick, you must not be seen. Give me your weapons," he demanded as he deftly relieved him of a belt containing a revolver and dagger.

"I claim the protection of the Sultan's officers," said the man in tones full of terror.

"Silence," commanded Ishmael, "or I'll crush that dome of yours." With a sudden thrust he pushed the fugitive into the dungeon from which Misraki had just been liberated. The bolts shot into place with an ominous click. Returning to Misraki, he said:

"Farewell, friend. I hope to see thee in Damascus some day."

With a menacing gesture he ordered the boatman to take Misraki ashore. "If you don't want to be in Hades in three days see that you forget that you came to the Sukana. Your life pays the forfeit if you reveal that she was in this port tonight." Saying this, Ishmael gave the man a rough push, exclaiming, "Yalak, go quickly." The terrified boatman hastened to obey.

* * * * * * *

As the door closed leaving Miriam alone in the wonderful Orientally furnished room, an involuntary shudder swept over her.

"Why did I accept the invitation to spend the day in the Governor's Palace?" She wrung her hands as she remembered the many premonitory warnings that had been given her. Her last words to Misraki were that she would remember him every minute, and she had actually forgotten him at times during the delightful surprises of that day. "Oh, will some terrible thing happen to him because of my forgetfulness?"

She had suddenly forgotten her fears and had accepted the invitation to the palace with childish joy. The day had been full of pleasure. The chief of these was the discovery that the beautiful, sadfaced Ayeshah, whom she had known as a girl in the neighboring village to her own, was one of the Governor's wives. Then there were so many rare and beautiful objects of interest to examine that the day had passed quickly.

Remembering these things, she tried to free her mind from anxiety, assuring herself that all would yet be well. In order to keep her mind occupied with other thoughts she began to examine the room where she had been left, while the Governor was informed of her desire to return to her home.

"He will send his carriage to take me home soon," she said as she turned to look at the objects of interest in the room.

The walls were covered with rich tapestries. There were silk covered divans on the floor and a couch of ivory frame and silk cushions and ornamented with rich hangings. Large French plate glass mirrors were so placed on each wall and in the ceiling above that whichever way she turned she saw herself in a mirror. The atmosphere of the dimly lighted room was heavy with attar from the famous damask rose. After waiting for what seemed to her an age, she became impatient and tried the door. To her dismay she discovered that it was locked. She called, but no one answered. She threw herself on the couch and began to cry.

A sound as of the closing of a door startled her and she jumped to her feet. Reshid Pasha, clothed in his most gorgeous robes and decorated with all the ornaments he possessed, stood before her. A startled cry escaped her lips. He approached her, but she drew back.

"I want to go home," she said, "I told Ayeshah so hours ago."

"You are at home," said the Governor.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"That the Governor's palace is henceforth the home of the beautiful Miriam."

"How dare you say such a thing to the wife of Misraki?" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes.

"I am not speaking to the wife of Misraki, for my friend, the merchant, is dead."

Miriam gave a low cry, swayed and was about to fall. Reshid seized her in his arms. The instant her warm flesh touched his, the fire of uncontrolled passion swept thru him. He kissed her lips again and again. The shock brought her to herself. She thrust him from her.

"How dare you insult a woman?" she demanded, her black eyes flashing with indignation.

"Misraki is dead, I tell you, and I have taken you into my harem to be my wife."

"Never!" she exclaimed, throwing back her lovely head, her stately form quivering with suppressed emotion. A loop of splendid iridescent pearls depended from her neck and rose and fell with the heaving of her bosom, like living things sympathizing with the bleeding heart within.

Again Reshid, now beside himself with passion, tried to take her in his arms. Again she drew back. "Stop!" she commanded. The Governor paid no attention. He reached out to take her in his amorous embrace. With a motion as swift as a flash of lightning, she snatched a polished ivory dagger from her bosom and struck, throwing into the blow all the strength she could command. The dagger, striking his collar bone, broke, inflicting a painful, tho not a dangerous, wound.

That a woman should dare to strike him filled Reshid with the fury of an angry bull. Darting upon Miriam he seized her and flung her with all his might against the wall. Her head struck the stone door jamb and, with a groan, she sank to the floor. A crimson stream trickled from her mouth and ran down over her robe. The gold band that held her hair fell to the floor, and her wealth of raven hair, released, fell over her shoulders. Her right arm, bare save for the large gold bracelet that encircled it, was flung out in an unconscious effort to save her fall. A jeweled sandal escaped from her delicate foot; her robe, flung back by the force of her fall, disclosed a shapely limb to the knee.

Again passion possessed Reshid. He bent over the prostrate, helpless woman. She was the most beautiful creature he had ever laid eyes upon.

A confusion of sounds reached him. There was a frantic knock on the door. Like a frightened beast, he abandoned his prey.

"What is it?" he demanded of the trembling Hasan, who handed him a telegram.

"Revolution, Excellency," answered Hasan, "Your Excellency had better fly, for the barracks already are astir."

"Tell them to saddle Omar and bring him to the back door at once. Bring me what money there is in the palace, and jewels, too." The obedient Hasan flew to fulfill his master's orders. Quickly he was back, a robe and turban in his hand.

"No one will recognize you in this," he said. He fastened a belt full of gold next to his master's body and concealed a bag of jewels securely in the bosom of his robe. Then a noise in the city increased. Ominous sounds came from the barracks. They slipped to a side door where a black Arab stallion stood pawing the earth. The Governor mounted and rode for his life. Well he knew that his crimes were too many for him to risk his fate in the hands of an angry populace.

* * * * * * *

When Miriam opened her eyes Misraki was kneeling beside the couch on which she lay. He bent over and kissed her.

"You have come at last," she said, slowly. "They told me you were dead and I have waited, oh, so long, for you to come."

"Oh, my Miriam! I'm not dead!"

"Then this isn't Paradise?"

"No, light of my eyes and joy of my soul. This is Damascus."

"Well, then I don't want to die if you are alive." She shuddered and glanced about her. A look of terror came over her face.

"Where is he?" she exclaimed, starting to rise.

"He is gone." It was Ayeshah who answered as she came forward. "You have nothing to fear."

"Take me away from here. Oh, my husband, heart of my heart, take me away."

Misraki took her in his strong arms and carried her to a carriage. Ayeshah and David, who had been watching beside the unconscious Miriam following her discovery after the Governor's flight, followed.

"I fear she is not strong enough to be moved," said Ayeshah.

"She shall rest in her own home, where nothing shall frighten her," answered Misraki. "I'll settle the score with the Pasha later," he added grimly.

A few days later Miriam, Ayeshah, David and Misraki were sitting in the court of Misraki's house at sunset. Miriam sat by her husband and he held her hand as he did the night before his departure for Stamboul. The air was fragrant with the odor of orange blossoms. The goldfish chased each other in the sparkling fountain. A parrot perched in an almond tree scolded a monkey playing at its roots.

The heavy knocker sounded on the court door. David leaped to his feet with a frightened look. Ayeshah started to flee into the house.

"Stay," commanded Misraki. "I'll see who is wanted."

He opened the door. In walked Ishmael in the garb of an Arab peasant. At sight of him Ayeshah gave a startled cry.

"Ishmael!" she said brokenly.

"Ayeshah!" He held out his arms and she threw herself into them.

"My friend, your appearance surprises us," said Misraki.

"I have come sooner than I expected. My work is finished and I'm going back to my native oasis to enjoy the freedom of the desert for the rest of my days. You didn't recognize the fugitive who came on board the Sultana the night you left?"

"No."

"His disguise deceived me, too, but not for long. When he spoke the second time I knew it was the Governor, Reshid Pasha, himself, and I knew his time had come. As soon as you were gone I went into the dungeon and faced him. Then I visited on him the vengeance so long delayed. I first relieved him of his money and jewels, which about squares the account for what he stole from me years ago." Turning to Ayeshah, he said:

"Light of my eyes, does your heart still beat true to me?"

Looking at him steadfastly, she answered:

"An Arab woman loves but once. Ishmael, I have always loved you, heart of my heart and light of my life."

"Then you are free to go with me; in the morning I will buy camels and equipment for our journey. We will return to our native oasis, El-Melosha, there to live and die under the date palms where we played when we were children."

* * *

The Turkey.

"Nothing makes me more thankful than the sight of a turkey on the table!" declared the citizen with the tortoiseshell glasses. "I am certainly thankful that the turkey happens to be the official Thanksgiving bird.

"You see, it might have been some other fowl. Governor Bradford, the first Governor of Massachusetts, sent out a bunch of sharpshooters to bring in some fowls for the feast. The sharpshooters brought in turkeys, and so the turkey became the Thanksgiving bird.

"Isn't that something to be thankful for? It might have been spoonbill ducks or crows that the hunters found. It might have been Belgian hares. It might have been almost anything! We're pretty lucky that it was turkeys!

"And we should be thankful that those old settlers were gentle and kind to the Indians and didn't try to take their property away from them until numerous enough to do it——"

"Yes," interrupted the man with the dyspeptic countenance, "and some old timer pulled a bone-headed play when he introduced pumpkins as an article of food. Pumpkins are all right in their place—as jack-o'-lanterns. But they were never intended as an ingredient for pie. Nobody but a Pilgrim Father would ever have thought of making a pie out of a pumpkin.

"And there is another thing I'm not a bit thankful for, and never will be as long as I live. The fact that there is such a thing makes me hate Puritans and wish the Indians had done for them. I allude to cod liver oil.

"The Puritans were guilty of a low, underhanded trick when they introduced cod liver oil into this country. They are responsible for its presence here and I have had to take it more than once, and every time I think of the cod liver oil I have been compelled to take I execrate the Puritans and wish they never had been born.

"I advocate nationwide prohibition of the manufacture and sale of cod liver oil, not local option nor statewide prohibition.

"Cod liver oil represents the acme of cruelty; it was the cruelest thing the Puritans could think of. They had stocks for mild cases and ducking stools for minor offenders, but when a fellow went out and committed every crime under heaven he said he was glad of it they came after him with a bottle of cod liver oil, and he reformed and became a good boy right away. The worst of all those cruelties is the only one that has survived and is allowed today."

* * *

Paste This in Your Shop.

Teacher—"Who was the wisest man that ever lived?"

Boy—"Samson."

Teacher—"No, he was the strongest. If Samson had been wise he would not have let Delilah cut his hair."

Boy—"That's so. He'd have gone to a barber."

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"THE OZARK REGION OF MISSOURI AND Arkansas" along the Kansas City Southern Railway, contains an accurate description of Western Arkansas and Southwestern Missouri, of its farms' crops, towns and cities and opportunities for business in all lines of endeavor. A splendid country to live in. Write for free copy to Immigration Bureau No. 533, K. C. S. Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Franklin Building, Chicago.

$100 TO $200 PROFIT WEEKLY. COMplete moving picture outfit, machine, films, etc., furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 1-A, 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

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SONG WRITERS' "MANUAL AND GUIDE" free! We compose and facilitate free publication or sale. Submit poems. Knickerbocker Studios, 112 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

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TRUE-BLUE, WORLD-WIDE FRIENDSHIP club, Tenth year. Dime brings magazine listing hundreds post card exchangers everywhere. Ed Ericson, Elroy, Wis.

PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

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HANDSOME, HEALTHY, WEALTHY YOUNG widow worth $750,000 but very lonesome, will marry honorable gentleman. Address "Mrs. C." Box 5, San Diego, California.

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MARRIAGE PAPER WITH NAMES, ADdresses, photos, descriptions, 3 months, 25c. Box 2265 B. Boston, Mass.

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MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. H. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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CAPITALIST, 31, WORTH $350,000, WOULD marry working girl or widow, Honorable, 253 Minna, San Francisco.

HANDSOME WIDOW, 36, WORTH $95,000, lonely, will marry. B. Mission Unity, San Francisco, Cal.

WOULD YOU MARRY YOUNG WIDOW worth $80,000? Write Mrs. Hill, 14 E. Sixth St., Jacksonville, Fla.

LONELY MAIDEN, 27, WOULD CORREspond with respectable gentleman. Object matrimony. B. L., Box 150, Syracuse, N. Y.

FAIRY CORNER

"I'm not afraid of the dark."
"No, of course not."
"But I was a little afraid once, when I went into the pantry to get a tart."
"What were you afraid of?"
"I was afraid I couldn't find the tarts."

THANKSGIVING.

Praise God for wheat, so white and sweet,
Of which we make our bread!
Praise Him for yellow corn with which
His waiting world is fed!
Praise God for fish and flesh and fowl
He gave to man for food!
Praise God for every creature which
He made and called it good!
Praise God for winter's store of ice,
Praise God for summer's heat!
Praise God for fruit trees bearing seed,
To you it is for meat!
Praise God for all the bounty
By which the world is fed!
Praise God, ye people all, to whom
He gives your daily bread!

THANKSGIVING FUN.

When all the family get together at grandmother's they like to play games in the afternoon. Every one plays, grandma and grandpa and all the great-uncles and straight uncles and cousins and aunts. Every year a different family has charge of the games and tells what shall be played.

Last year Aunt Ruth had charge. And after dinner, when everybody was sitting in the big living-room almost too comfortable to stir, Aunt Ruth announced the first game.

"Helpful Thanksgiving hints is the name of the first game," she said. "Now, don't look scared; it won't be stupid. To play it those I call on must do just as I tell them, and the others must guess by their actions what the hint is, just as you would guess a charade, only you have the whole hint acted out at once instead of in syllables. Father and mother, you must give the first hint. Come into the hall with me, please."

Grandpa and grandma obediently trotted out, arm in arm, turning at the hall door to courtesy. They were heard whispering together outside, and grandpa spoke up quite sharply. "Oh, Ruthie, that's too foolish." Then the folding doors between the hall and the living room were pulled open, and there sat grandma in a rocking chair, smiling from ear to ear, while grandpa flew around the room sniffing of a big chrysanthemum and going buzzz-uzz-uzz, buzz-uzz-z-z-z-z till everybody was about to go into convulsions with laughing at him. They laughed so hard that nobody tried to guess the hint till grandpa stopped his buzzing and said: "Why don't you take the hint, you ninnies? Do you think I can keep up this foolishness all day? Don't you know what I be?"

Then grandma spoke louder than ever, and Aunt Ruth said: "Oh, father!" and the family gave one big shout:

"Be cheerful!" was the hint. Of course, grandpa should not have said anything till they had guessed it, but he got tired of buzzing.

Then Aunt Ruth made others act out other hints. Cousin Don, who is proud of his looks, had to sit in front of a mirror and examine every part of his face, till it was guessed that the hint was "Know thyself." Aunt Belle darned at a great big hole in the knee of Mark's stocking till somebody guessed "Never too late to mend." Little Cousin Rex had a toy bridle with a bit in his mouth. In each hand he held a piece of pie, little Mary held the reins, and whenever Rex would try to bite a piece of pie she pulled his head in the opposite direction. Of course, that was "Curb the appetite." Then Aunt Ruth told them all to put their tongues between their teeth and keep them there, and then she told them to give her a hint. Of course, not one could speak a word, holding to their tongues as they were and finally grandpa mumbled out what sounded like "Hold your tongue," and then all saw the joke and the game ended in a gale of merriment.

While Aunt Ruth and Uncle Arthur were getting the next game ready the others all played "gossip." Grandpa whispered a long story in grandma's ear about the games they used to play when they were small; grandma whispered what she could remember of it to mother; mother whispered what she could remember to father, and so they kept on whispering from one to the other until it reached little Dorothy. All Dorothy heard was one sentence: "The kittle wore a flounced nightgown," which was not at all like the story grandpa told grandma in the beginning. Grandpa had to tell the original story out loud.

Then Aunt Ruth announced the next game:

"Mother Goose pantomimes." Grandpa and grandma were appointed the two captains, and they chose sides. When every one was chosen grandpa's side stayed in the living-room, which was darkened, and grandma's side went into the hall, which was brilliantly lighted. Across the folding doors between the rooms a sheet was stretched. Then on grandma's side Dorothy marched along close up to the sheet dragging a toy lamb behind her. Over her head was thrown a little shawl and she carried a dinner basket in the hand next to the sheet. Her figure appeared in silhouette on the sheet, visible in the dark living-room. Grandma's side was allowed one chance to guess who the little figure was and what Mother Goose rhyme it stood for. If they guessed "Dorothy in 'Mary Had a Little Lamb'" they gained one point, but if they guessed the wrong person or the wrong rhyme, grandma's side received one mark. After Dorothy had passed by the sheet others on grandma's side appeared in shadow, one at a time. There was "Peter Piper" industriously picking peppers, "Simple Simon" with his pie, the old woman who flew up in a basket, "Old Mother Hubbard" and others, till all of the players on grandma's side had appeared and been guessed at. Then grandpa's side went into the hall and grandma's side went into the living-room, and grandpa's party appeared as other Mother Goose characters. When they had all appeared and been guessed at the correct guesses were counted up on both sides, and it was found that grandma's side had won.

After that all gathered in the living-room and had a cat concert. Instead of all playing or singing different tunes everybody played the same tune on a different instrument. The children had combs, jew's-harps, mouth organs, Aunt Ruth played the organ, Aunt Mary the piano, Uncle Fred the violin, Cousin Theo the banjo, Cousin Don the cornet, grandman the accordion, grandpa an old flute, Baby Brett a tin horn and the rest sang different parts. You can imagine what a racket it made. Uncle Arthur beat time. They played "America," "Suwanee River," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Ben Bolt." When at last they stopped for breath they were actually hungry! Then apples and popcorn and nuts and candy and raisins were brought in, and the family sat around the big fire and told stories. Grandpa began about when he first knew grandma, and grandma went on and told how brave grandpa was in the Civil War. Then papa told the first things he remembered about grandpa, and the uncle and aunts all told stories on each other that happened when they were all young together. Then the children told stories about what they had been doing nowadays, and by and by they all sang a kind of solemn old hymn and the children went upstairs to bed.

CHARADE.

A kind of food my first you see;
My second laughs at you in glee;
My whole may hang beneath a tree.
Answer: Ham-mock.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

PHOTOPLAYS IDEAS WANTED

$25-$300 PAID ANYONE FOR IDEAS, SUGGESTIONS suitable for photoplays. Complete outline free. Producers League, 512, St. Louis.

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Use Sloan's Liniment to prevent aches and pains from weather exposure.

You, who are out in all kinds of weather! Never let your cold, wet work lay you up with Rheumatism or Cramped muscles. Apply Sloan's Liniment to those sore joints or muscles, stiff neck, lumbago, neuralgic twinges. Yes and to sprains, bruises, toothache or any hurt. Its warming, easing comfort, will penetrate an inflamed joint, soothe strained muscles or irritated nerves and stop the pain at once.

Sloan's Liniment requires no rubbing to get immediate results. Is much better than salves or plasters, as its clear, clean liquid is neater and easier to apply. Its success in saving suffering for others proves it will stop your aches. Generous size bottles at druggists everywhere. 25c, 50c, $1.00.

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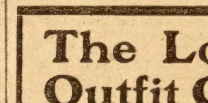

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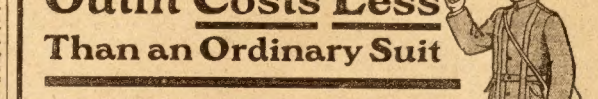

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The Lone Scout Outfit Costs Less Than an Ordinary Suit

The Lone Scout Uniform, which has made such a big hit with thousands of boys thruout the United States and Canada, is made for Scout purposes and also for practical wear. It actually is two suits—a uniform and everyday suit—in one.

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COMPLETE OUTFIT $6

Suit—Leggings—Haversack—Hat

The Lone Scout Sweater Coat, all wool, with Official Monogram, is $4.00 additional

OUTFIT MAY BE BOUGHT IN PARTS, AS FOLLOWS:

Sizes 6 to 17 Years		Larger Sizes	
Military Norfolk Coat	$2.75	Long Trousers	$2.00
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Puttee Style Leggings, pair	.75		
Official Haversack	.75	Short Pants above size 17	$1.50
Lone Scout Hat	1.15	Coats above size 17	3.00

If you want us to prepay postage or express, find out amount and inclose with order. Shipping weight of complete outfit, including hat, is four pounds.

LONE SCOUT SUPPLY CO.,
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The Only Company That Supplies Official Lone Scout Outfits and Equipment

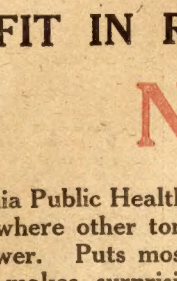
Former United States Senators, Members of Congress and Well Known Physicians

GIVE VALUABLE INFORMATION OF GREAT PUBLIC BENEFIT IN REGARD TO THEIR PERSONAL USE OF

NUXATED IRON

Philadelphia Public Health and Charities Physician for ten years says tests made with it on stubborn cases where other tonics had failed absolutely convinced him of its remarkable and unusual power. Puts most astonishing youthful vim and energy into the veins of men and makes surprisingly strong, healthy, beautiful, rosy-cheeked women — often increasing their strength and endurance 100 per cent in two weeks' time.

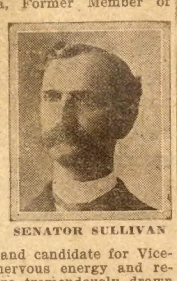
NUXATED IRON has passed a most crucial test. Former United States Senators and members of Congress, well known physicians and former public health officials, men who have been trained to be critical, careful and analytical, some of whom have been selected by the votes of their fellowmen out of thousands of others—these men have taken Nuxated Iron, studied its effect on themselves and have come forward and given the public the benefit of their experiences.



SENATOR TOWNE

Charles A. Towne, Former United States Senator and Member of Congress from Minnesota, Former Member of Congress from New York and Candidate for Vice-President, known as the silver-tongued orator of Minnesota, says: "As a member of Congress from New York, as a member of Congress and Senator from Minnesota, as participant in political campaigns and candidate for Vice-President, my nervous energy and reserve force were tremendously drawn upon. That I survived these trials and came into advanced middle life with the elasticity and strength of a boy is unquestionably due to the vigorous attention I have paid to the proper care of my body. Recently I have been taking Nuxated Iron and have found it of the greatest benefit as a tonic and regulative. Henceforth I shall not be without it. I am in a position to testify for the advantage of others, to the remarkable and immediate helpfulness of this remedy, and I unhesitatingly recommend Nuxated Iron to all who feel the need of renewed energy and the regularity of bodily functions.

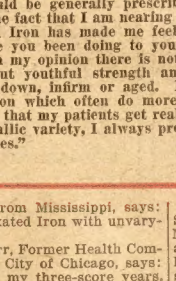
SENATOR SULLIVAN



FORMER HEALTH COMMISSIONER KERR

William V. Sullivan, former United States Senator from Mississippi, says: "I have used Nuxated Iron with unvarying success."

William R. Kerr, Former Health Commissioner of the City of Chicago, says: "I am well past my three-score years, and want to say that I believe that my own great physical activity is due largely today to my personal use of Nuxated Iron. From my own experience with it, I feel that it is such a valuable remedy that it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country."

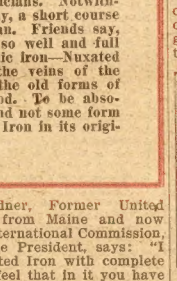


DR. C. P. GRANDFIELD

Dr. C. P. Grandfield, former Assistant Postmaster General of the United States, says: "A short course of Nuxated Iron put me in a condition of physical and mental vigor decidedly unusual to a man of my age."

Joseph Taggart, Former Congressman, Member of the 62nd, 63rd and 64th Congress, says: "The effect of Nuxated Iron is almost instantaneous."

Obadiah Gardner, Former United States Senator from Maine and now Member Joint International Commission, appointed by the President, says: "I have used Nuxated Iron with complete satisfaction. I feel that in it you have found a true and valuable remedy for the run-down constitution, the exhausted faculties and the most worn mind and body."



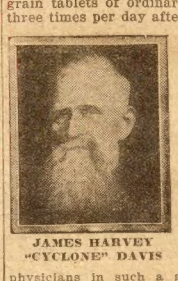
EX-CONGRESSMAN TAGGART

James Harvey ("Cyclone") Davis, Former Congressman, Member of the 64th Congress from Texas, says: "I tried Nuxated Iron, and the effect has been almost magical. I don't seem to be able to tire myself out, no matter how strenuous the work."

Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, says: "I heartily approve the stand taken by former members of the Senate and House of Representatives in coming out so strongly and endorsing Nuxated Iron. In my talks to physicians on the grave and serious consequences of iron deficiency in the blood, I strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking patients, especially their women patients, because women are even more disposed to anaemia than men. To preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt.

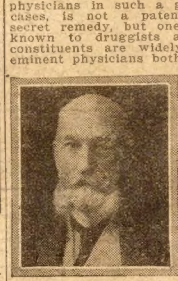
SENATOR GARDNER

If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.



JAMES HARVEY "CYCLONE" DAVIS

NOTE.—Nuxated Iron, which has been used by former Members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives with such successful results, and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers of Nuxated Iron have such great confidence in it that they offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.



DR. JAMES LOUIS BEYEA

PROBABLY no remedy has ever met with such phenomenal success as has Nuxated Iron. Over three million people annually are taking it in this country alone. It has been highly endorsed and used by Former United States Senators and Members of Congress; physicians who have been connected with well known hospitals have prescribed and recommended it; Dr. N. H. Hornstine, Physician for ten years in the Department of Public Health and Charities of Philadelphia, says: "The administration of Nuxated Iron in a number of stubborn cases where other tonics had utterly failed, only served to convince me absolutely of its remarkable and unusual power. When I personally took it, I found the rapidity with which my energy and endurance increased most surprising. In my opinion the widespread use of Nuxated Iron is bound to make a nation of stronger men, lovelier women and healthier children."

Dr. James Louis Beyea, for 15 years Adjunct Professor in the New York Homeopathic Medical College, says: "As a physician I have always been opposed to prescribing advertised remedies, and for 15 years, while Adjunct Professor in the New York Homeopathic Medical College, I taught my medical students that such remedies were generally valueless, but in the case of Nuxated Iron severe tests made on myself and numerous patients, have absolutely convinced me that it is a remedy of most extraordinary merit and one which should be generally prescribed by all physicians. Notwithstanding the fact that I am nearing my 80th birthday, a short course of Nuxated Iron has made me feel like a new man. Friends say, 'What have you been doing to yourself, you look so well and full of life.' In my opinion there is nothing like organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to put youthful strength and power into the veins of the weak, run-down, infirm or aged. But beware of the old forms of metallic iron which often do more harm than good. To be absolutely sure that my patients get real organic iron and not some form of the metallic variety, I always prescribe Nuxated Iron in its original packages."